THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 35

FEB. 25, 1928

5c. THE COPY

Isaac F. Marcosson — William Hazlett Upson — Elizabeth Frazer — Delos W. Lovelace
A. W. Somerville — Joseph Hergesheimer — Hal G. Evarts — Frank Parker Stockbridge

If you could see most husbands' lunches

—you'd realize, more fully than ever, the need for this healthful green in their diet at night!

Crowded restaurants—slow service—heavy foods! Too much talk about business—too little thought of what to eat! The clatter of dishes—the rush of getting back to work! How many men, for lunch at least, consistently get the foods they need?

Not many—and you see it in their faces! The "great American lunch" goes a long way to "stoke the engine"—but provides little of the variety, the freshness or balance so really essential to health.

No wonder doctors and dietitians plead for balanced menus! No wonder it is so essential to see that your husband's meals, *at night at least*, have some of the light, fresh diet-elements that Nature demands.

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Spinach, for instance! Spinach, more than most any other food! A real health vegetable—with bulk to keep the digestive system clean—vitamins for strength—iron for rich, red blood!

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But remember, it pays to *ask* for DEL MONTE—a sure guide to quality, no matter where you buy!

TO some motorists all "black" roads look alike. Others, more observant, have found that Tarvia roads are splendidly different—that when they strike a Tarvia road they can feel their tires grip its granular surface.

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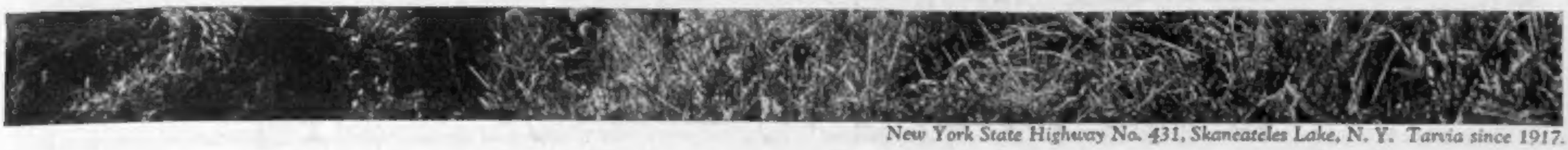

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THE FRONTIER OF ACCORD

By Isaac F. Marcosson

CLOSE as is the tie of blood and business between the United States and Canada, we know less, as a nation, about Canada than some regions more remote. Proximity is frequently the mother of indifference. Americans, for example, are more inclined to see Europe before they explore the wonders of their own country. We accept Canada as a matter of course chiefly because she happens to be next door.

Comparatively few in this country stop to realize Canada's potentialities for expansion, her community of interest with us, her rise to self-assertiveness in the revised imperial structure and, what is more important, the immensity of our stake within her confines. Capital, branch factories, and the interchange of the dollar bill are not the only links. About 800,000 Americans have taken root north of Niagara and become part and parcel of Canadian life and achievement. We have given Canada railway kings of the type of Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy in the past, and Sir Henry Thornton in the present.

It is a fifty-fifty proposition, because the stream of money and men flows both ways. Canadians employ $600,000,000 in American properties of one kind or another, and more than 2,000,000 Canadian-born citizens are bound up in the fabric of our population. Moreover, they have influenced a varied endeavor. Pulpit, college, diplomacy, and the arena of practical affairs have felt their influence. The list of outstanding figures, each a leader in his or her way, ranges from James J. Hill by way of Franklin K. Lane and Jacob G. Schurman to Mary Pickford and Margaret Anglin.

A Neighborly Neighbor

OF LATE circumstances have combined to project Canada vividly into the American eye. First in historic importance came the sixtieth anniversary of the confederation which laid the foundation of the close-knit provincial sisterhood of today. On this occasion our indefatigable aerial envoy of good will, Colonel Lindbergh, carried the greetings of the American people amid a tumult of enthusiastic acclaim. No less significant in international relationship was the establishment of a Canadian Legation at Washington—Canada's first diplomatic outpost on alien soil—and the coincident sending of an American envoy to Ottawa. The dedication of the Cross of Sacrifice at Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day last to the Americans who died with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the World War, evidenced a new kinship, heightened by the subsequent visit of Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada, to President Coolidge. A return courtesy by the American Chief Executive is among the possibilities this year.

FROM A PAINTING BY OSWALD BIRLEY

Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada

Equally provocative of comment is the existing Canadian prosperity. The tides of Dominion internal and external trade were never quite so high, or the national bank roll so securely intrenched. All the costly economic hang-over of war is completely out of the Canadian system. The country faces an era of unprecedented development.

With economic leeway has come political growth. One consequence of heroic sacrifice overseas is an international consciousness, and with it a more independent status in the commonwealth of British peoples. Only one handicap lies on this panorama of progress. Canada's urgent need is for population. Thanks to a discriminating immigration system and regard for the future make-up of her people, she prefers a scarcity of desirable human material to an excess of the undesirable. It is characteristic of the foresight of the nation that it follows the policy of requiring the job to precede the immigrant.

A Drama of Effort

CANADA, therefore, presents a subject for timely analysis. In this and the succeeding articles of the series, an effort will be made to place her in the American, as well as the world-wide, scheme of things. It will unfold a mighty drama of effort, linking the conquest of wild and plain with the peaceful romance of later triumph in mill and market place. A succession of impressive figures challenges the best traditions of American self-made business success. You will see, among other things, how Canada is wresting pulp and newsprint supremacy from us and how we have taken fur prestige from her. Animating the scene is the same impulse of high adventure, commercial and otherwise, that made the United States great.

Canada, like the United States, is a melting pot. Each nation sprang from hardy pioneer stock into which have been grafted most of the bloods of the older European lands. Fifty-five different languages are spoken in Winnipeg alone. Only one alien line resists assimilation. The French entity, as you will presently see, presents the most striking paradox in the appraisal of the Dominion.

To continue the parallel, both Canada and the United States were offspring of a British mother. One has become the dominant daughter in her house; the other, though independent, has been influenced by that early parentage. Each has known the tumult of an internal strife that proved to be the prelude of closer national cohesion. Each spanned the continent with a railway in a kindred epic of hazard and hardship. Canada started the iron horse toward the Pacific when she had less than 4,000,000 inhabitants. We did not begin to push the rails from sea to sea until we mustered ten times that number.

The Canadian provinces function like our states, in that each is an administrative entity with its own legislative body. Instead of a governor, it has a premier. Binding all the units is a national parliament. The one difference is that members of the Canadian senate are appointed for life. National rule is really in the hands of the Dominion prime minister, always leader and choice of the party in power, and his cabinet. The governor-general merely represents the person of the king and is the link

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL

The Prince of Wales and Vice President Dawes at the Opening of the International Peace Bridge

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The Unveiling of the Cross of Sacrifice in Arlington Cemetery

with the crown. He rarely intrudes his will or decision in the conduct of affairs.

All this kinship, whether in tradition, temperament or administrative effort, does not result from the mere fact that we happen to have a common heritage and speak the same language. Nor has it been dictated by the fact that we are neighbors. The reason is bigger and deeper. Any diagnosis of the relations between the two countries must take cognizance of it.

That frontier of accord to which I have referred is unique and distinct among the territorial demarcations of the world. It flings its unguarded length for nearly 4000 miles, not to divide, as do most border lines, but to unite two peoples for mutual and worthy purposes. The only forts are the watchtowers of industry; the only guns the exhibits in museums.

This is why the material destinies of the two countries are akin. Canada's future growth lies along the same lines that American development has followed.

Turn for a moment to Europe and you see the exact reverse. Nearly every border is a barrier to trade and friendly feeling. Passport restrictions still irk and customs rules are a tribulation. The story of the Continent is the narrative of wars waged for land and commercial aggrandizement. Bitter racial rivalry has invariably begotten a fiercer conflict. Blind nationalism, political fear and the ego of self-determination have combined to sterilize enterprise and create a medley of moneys that impedes the general advance.

In the Iliad of Great Rivers

NOT so with Canada and the United States. Movement back and forth is as free as the interplay of the currencies. For every difference that has arisen, the remedy so far has been sane and effective arbitration. It remains the panacea for various issues that now confront, and sets up the stabilizer of the future. The International Joint Commission, to which differences are referred, is a model of its kind. The Hague Court remains fixed, so to speak. The Commission sits at the seat of trouble, thus getting the facts at first-hand.

With these preliminaries out of the way, we can have a look at Canada. First, however, a glimpse of her storied yesterday, not to rehearse familiar history but solely to fix its significance in the making of a continent.

Most of us know from our schoolbooks how Cabot and Cartier were the vanguard of British and French settlement on the St. Lawrence, with resultant twin racial heritages for the Dominion; how, twelve years before the Mayflower set forth with her elastic cargo of antiques and family trees, Champlain established the city of Quebec and became the real founder of the present-day federation of provinces; how the dream of French rule in the Western world ended forever on the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe's chanting of a famous poem on the night before the fateful battle that enforced British rule, the circumstance of his gallant end, and the passing of Montcalm, are like twice-told tales.

What most Americans do not consider is the relation that these events, with their St. Lawrence background, bear to the making of North America. From those northern waters La Salle and Marquette and their followers fared forth to discover the Mississippi, sowing the seeds of our Middle West development and pointing the way for the occupation of the vast domain which stretches southward to the Gulf of Mexico. Sword and crucifix went together, both to uplift and to conquer. Cortés in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru contributed no more romantic bits to that astounding mosaic which is the history of the Americas than these pioneer soldiers and priests.

The St. Lawrence, therefore, fits peculiarly into what might be called the Iliad of the great rivers. Probe into history and you find that in nearly every country of importance some vast stream has been the setting of momentous event, and therefore the synonym for historic exploit. The Nile and the Yang-tse carried on their bosoms the emblems of ancient civilization. The Ganges is bound up with the immemorial religious life of a multitude in India. In the World War, the Marne, the Aisne, the Somme, the Meuse, and the Isonzo became the rivers of valor. In the same way the St. Lawrence is the river of civilization, mate to our own Mississippi as the fountainhead of life and expansion. As with the river so with the railroad. The Union Pacific heralded the real winning of the American West, just as the Canadian Pacific made dominion possible. Its construction was one of the conditions under which British Columbia entered the confederation of provinces. In very much the same way the building of the Inter-Colonial Railway, connecting the Maritime Provinces and the St. Lawrence Valley, brought the last of the sea sisters into the Canadian family.

No reference, even in a necessarily brief résumé of the beginnings of Canada, is complete without a hint of the part that the Hudson's Bay Company played in nation building. Organized by Frenchmen and rejected by France, it became a unique and far-flung British agency for trade and colonization. Its very name "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" conjures up the vision of hardy combat with man and beast in the snowy, silent places. Its struggle with the North-West Company for the rich prize of fur monopoly was a duel of giants.

From Trading Posts to Department Stores

LIKE Canada herself, the Great Company, as the Hudson's Bay enterprise was often called, was the nursery of strong men who left a definite impress upon their times. Out of a factor's hut in lonely Labrador, for example, came Lord Strathcona, the one-time penniless Scotch immigrant who became master railway builder and High Commissioner from Canada to the court of Britain. His career emphasizes the Scotch influence in Canadian development, and likewise the opportunity that the early years offered.

What the East India Company meant to India and Cecil Rhodes' Chartered Company to Africa, the Hudson's Bay Company was to Canada. Once a group of isolated fur trappers and traders, it developed into a highly organized commercial concern operating department stores where once the primeval forest stood. Something of the spirit of Drake animated its conception and consummation, even as it inspired similar daring British adventures wherever the white man has gone.

Although Canada was founded historically by the French—they still comprise 32 per cent of the population—her economic birth and freedom date from the beginning of British rule. The French tolerated no elasticity of commerce. An interesting fact, pointed out by Parkman and other historians, is that under the French régime trade was fettered through "a system of authority, monopoly, and exclusion in which the government, and not the individual, acted always the foremost part." Thus, centuries before the trust fastened its tentacles into the United States, it was doing business in the Canadian wilds.

In Dominion development you find still another similarity to the making of the American nation. Prior to confederation the various provinces somewhat resembled our original thirteen colonies in that there was no real economic cohesion. Isolation, and no small degree of jealousy, obstructed the larger development. It was not until 1867 that the long efforts of Sir John Macdonald found fruition in the union of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. This

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PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE, CANADA

The Jubilee Celebration in Front of the New Parliament Building at Ottawa

GALLIC CALM—By Struthers Burt

WERE I to select a devil for the purposes of international misunderstanding—that is, if I believed in personal devils, which I do not—I would be hard put to it to choose between the devil of sentimental hatred and the devil of sentimental admiration. Indeed, the latter, although not so likely to end in any obvious evil such as war, for everyday use is a more difficult devil than the former, more sly, more pawkish, much more subterranean. Of all present-day international relationships that of France and America is the most sentimental. Sentimental in the ordinary way, that is; in the ways of ignorance, prejudice and scorn, common to the vast majority of the citizens of any country when they think of another; sentimental in an especial and extraordinary way because, apart from these ignorant and prejudiced citizens, there has always been both in France and America a body of thought, minute in the former, large in the latter, given to the very opposite extreme of fulsome and not always sincere compliment. The American friends of France, who sometimes begin the preceding five words altogether with capitals, and from whose war propaganda France and America are still suffering, are quite as capable of doing harm to France as France's enemies; the harm the average French friend of America can do is limited only by his fortunate lack of numbers. To descend from what are obviously serious matters to what seems obviously a trivial one, but which is not trivial, since, in their effect, few things are, the good American women who insist upon the superior charm, civilization, and so on, of French life and Frenchmen are not only discounting the exigencies of a different civilization and environment—the American—which may produce virtues of its own, but, far from accomplishing their object, are as a rule merely turning the American male listener toward a grim irritation. If your friends are not sufficiently charming and civilized it may be well to tell them so tactfully; otherwise how can they improve?

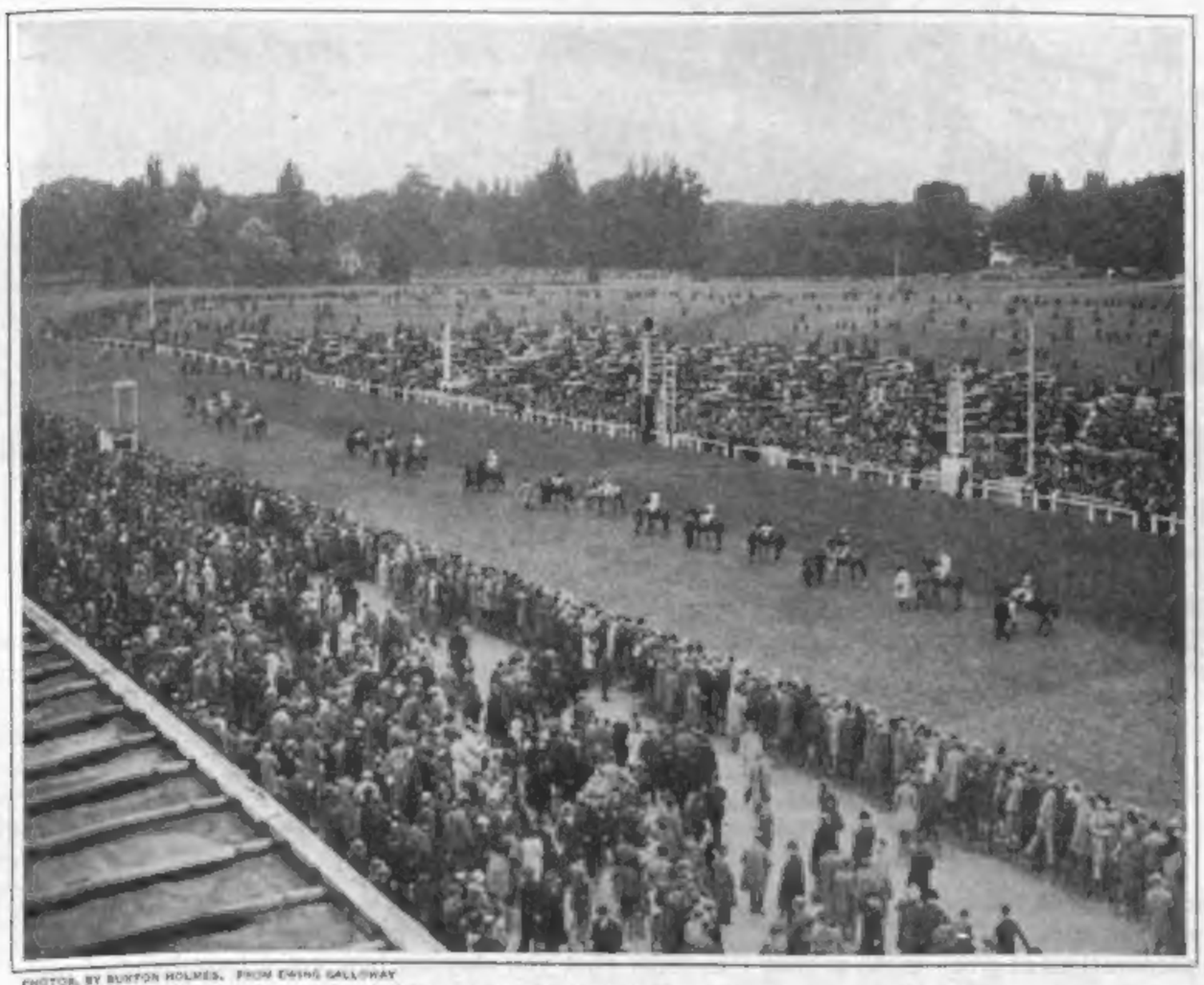
Rue de la Paix, the Part of France That Most Americans Know Best

always had a curious habit of oscillation between the exaggerations of sentimental affection and the exaggerations of sentimental hate. Not once have the two nations settled down to look each other squarely and amicably in the face. Their attitudes toward each other have always been filled with self-consciousness and rodomontade of one sort or another. Yet here are two great nations—peculiarly grave and earnest nations—who in a round half dozen ways, traditionally, by their philosophy of life, very especially by, at least, their surface manners and points of view, should understand each other better than most. Or perhaps, as I have said elsewhere, since understanding, where races are concerned, is perhaps too much to expect, two races who should tolerate each other and like each other better than most.

They have a theory in common, but it is undoubtedly this very tradition of a theory in common, minus any attempt at actual and friendly analysis, that has done much to maintain sentimental relationships between France and America. France assisted at the birth of America not only with armies but, long before that, through the philosophies of her men of letters. America assisted the birth of modern France by her own revolution, although the French Revolution proved too bloody and drastic for the less logical American mind, just as French democracy, in its essence, proved too democratic.

Again and again America has blossomed with tricolored cockades and France has been draped with American flags, and although the emotions aroused at such times have been real, just as the tradition of a theory in common is real, they have been far too temporary and mere chaff in the face of succeeding gusts of ill temper. The work of a Jefferson, a Franklin, a Lafayette, a Rochambeau, is only partly done if war, however short, follows within three decades; if a Citizen Genêt can turn liking into loathing. The work of a Lindbergh is little more than a beautiful interlude if within three weeks the French newspapers can resume their complete misunderstanding of our attitude toward the war debts. Perhaps this attitude is wrong, perhaps it isn't, but at all events it has never been understood.

The tradition of a theory in common, tricolored cockades, friendly flags may be excellent things, but they would be considerably more excellent if the latter were merely the decorations of some sort of inner comprehension and if the former was amplified and made fairly secure by a sympathy based not upon a theory but upon mutual investigation. Indeed, as I have indicated, the tradition of a theory in common may be worse than nothing if it leads only to undue expectations and their subsequent unnecessary disappointments. To fall or to be pushed from a high place is as fatal as to be buried in a cellar. Had France, in the early years of the nineteenth century, really caught the drift of American democracy, she would have understood that, however grateful we might be for Yorktown, we could not altogether stomach a Robespierre or a Napoleon; had we really caught the drift of French character in 1918, we would not have been so dismayed in 1919.



PHOTOS BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Longchamp Race Track, Paris

But such advice should always be straightforward and not one of comparison. You should say: "You are not sufficiently civilized; you are not sufficiently charming." You should never say: "Why aren't you as charming and civilized as the French?" If nothing else, the latter is bitterly unfair to the people you are praising.

The Colors of Two Nations

ON THE whole, I think my devil would, in this instance, wear the prettiest of Parisian clothes, male or female, interlard his speech with a few French phrases, terribly mispronounced, talk a great deal about manners and sophistication.

This has been true all through history. Franco-American relations, because of this aloofness from reality, have

Friendship With No Illusions

IN THIS respect, and much as they need improvement and elucidation, Anglo-American relations are on a more solid basis. The English and ourselves are not much given to flattering illusions concerning each other, while our unflattering illusions break down at the slightest personal touch. Almost every Englishman has a pet American or two, and is willing to have more, and almost every American finds himself in the same position. For more than a century America and England have got along fairly well in a grumbling sort of way, and they are likely to continue to get along, despite conflicting interests.

Outside of the fact that for every ton of English or American high explosive shot into or dropped upon New York or London a million or so of English or American foreign-invested capital would disappear, England and America recognize too well each other's failings for any final misunderstanding. They have no lofty pedestal from which to descend and comparatively few abysses of blind prejudice from which to creep.

Do not mistake me. I am not underestimating sentimental hatred or overestimating sentimental admiration. Hatred, carefully cultivated, is always dangerous, as was proved by the prewar attitudes of France and Germany, while sentimental admiration in the case of France and America is, as I have pointed out, confined to comparatively small, although powerful, groups in both countries, and is not likely to end in dramatic disaster because, fortunately, French and American interests do not clash in any important particular. This does not prevent, however, the same sentimental admiration from being the sly, pawkish, subterranean evil I have described it as being, nor keep it from accomplishing the ultimate object of all international misunderstanding, whether it ends in dramatic disaster or not, which is the preventing of any sort of mutual good will based upon reality.

(Continued on Page 121)

Trouble With the Expense Account

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Before Leaving Chicago I Purchased for Myself a Black Cutaway Coat

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

MAY 11, 1921.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
WHITESTONE HOTEL,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: Our business out on the Coast has recently developed to such an extent that we have not enough salesmen to handle it; accordingly it is necessary for us to transfer you temporarily to our California office.

You will proceed at once to the town of Fontella, California, and call on an English ranch owner at that place—Lord Sidney Greenwich—who, we understand, is in the market for a tractor. We want you to make every effort to sell him an Earthworm.

While you are in California you will be under the orders of Mr. J. D. Whitcomb, Western Sales Manager, Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, Harvester Building, San Francisco. We have written Mr. Whitcomb that you are coming: you will send him daily reports of your activities, and he will inform you what you are to do when you have finished this first assignment.

You will send your expense accounts to the Western office for payment. The three hundred dollars' advance expense money which we turned over to you some time ago should more than cover the cost of your journey from Chicago to California.

Very truly,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MAY 15, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: ON BOARD TRAIN BOUND FROM CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, TO FONTELLA, CALIFORNIA.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

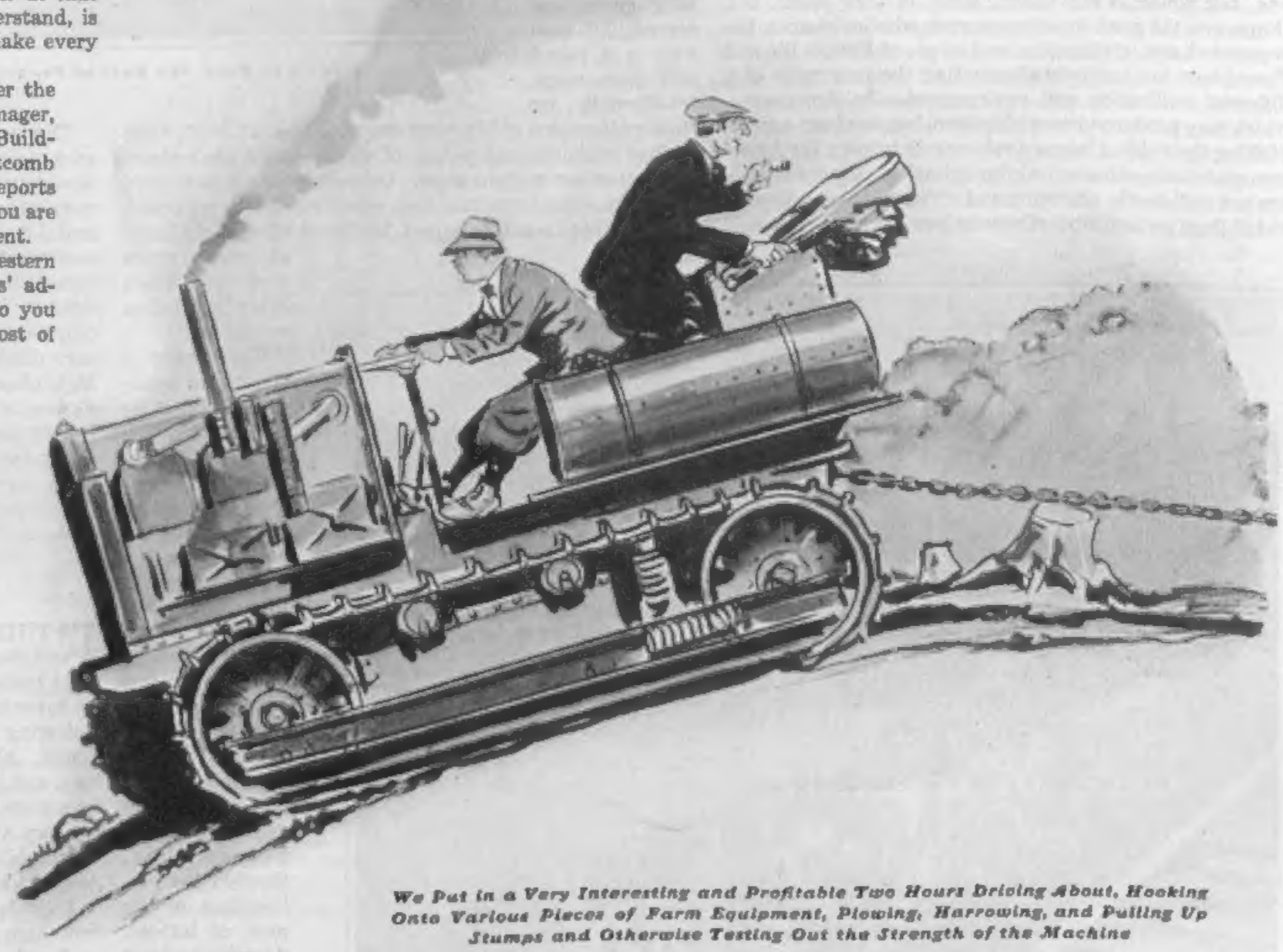
This report, which I am mailing to the Western office, will announce my approaching arrival in California. I understand that Mr. Henderson of the Eastern office has already informed you that he is sending me out to call upon Lord Sidney Greenwich at Fontella; and he has also, I trust, told you that I am one of the best salesmen in the entire Eastern territory. However, as I have never before worked in the California district and as you do not know me personally, it is possible that you may have some doubts as to whether I am the type of man to handle such high-grade business as selling machinery to the English nobility. In order to set your mind at rest and to quiet any fears that you may have, I will give you a few facts regarding my personality and my wide experience which indicate that I am the very man for this job.

Although most of my work for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company has been with vulgar county commissioners and dirt-moving contractors, I am a man of sufficient culture and innate refinement to deal also with men of the highest mental and æsthetic attainments. I am not provincial in any sense of the word, for I have traveled very extensively in Europe. And although this traveling was done in the capacity of cook for a battery of field artillery in the A. E. F. I was able, because of my superior intelligence, to make use of every opportunity to improve my mind. The insight into French character and culture which I acquired from a couple of girls whom I met in Bar-le-Duc has always been a matter of great satisfaction to me. And the urbane polish and *je ne sais quoi* which resulted from several trips to Paris have made me a real man of the world, capable of conversing with anyone—of high or low degree—on terms of complete equality. I will admit that in spite of my familiarity with high society in France, I have never had much contact with the upper classes of England. This does not worry me, however, because I have had a splendid opportunity for observing the habits and customs of these splendid people through my reading of novels and through observing them as they are represented in the moving pictures. Dukes, earls, counts and princes have no terrors for me. I know exactly how to act with these people, how to talk to them, and what to wear when calling upon them.

In order to reassure you on this point and to show you I am right on to my job, first, last and all the time, I will explain what I have done by way of preparation for my visit to His Grace, Lord Sidney Greenwich. Before leaving Chicago I purchased for myself a black cutaway coat with vest to match, a pair of gray striped trousers, an Ascot tie with scarfpin, patent-leather shoes, gray spats, gray gloves, a derby hat with stylish low crown and a very good-looking Malacca walking stick.

I have described my preparations at great length so that you can see how necessary they are, and so that you can cheerfully O. K. my expense account—which I inclose, and which includes $104.20 which I had to pay for these clothes and accessories. I wish to point out that this amount is very low considering the high quality and elegant appearance of the outfit. At every stage of my purchasing I had the interests of the company at heart. I beat down the storekeeper ten dollars on the price of the coat, vest and pants. And you will note that the diamond stick pin cost only ninety-eight cents, in spite of the fact that it looks just as good as a real one.

I further wish to advise that the expenses due to my various purchases and to the cost of my trip have reduced my supply of ready cash to a dangerously low ebb. Consequently I would like you, as soon as you receive this expense account, to send me the amount thereof, $247.51, by telegraph to Fontella, California.



We Put in a Very Interesting and Profitable Two Hours Driving About, Hooking Onto Various Pieces of Farm Equipment, Plowing, Harrowing, and Pulling Up Stumps and Otherwise Testing Out the Strength of the Machine

The train is due in Fontella this evening. I will spend the night at the hotel. And tomorrow morning, when I go out to see His Excellency, Lord Greenwich, you may rest assured that my appearance and demeanor will be entirely adequate for the occasion.

I will mail this letter on the train, and it should reach you at San Francisco tomorrow morning.

Let me urge you once more to waste no time in telegraphing me the money. I will look for it tomorrow evening at the very latest.

Yours sincerely, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MAY 16, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: FONTELLA, CALIFORNIA.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

I have put in a very active day and everything would be going swell except for the fact that up to this time I have failed to receive the money which I so urgently requested you to telegraph me. I am completely at a loss to understand what can be the reason for this delay. I stated very positively in my letter that I wanted this money as soon as possible, and I mailed the letter in plenty of time for you to receive it in the morning. In order that you may see how well I have handled matters here, and in order that you may understand how your failure to send me the money is causing me intense embarrassment and may even jeopardize the success of this whole affair, I will describe my activities in connection with His Honor, Lord Sidney Greenwich, and I will also describe the somewhat peculiar situation which exists this evening.

I arrived last night on schedule time and spent the night at the Fontella Hotel. This morning, after an early breakfast, I proceeded to pump the various loafers around the hotel for all the information I could get concerning His Gracious Lordship. I discovered that he had purchased a large ranch about five miles from town a little more than a year ago. He has been living there ever since all by himself. The people I talked with seemed to be very stupid, however, and didn't seem to know or care anything about His Lordship's habits or character, so about all I found out

As I Ran, My Foot Went Into a Small Hole Which Had Been Dug by a Gopher

was that he very seldom came to town and as far as they knew was a respectable, decent guy. As I could not learn much more about him in town, I decided to go out and call on him at once.

Accordingly I dressed myself carefully and neatly in the new suit of clothes which I think I have briefly mentioned in my yesterday's report. I then hired a taxi to take me to the ranch.

On the way I stopped at the post office, and was much interested in receiving a letter from Mr. J. D. Whitcomb, Western Sales Manager in San Francisco. This letter, of course, was written before the receipt of my yesterday's report. When I read Mr. Whitcomb's suggestion that it might be advisable to give His Lordship an actual demonstration of what the Earthworm tractor can do on a farm, I at once thought it was a splendid idea. And when I further read that a demonstration ten-ton machine, on its way back from the machinery exhibition at Seattle, had been rerouted so as to stop off at Fontella, I was very

much delighted. There is nothing like an actual demonstration to back up and reënforce a good sales talk.

From the post office I had the taxi drive to the freight station, which is on the outskirts of town. I presented the bill of lading, which Mr. Whitcomb had inclosed in his letter, to the agent; and when this gentleman told me that the tractor had already arrived and was in a box car next the unloading platform, I was very much pleased. My pleasure was somewhat lessened, however, when the agent said that I would have to pay $74.80 freight charges before I could get the machine. Upon counting up all the money I had with me I found I had only $8.20—five dollars of which would be needed to pay the exorbitant charges of the taxicab man for a trip out into the country. I didn't like the idea of this big freight bill staring me in the face when my finances were so depressingly low. But at the time I believed that additional funds would soon be in my hands; so I merely laughed, told the agent that I would be back later, and drove on out to His Lordship's estate.

The ranch consisted of a good many hundreds of acres, most of which seemed to be planted with wheat. There was a large barn with a number of outbuildings and a bunk house and kitchen for the men who worked on the place. A little farther along, set in a pleasant grove of trees, was a cute little bungalow, which the taxi man said was the residence of the big guy himself. We drew up beside the road in front of the bungalow, right behind another car. As I have a quick eye, I at once noted that this other machine was covered with dust, as if it had just completed a long journey. It was large, powerful and expensive-looking, and a chauffeur in uniform sat behind the wheel. As soon as I had noted these facts I sprang out of the taxi and advanced toward the house, twirling my cane gracefully as I went. I mounted the steps, crossed the broad veranda, and was just on the point of ringing the front-door bell when I became aware of the sound of voices issuing from a partly opened window near the door. I paused—not because I wished to be an eavesdropper but because I felt it would be an intellectual treat to listen to the British nobility carrying on an informal conversation. The first words I heard were spoken by a woman.

"Shut up, you big bum!" she said, in a high, nervous voice. "I didn't come here to argue with you. I came here to tell you what I want."

"Very well," said a man's voice, which sounded somewhat disgusted and weary. "I am listening."

"I ain't going to stand for any nonsense," the woman went on. "I tell you again I am tired of scraping along on the miserable allowance that you give me."

At this point I began to realize that I was not getting as much of an intellectual treat as I had expected. But as the conversation seemed fairly interesting I decided to refrain from ringing the bell for a little while longer.

"I have been sending you a hundred dollars a week," said the man's voice—"which is more than I can afford."

"Don't try to kid me," said the woman. "You got money."

"Not as much as you think."

"You own this ranch, don't you?"

"Yes," said the man, "but there is a heavy mortgage on it. Besides, I fail to see why I should be expected to support you at all. You refuse to live with me."

"Of course I do," said the woman, very loud and sneering. "Nobody but a fool would expect me to come out and live in this filthy hole of a ranch."

"Before we were married," said the man, "you told me that you would enjoy nothing more than living on a ranch with me."

"I don't care what I said before we was married. That was like promises before election, and don't mean a thing now. We might as well get down to business. You married me. Whether you like it or not, you are stuck with me. I am a city girl and a free-born American, and I ain't going to live on any ranch—so you can just put that in your soup and inhale it. I am so completely sick of you that I wouldn't live with you any more anywhere anyhow."

"And yet you expect me to support you?"

"What I want out of you," the woman went on, "is enough cash so I can lead my own life in town. I know that you have more money than you let on, so you better be a good sport and cough up. If you will give me five hundred thousand even I will lay off of you from now on; we will arrange for a divorce and everything will be fine and dandy. But if you don't come across, believe me, I will make it hot for you."

"Just how are you going to make it hot for me?" he asked.

"You will find out quick enough," said the woman. "I have talked to a lawyer down in San Francisco and I have found out a whole lot about the law. I have found out things that you don't dream of, you ignorant foreigner. I can bring action for divorce, and after you get socked counsel fees and alimony, and after you have turned over my share of the property and paid your own lawyers, you will be busted higher than a kite. You will wish then that you had been reasonable and done what I told you."

"But I do not possess five hundred thousand dollars," said the man's voice, "and even if I did, I would not give it to you. If you had ever done anything to try to make this marriage a success, it would be different. But you have not. You have no real claim on me."

"You married me, didn't you?"

"Yes, after you got me so drunk I didn't know what I was doing. But you have never lived with me. You have never helped me or been good to me in any way. So I cannot see that you deserve anything from me. I am willing to continue the hundred dollars a week just to keep you quiet, but you won't get anything more. That is final."

"All right, you big cheese," said the woman. "I suppose I might as well be on my way. But you will hear from me again, and you will hear from me soon."

At this point it suddenly occurred to me that I was listening to a conversation not intended for my ears. And as I didn't care to spy on anyone, and furthermore, as it seemed

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During the Meal Lord Greenwich Acted in the Pleasantest and Most Friendly Manner

GREEN RAGS

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

GREEN rags are green flags placed in the marker-bracket sockets above the pilot of a locomotive, one on each side of the swelling barrel of the smoke box, to designate or signify that this particular train is the first section of a first-class, scheduled train. The green flags tell the railroad world that this train is followed by another running on the same schedule. Railroad men say "she carried green in each hand," "she had a green face," "she whistled green," or some such term. Such a train would be shown on train orders as, for example, First Number 2. The train to follow would be shown as Second Number 2.

The passenger, riding comfortably in the Pullman, cares not at all whether he be in the first section or the second section or the third section. He knows he's on that particular train, that it arrives at a certain scheduled time; that's all he cares about. But this should be remembered: The first train to show with the green rags in her hand is the train. The second section may arrive only thirty seconds behind the first; it may be said to have the rights of the first, to be the same train as the first, but it never is first. It can't be and run on the railroad.

This is the story of the first section of Number 2, of Old Man McIntosh and his adopted daughter Eleanore, of the heroism of certain hired hands, and of the resourcefulness of a master mechanic. It is a romance and a love story minus only the orange blossoms and necking parties.

Old Man McIntosh was as mean a Scotchman as ever squeezed a dime. He was the passenger engineer on 1 and 2 prior to his being pensioned, engineer of a train called in the advertisements the Sunshine Special, but known up and down the railroad as the Hot-shot. His home terminal was Dallas, the other end of his run was Trakana on the state line. When he would arrive in Trakana he would have with him sufficient food to last until his return to Dallas, and he would take this food to a restaurant near the station, spread his fodder on the table and eat it. He was never known to order food prepared by the restaurant. The proprietor declared that once he had ordered a cup of coffee, but that he had wanted to pay only four cents for it because he hadn't used any cream. When they made him put out an entire nickel for the mug of murk, Old Mac declared solemnly and indignantly that he would never buy another cup—and he never did.

In the cab, Old Mac was a grouch. Some men are hard to live with, others are harder to live with; Old Mac wasn't fit to live with. He had no use for brakemen, no use for conductors; he considered roundhouse men as tools of the devil and treated them accordingly. He tolerated the firemen insomuch as he considered them a necessary evil. If pressed, he would grunt a greeting at some brother engineer, but that was the sum and the total of his social activities.

Not that he wasn't a good citizen, for he was. A good substantial citizen, it might be added. Independent financially was this engineer, the owner of a bale of interest-bearing securities that would bring water to any banker's mouth. Married to the same wife he had pledged to love and honor—economically—since the days of his youth, no one had ever heard any shattering of rolling pins or the crash of furniture bursting through windows from the McIntosh bailiwick; apparently they lived amicably. They had no children and they were getting on in years.

"Hold Thy Tongue, Lass," Warned Old Mac. "You Hae Nae Seen Him Eat Yet"

Neither Mrs. Mac nor Old Mac—no one ever asked Old Mac for information, and the reader can easily understand that he wasn't in the habit of volunteering any—would ever say which of the two first suggested adopting Eleanore. No one placed any difficulties in their way; it was known that Mac was well enough off financially not to be hurt if the entire railroad ceased operations. The adoption of this orphan girl went through without a hitch.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that every man on the division either knew Eleanore or knew of her. Any railroad division is a pretty tightly laced social entity and the misfortunes of one are the knowledge of all. Eleanore was an orphan; her father was Oil Can Jimmie Ledbetter. He was killed when the 1432 straightened a switch south of Elmira and went through the back end of a fruit train as you'd drive a nail in cheese. The switch was cocked; it looked as though it was set for the main—the target showed green. The brakeman who failed to lock it will never fail to lock another one. He was in the caboose of the fruit train, was this brakeman; there wasn't much left of him when they sorted the kindling. Eleanore's mother died a month later.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers take care of their own. Eleanore would never starve. She was eleven when her parents died. An eleven-year-old child needs a home just as much as she needs food and shelter. The sand house decided that Mrs. Mac should have someone around her house who would do more than grunt. Mrs. Mac spoiled the girl tremendously. So also, strange to relate, did Old Mac. Somehow the girl survived.

She was fourteen, was Eleanore, when Old Mac quit railroading—came down the gangway for the last time. No more rawhide, no more rows with the roundhouse, no more straining of eyes to check the switch points; peace and security, also economy, on a farm. Got his pension, got his letter from the management—"thus in acknowledgment . . . and appreciation . . . faithful and loyal performance of duties. . . . The only obligation incurred is that you hold yourself subject to call in cases of emergency."

So Old Mac notified the dispatcher and the train master and the roundhouse foreman and the master mechanic of his permanent change in address, assured them that he was at their service in case of a national calamity and moved out to his farm. He also notified the impudent call boys, who listened to his instructions with an air of bored detachment. It was hard to believe that this dour, penny-pinching old Scotchman felt any regrets other than the loss of his pay.

Very hard to believe. Up to the time he adopted the orphan girl everyone on the railroad believed he was nothing more or less than a walking advertisement for refrigerators—particularly the roundhouse men and the firemen. Old Mac was a hard engineer to ride with. Some were unkind enough to say that the only reason he had adopted Eleanore was because of the insurance Oil Can had carried. Which was more than unkind; to Old Mac the steam rose and fell in the gauges according to the will of this girl.

The farm that they moved to was two-hundred-odd miles from the home terminal, on the main line, at a flag stop shown on the time card as Lodi. Needless to relate, the farm was on the right of way. Old Mac could stand on his front doorstep and pitch a rock into any engine cab that passed. The farm was not adjacent to the railroad, it was subsequent. Mrs. Mac said she was quite sure that if it hadn't been for Eleanore her husband would have gone nutty. Mac made no pretenses about being a farmer—you can't plant locomotive seed, can you? He had bought the farm because it was an economical place to live and because it was on the railroad.

He Stood Inside the Inferno With One Foot on an Oak Tie and the Other on a Pine Board While the Shirting That Incased His Feet Turned to Ashes

The more lonesome he became the more attached he grew to his adopted daughter. And assuredly he was lonely. It is a strange and often a very hard matter to understand, this love of a man for mechanical contrivances. The young bride of an engineman is not often jealous, for when a man is young and his habits more or less unformed, the young woman does not feel the gap which no woman, Cleopatra, Sappho, *et al.* and interminable, has ever fully filled if he be a man who is the husband. The middle-aged wife of an engineer, though, will tell you in terms of resignation or contempt, as the case may be, that her man's engine means more to him than she does. When a man, late in life, fully realizes the extent of his attachment, and yet would rather be drawn and quartered before he admitted it, and when this man is one with the outward and inward endowments of Old Man McIntosh, it is an impossibility to describe it, even to define it. It is extremely difficult even to indicate it, for there is always the temptation to become sloppy and effeminate, and if there is one thing in this world of obvious garters and exposed female forms, despite climatic handicaps, that is not feminine, it is a railroad locomotive—and the men that run them. This is not a sloppy, sentimental story; relieve your mind of that idea. It is the story of two major attachments in the life of an old man—as mean an old man as ever slipped a tire.

Eleanore, you must understand, was first and foremost the pride of Old Mac's life. His confidante, you might say, in those things closest to him. It must not be supposed that he dandled her on his knee and gabbled sentimental dishwater anent his love for locomotives. Deliver us, no! He told her stories, a few tolerably acceptable lies—but not

even many lies. Thus, on a proved premise, it's easily seen that he couldn't have told her many stories. He wasn't much on speech, you might say. Before his retirement he had a regular fireman—had him regular, day in and day out, for three years. This was after Eleanore had been with him and had to some extent softened his character. Yet——

"The only time that nickel snatcher ever spoke to me," declared this fireman, "was to tell me to fill his oil can. Never heard him say good morning, never heard him say good night. I'd sooner fire for a corpse!"

Whatever insight the adopted girl gained of her foster father's character came to her through observation—and the stars bear witness that there was plenty to observe. When he had been in regular service no one had ever noted McIntosh, engineer on 1 and 2, holding mugging parties with his oil can or stroking a polished main rod with a loving hand. He had never been known to do anything but be disagreeable and growl constantly and bring his train in on the money, despite hell or high water. But when he went out on pension, holy Toledo!

The bug of sentiment bit him so hard that you'd think he'd been hit by a cleaver. It wasn't enough to sit out on the front porch and smell the smoke and the steam and the atomized valve oil as the long drags roared past, or catch a glimpse of a gloved hand raised in greeting as some hotshot rocketed by. It wasn't enough to hold a watch on 1 or 2 and check her time, to make Eleanore call the time from the latest authorized time card tacked near the porch door. He gave Eleanore a two-pound standard railroad watch—an old one—and made her carry it; it almost made her round-shouldered. Whenever the 904, Mac's old engine, passed, hauling the sleepers of 1 or 2, and was on time, Mac would radiate kindness toward men. But if the 904 passed late—which happened once in a blue moon—it was one tough break for the McIntosh household. The climate in and around Lodi was not subject to the barometer but to the 904.

Old Mac was the most hurt and insulted man this side of the tie contractors frizzling in hell if the engineer and fireman off the local freight wouldn't come and have dinner with him some three times a week. The local stopped at Lodi at noon hour; it was only a few hundred yards from the cotton platform to Old Mac's house.

The old engineer would never ask the conductor until, one day, Eleanore took a shine to John Brady. Eleanore was about fifteen then. If anything was the acid test of the old man's love for this girl it was to give a free meal to a conductor—particularly to John Brady. But Eleanore had her way, and Brady passed under the rooftree and stacked away a square meal. Old Mac's dislike for conductors amounted almost to a mania; he considered conductors as a useless economic appendage; no one with the slightest vestige of pride would be a conductor; a man with any get-up would be an engineer or a fireman.

"An engineer or a fireman gets paid for work," declared Old Mac. "All these conductors do is make trouble for hard-workin' engine crews and wear out old clothes."

But when Eleanore fell for a big, square-shouldered brakeman—fell for the wide grin he gave her, and she wanted to have him come to dinner, well, Old Mac would undoubtedly have preferred being hit by a twenty-four-inch pipe wrench just abaft the right ear rather than break bread with a brakeman.

He, McIntosh, pensioned passenger engineer, should play host to a club-footed, thick-headed shack! The universe rocked and swayed.

"Are ye suggestin' that yon caboose snake eat at my table?" he demanded viciously.

"Now, daddy," soothed Eleanore, "he's a nice man. Mr. Brady says he's a nice man."

"I'll have no daughter of mine consort with such trash," growled Mac. "'Tis that Brady's work; he's brought corruption to my hoose."

"Now, daddy," soothed Eleanore.

"I believe," frothed Mac, "that ye would stoop to defend a roondhoose mechanic."

The prejudices of the old man were so much engine sand as far as Eleanore was concerned. Mac did what she wanted done, and the brakeman came to dinner with Brady and ate in that hostile environment. Since Brady could talk a journal brass out from under a fifty-ton truck without the aid of a jack, and as the brakeman wasn't far in arrears on speech either, it wasn't long before Old Mac thawed—thawed like a cake of ice in a fire box when Eleanore reminded him that these were his guests and that he must be polite. The way and the manner that this old hoghead's love for a slip of a girl had changed his nature, had actually made him generous, was the talk of the switch shanty and the sand house from the wharves at Harbor to the 'dobe huts at the border.

T. P. and Tom Devoted Themselves Exclusively to the Fire. Suddenly the Old Man Let Out a Squall

Mac apparently came to the conclusion that a railroad was a railroad, that the railroad had to use conductors and brakemen; these men were probably only unfortunate. The engineer and the fireman on the local seemed to tolerate them; maybe they were human after all. After that day, whenever the local tied up for noon hour, the train crew and the engine crew trooped up to Mac's house in a body. When a Scotchman welcomes five men to dinner three and sometimes four times a week—well!

Old Mac still got his annual pass; a system pass it was, good over all divisions. He would get one every year until he died. It was another link in an unbreakable chain that bound him body and soul and spirit to the railroad. His mind ran on a pair of endless rails, his heaven was a great procession of fast runs and no slow orders—provided Eleanore would ride with him and there be no roundhouse foreman there—or master mechanic.

Mrs. Mac and Mac and Eleanore had been at Lodi for better than a year when the old engineer came to the conclusion that he was getting out of touch with the railroad world. This despite the fact that the local crew rifled his larder with monotonous regularity, that Eleanore still carried two pounds of machinery called a watch, that half the hogheads on the division threw their old orders out the cab window for the girl to pick up and give the old man, that the Salvation Army could have fed the Armenians on doughnuts indefinitely from the proceeds of a sale of Mac's railroad publications, that the 904 was still the barometer for Lodi—in spite of all these manifestations, the old engineer decided he was getting out of touch with the railroad. He told Mrs. Mac and Eleanore that he would like to take a trip to the home terminal. He would go, he explained carefully, only if Eleanore would go with him. She would enjoy the trip; he didn't care to go alone.

Thus on a Sunday morning, early in the gray dawn, Old Mac woke Eleanore and the two caught the milk train on a flag. They arrived at the terminal at the big city at 10:30 A.M. Upon arrival, Eleanore went to church and the old engineer went to the roundhouse.

Old Mac marched into the roundhouse office with a firm tread and an uneasy heart. A fat little man in a gaudy silk shirt sat in a swivel chair, feet cocked up on the desk, sharp blue eyes fixed on some work reports. He wasn't the roundhouse foreman. He was the master mechanic—T. P. Patchbolt, division master mechanic. Old Mac knew him well; Mr. Patchbolt and Mr. McIntosh had frequently encountered each other in the past. Two other people who got along almost as well as T. P. and Old Mac were Wellington and Napoleon.

"D'ye mind me, Mr. Patchbolt?" asked Old Mac.

"I thought you were dead," said T. P., rising and shaking hands. "Where you been?"

At Lodi, Mac explained briefly—on a farm near Lodi.

"Here's a railroad man with sense," said T. P., "and I never thought you had no sense. If I had any brains I'd go to farmin' myself."

"If ye'd had brains ye'd never hae twisted nuts for a livin'," retorted Old Mac.

"Yeah," said T. P., "it's too bad we can't all be engineers."

Old Mac selected a chair carefully.

"I'm on the lookout for a plowboy," he remarked as he sat down. "Hae any of yer boiler makers or mechanics the desire to earn a honest livin'?"

"I'll take it myself," declared the fat man. "I've found you can't live with engineers on a railroad and I'd like to find out if you could live with one of 'em on a farm."

"Ye'd be in elevatin' company," retorted the old man.

"I couldn't help that," answered T. P. "When I quit I'm goin' a thousand miles from a damn steam engine and two thousand miles from an engineer. Yeah, an' five thousand miles from a railroad. I never want to see one again. How far's your farm from the railroad?"

"Oh, nae so far," answered Mac composedly. "But it bothers me none at all. Ye grow accustomed to havin' the trains pass, ye know."

"I've heard tell," said T. P. heavily. "You get so accustomed to 'em that you check 'em up with a stop watch,

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THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

MRS. JOHN DEERFORTH, a handsome, marceled matron of fifty, rigorously Banted down to a misses' sixteen size of bony skeleton and showing it around the edges, was entertaining her bridge club at luncheon in her apartment—four tables of contract, with some of the hectic younger set dashing in later for tea.

With the exception of her niece, Mrs. Varick, a young matron of twenty-five, who had been hastily collected at the last instant to substitute for an absentee member, the guests were all of the prewar vintage, born and married on the far side of that great dividing gulf of the generations and more or less fixed in the solid concrete of tradition, accustomed habits and ways. All were substantially prosperous, but not disgustingly, blatantly so. They were a typical group, to be found by the thousands on almost any afternoon, playing bridge in the private rooms of country clubs, apartment hotels and private homes of America. In short, the best middle-aged blood of the country, whose children, the iconoclastic, postwar younger crowd, were already out in the world, upsetting the comfortable philosophy of their elders and remolding things nearer to the modern heart's desire.

The subject of conversation was the immemorial one of servants. Sooner or later, whenever women are gathered together at luncheon, concert or bridge, this immortal topic edges in and chases all others off the field, as a dog chases a cat off the lawn; and although the countless millions of words which have been loosed on this subject would, if placed end to end, girdle the globe and tie in a bowknot with streamers that reach to the moon, still, nothing has ever been settled; the knotty problem will not down.

"What perfectly delicious soup, my dear!" purred Mrs. Anson Ruhl, a doughty, gaunt, high-nosed aristocrat of the old school, whose bony knuckles glittered with diamonds as she bent toward her hostess. "Your cook must be a real treasure—if such a creature isn't as extinct as the dodo these days. Thank goodness, I've finally given up the struggle. The servant problem has beaten me. Yes, I've done what I always vowed I wouldn't—sold my house and moved into an apartment hotel—into a suite about as big as a bridge table. And now I'm free from the slavery of servants—free for the first time in years.

"I used to say that any woman who couldn't keep her servants was a plain fool, but those were the old-fashioned servants. Since the war, and especially in the past five years, they've grown a new breed. Outrageous wages, incompetence, impudence; you can't say boo to them for fear they'll pick up and leave; no loyalty; no interest or pride in their work; here today and gone tomorrow; specialists every one. They'd rather be shot at sunrise than lift a hand outside their own particular line. A chambermaid won't help in the dining room during a luncheon party. Oh, dear, no—she wasn't hired for that; she'd lose her caste, I suppose. They're the real aristocrats now; they have the whip hand of the situation today."

Sisters Under the Skin

"OH, I KNOW! I've served my term of imprisonment trying to please them. And it's no use; the more you give in, the more they harry you. Some of their demands would make my poor mother turn over in her grave and yell. The final straw in my case was when in despair I engaged one of those new-fashioned, highfaluting, scientific, part-time workers to fill an emergency. She came in looking like the Queen of Sheba. Actually, I thought she was one of my daughter's friends. She opened her purse in the hall, and what do you think fell out?"

The hostess laughed. "A pack of cigarettes?"

"That's just what it was. The very kind that my daughter smokes. But how did you guess?"

"They all do it—off hours."

"And why not?" smiled young Mrs. Varick. "I don't see why the habits downstairs should be better than the habits upstairs."

"They shan't do it with me," stated Mrs. Ruhl grimly. "I still preserve some small remnants of my mother's code. But that wasn't the worst. What knocked me for a loop, as my grandsonny says, was when I told her her name. Now ever since I've kept house, which is thirty-nine years, my cook has been called Mary, no matter what she was baptized; my chambermaid is always called Agnes, if I have a dozen a season; and my waitress Jenny. One simply has to simplify life.

"'Now, Agnes,' I began to this new scientific specimen, 'I'll show you where I keep ——'"

"'My name isn't Agnes,' she cut in. 'It's Rose—Rose Mundy. And I prefer to be called Miss Mundy, if you please.' Just like that, cool as a cucumber.

"'Well, Rose,' I said as soon as I could recover my breath, 'I don't please. You'll never be called miss in this house—not while I'm alive. You march yourself back to that scientific office place you came from and tell them to take my name off their list of clients.'

"She laughed. 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Ruhl'—just as if she were a society belle, and went out. That experience finished me."

"And yet," said Mrs. Varick thoughtfully, "we don't object to calling women in other branches of work by their last names—nurses, stenographers, clerks, people who serve us in other ways. Maybe if we'd industrialize domestic service, remove the social stigma from personal service, standardize hours and wages and what a mistress has a right to demand, put it on a more self-respecting, impersonal basis, we might get a higher type of servant. Girls go into industry not because they're better paid—they're not—but because they can keep their independence, freedom, individuality.

"And being one of the younger generation myself, with one general houseworker, where my mother kept a staff of ten, I'd like to say that I'm with the servants in their struggle for liberty, independence, the right to own their own souls. When I think of some of those big, old-fashioned houses of my mother's friends, with the servants' quarters stuck up under the roof, unheated, freezing in winter and burning in summer, long hours, up all night with after-theater parties, no recreation except to get dead drunk—well, I'm glad the worm has turned. If that be treason, Mrs. Ruhl, make the most of it!"

Choosing Their Summer Resort

"THE worm has turned, all right," agreed another guest grimly. "It's right up on its hind legs. Now it's come to such a pass that the mistress no longer interviews the maid; the maid interviews the mistress, and she has a stiff questionnaire. Take my case. In the summer I live in the country; I keep three maids—chambermaid, waitress and cook. When I went to the employment agency to interview some prospects, I saw half a dozen girls in the outer office.

Where are the Good, Solid, Faithful and Well-Trained Family Retainers of Yesteryear? Is the Race Extinct?

"'Where do you want to spend the summer?' I heard one girl ask her neighbor.

"'Guess I'll try Newport,' the other replied. 'I like tennis and I want to see some of the big tournaments.'

"'Not for mine,' said the first. 'I don't care for sea bathing. I'm going to try the mountains this time.'

"In the inside room the girls were sent in to me one by one and the inquisition began. Any children? Any cats or dogs? Did I keep a car for the maids? Would they have a private sitting room to receive their friends? A radio or phonograph? They'd like several hours off every other afternoon, alternating with one another, and every evening after dinner, in addition to the usual weekly afternoon. And did I live in a lively place, with weekly dances for the employes, and a movie theater? I came off rather badly in the questionnaire, for the first girl turned me down with a firm and eloquent thumb."

Butler and Antique Salesman

"'I GUESS I'm not interested,' she informed me languidly, and the others merely shook their heads. What I had to offer was beneath contempt.

"I walked out, reflecting that I hadn't had a chance to ask even a single question about their credentials because they weren't satisfied with mine.

"Last summer I changed my maids three times, and finally I engaged a couple. The woman was an excellent cook, but the man was the silent, saturnine kind, always gumshoeing around and listening behind doors—but swift—very swift. He used to snatch the plates off the table before we had scarcely touched the food. He was such a fast worker that my husband called him Gyp the Blood. No dawdling at the table when he buttled. But he loved my antiques. I have some fine old pieces and he was forever rubbing them up; I liked him for that; he was quite a connoisseur. Then we went off for the week-end over Labor Day, and on our return we found that Gyp the Blood had decamped with all our best furniture; he just loaded it up on a truck, drove off and sold it to an antique dealer a few miles down the road. They caught the two out in Oklahoma, but I've been wary of couples ever since."

"Couples are apt to be unsatisfactory," remarked the hostess a little bitterly. "I speak from experience; I've had six since I came home from Europe. The couple idea sounds alluring, but in reality it's a delusion and a snare. One is usually pretty good and the other just so-so, or, more likely, a complete washout. It's extremely rare when both are excellent. The one, you see, carries the other.

"My experience has been that the woman carries the man. In the last two cases the men didn't even begin to do their share. One sat most of the time in his bedroom in my husband's old dressing gown and read Omar, and when he wasn't reading Omar he was practicing on the saxophone. As his wife couldn't do all the work, he suggested that I engage a visiting chambermaid—which I did. You see, his wife was an excellent cook and the rascal traded on the fact. Then one afternoon I interrupted his nap to ask for tea and he promptly gave notice. The next couple stayed four days and checked out last night—with this luncheon hanging over my head. I was paying them two hundred dollars a month and they considered it a favorable moment to strike for two hundred and twenty-five."

"You didn't give it to them?" gasped Mrs. Ruhl.

"I would have in this emergency, but my husband put down his foot.

"'Not another soul!' he declared. 'Throw them out on their ears and phone down to the agency for another bunch, or take your girl friends out to the automat.'

"So at ten this morning I engaged two Irish girls, who have condescended to serve me with simplicity if I am sufficiently meek." She laughed and sighed. "The situation grows worse every season; I'm sure I don't know what to do. If servants keep on with their exorbitant demands, they will soon be beyond the moderate income; and even now they're more trouble than they're worth."

"I think," suggested another, "that the real solution of the problem would be for the Government to let down the immigration bars and permit free entry of the servant class from Europe. Then, with greater numbers and more competition, wages would automatically go down. And you know how fine and unspoiled the old-country servants are. And how cheap."

"Yes," groaned another guest; "but the trouble is they don't stay fine and they don't stay cheap. They become contaminated by conditions over here in no time at all. I have a friend who brought home a cook from France last year; the woman was a gem; my friend paid her forty dollars a month less than her previous cook and the woman was tickled to death; she had never seen so much money in her life. But two months later the ungrateful wretch made a fearful row, practically accused my friend of being a thief, holding out on her like that, and she walked out on her and got a position at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. No, it's no use bringing them over from Europe; they learn bad tricks right away. The truth is, high pay and too much liberty have gone to their heads."

Just a Seasonal Occupation

"I WOULDN'T care," said another, "if only you could get the good ones to stay. But they won't. The best of them love to change. They're like birds of passage, with you for a brief season and then flitting on. My mother had old Mary, our cook, for nineteen years; you couldn't have dynamited her out of our kitchen; she had almost as much say in the household as mother had. But now all that old loyalty and sense of permanence have vanished. You engage one set of maids for the winter and another set for the summer in the country, and then what happens? You may wish to stay on late in the country through the fall months, but every man jack of the domestics comes trooping into town the first week in October to see about winter jobs. The whole tendency now is to linger longer in the country; some women don't open their town houses until late in November. And yet, go the servants must the first week in October. And that is true whether one keeps a single general houseworker or a large staff.

"This summer I had two very competent Irish girls, sisters; I paid them seventy-five dollars a month each. The work was easy; they fitted into the ways of the household and so I asked them to stay on for the winter. Oh, no, they couldn't possibly.

"'Why not?' I inquired. Well, they had decided to go to Palm Beach. 'Have you positions engaged?' I asked. No. 'Then you may be out of work for several weeks. It's a bit early for Palm Beach. Why not stay with me another month?' No, they guessed they'd like a change. Restless, irresponsible, underworked and overpaid—that is the typical present-day specialized maid."

"I don't blame them," said a pretty, laughing lady who had been married three times and rumor said was now searching in the tall grass for a fourth, "for wanting to be merry and go to Newport in summer and Palm Beach in the winter like their employers. If I were a servant, that's just what I would do too; I'd be popping in and out of a new ménage every few weeks just to see how the wheels went round. Novelty, excitement, change—it hits all classes these days. Last winter I had a colored chambermaid who gambled on the stock exchange—there's a place up in Harlem where the smart colored folks go—and she made enough to return to Bermuda to see her old mother. I couldn't rebuke her, for I take a flyer now and again myself."

"Well," said the hostess, "I'm sure I don't know what we're all coming to. We can't maintain comfortable homes without servants, and the present-day servants are an impossible breed. They're better paid, better housed, better fed than any other class of labor in America, and yet the situation is growing worse every day."

They continued treading out the grapes of wrath, the general opinion

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"My Name Isn't Agnes. It's Rose—Rose Mundy. And I Prefer to be Called Miss Mundy, if You Please"

SLEEPING COLD

By Delos W. Lovelace

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

They Hardly Get Flattened Out When a Couple of Flares Went Up

STUBBORN? You tell the cockeyed world he was stubborn—stubborn as a wet knot, and dumb to boot. That think machine of his didn't get into gear more than once every twenty-four hours; and when it did, it never stopped until it had drilled an idea into the ivory so deep dynamite couldn't break it loose.

That was what happened when the lieutenant kidded him the morning after he reported.

"Wha'd' yuh mean—you sleep cold?" the lieutenant said. A saw-faced wind was ripping across the parade ground the way it did most of the time there at Camp Grant, with Lake Michigan hardly three good frog jumps away. And this bird, this Hickman, was shivering and wishing for good old Louisiana. The lieutenant, he was born in North Dakota, so he was squared away as if ten below at six A.M. was better than hot bean soup.

"Wha'd' yuh mean—you sleep cold?" he said. "You've got two great big blankets, ain't you? And you keep on your socks and underwear, don't you? And you've got sense enough to put your shelter half under the bed sack to stop the wind from the bottom, ain't you? And you know enough to pile your overcoat and the rest of your duds on top, don't you? Wha'd' yuh mean—you sleep cold?"

"I mean I sleep cold, lieutenant," Hickman said. "How can a guy like me sleep warm on a cot like that? If I stretch out, my legs hang forty rods over the end. And if I curl up, I get cramps and my knees stick out over the sides."

Well, that wasn't absolutely apple sauce. You know what those cantonment cots were—all built for medium-sized guys or less. And this bird, this Hickman, stacked up alongside a medium-sized guy like a walrus alongside a wart. He wasn't a sliver under six feet four, and he couldn't get through a door except sideways.

Anything from a buck private, though, was apple sauce to the lieutenant, because he was just a couple of weeks out of the Second Officers' Training Camp. Larrabee was his name—Second Lieutenant Roy R. Larrabee. A chunky blond. Not a bad guy when you got under his shoulder bars. But like all the second looeys when they were first hatched, he thought he had to be hard-boiled and a wise cracker. No sympathy at all.

"Say, listen!" he said. "Cut loose from the apron-string notions," he said. "You can't get somebody to wipe your nose every ten seconds. You're in the Army now. Your trouble," he said, "looks a lot more like cold feet than cold sleeping."

Well, three-four guys were standing around, and what the lieutenant said was funny, sort of. So, of course, they had to go and tell the rest of the outfit. And that settled this bird—this Hickman's hash. From then on nobody thought he was worth a hoot in hell. He was just a big laugh.

He probably wouldn't of been if he hadn't been so dumb; because a bozo who stands six feet four has to know just enough to sock the nearest guy when the gang begins making fun of him, and right away the gang thinks he's the whole cheese. And maybe he wouldn't of been if he hadn't been so stubborn. Because if he'd just kept his mouth shut about sleeping cold, everybody'd of forgot in a week or so. But it never came to him to sock anybody, and it never came to him to pretend he wasn't sleeping cold. You know how these big stubborn bozos are when an idea jells. Big Berthas can't knock it loose from them.

"The hell I ain't sleeping cold!" he said. "Why shouldn't I, coming up from Louisiana to this place where fires freeze solid with the coals still red hot?"

He beefed all the time about sleeping cold. You'd of thought everybody else had a feather bed and a furnace apiece. No wonder he got the rep he did. And the kidding!

And he certainly did get a lot of kidding. If he went on K. P., somebody was sure to ask him why he didn't swipe the cook's stove and take it to bed with him. And when Christmas came, exactly eighty-two guys in the company went into the five-and-ten and bought a little tin stove in a cheesecloth sock apiece and threw them on his bunk in the morning. It got so that the dumbest whoozis in the outfit could get a haw-haw out of the squad room just by asking who was sleeping cold. And if the gang knew Hickman was going to try out a new wrinkle to keep warm, they'd miss mess call—pretty near.

He certainly tried out a lot of wrinkles—pinned his blankets together, sewed them, put newspapers between them, bought store quilts, warmed a brick, tried to buy a place nearer the big pot-bellied stove, slept in his pants, got his girl to send him a knitted hood, plugged up all the cracks the 10 per cent contractors had left in the wall back of his cot—everything.

Nothing helped though. Every reveille he turned out shivering. Sleeping cold was all he talked about. You'd of thought he never had another notion in his noodle.

"The guy's hipped on the subject," the captain said to the lieutenant. "He can't think of anything else. For two cents I'd transfer him."

The only reason he didn't was because every once in a while this bird, this Hickman, would show signs that made everybody think he might have something, after all. He was just about the dumbest whoozis in the outfit; he was a whole month getting the hang of squads right and left. But nobody could deny that when he did get the hang of it he got it. He could do Number 2 of the rear rank as good as the best. And they all had to admit that when he got on the rifle range he showed a handful of aces—absolute! When it came to banging off with the old Springfield he could shoot rings around Rosie. He'd trapped and hunted down in Louisiana from the time he left the cradle, and he could knock a fly's eye out at two hundred yards. Yes, he could!

"If we can only get that baby's mind off the cold when he lands in France," the lieutenant said to the captain, "he'll shoot the shoes right off the Kaiser's feet."

"If we only can," the captain said. He didn't have much hope, and a day or so later he lost what little he had. What happened then was this: The outfit went out on one of those things called Problems in Minor Tactics.

"Here, you," the captain said to this bird, this Hickman, "you're supposed to know something about hunting. Get over onto the far side of that hill and keep an eye out. I'm going to send the third platoon around to come toward you through the trees down in the valley beyond. They're supposed to be the enemy. As soon as you spot 'em, signal back to me."

Well, about five minutes after Hickman had got into his hole it came on to rain. It rained pitchforks and nigger babies. So the captain blew his whistle and called the company in and they all high-tailed it for the barracks. That was about three in the afternoon. At retreat, Hickman was missing. They took a look. Nobody'd seen hide or hair of him from the time he'd gone forward to watch for the enemy.

"Bald-headed bobcats!" the captain said. "You don't suppose that sap is still out there on the hill, do you?" he said. "Here, you!" he said to one of the sergeants. "Shag out there and see if you can find him."

And what do you think? The sergeant did find him. There he was, hunkered down on the hillside, as wet as a drowned cat.

"Ain't nobody shown up in them trees yet," he said. "If the captain wants me to keep on watching, tell him to send me eight-ten blankets, because it's certainly going to be cold."

Well, of course, after that everybody put him down as even a bigger dummy than they'd thought. The lieutenant did say that he'd showed proper perseverance.

But the captain said, "Perseverance, hell! I want a man to show a little judgment along with his perseverance."

What Hickman said was that he'd never slept so cold in all his life as he slept the night after he got soaking wet out on the hill. And from that time on he beefed harder than ever. No amount of kidding the gang could do, made him shut up either.

"Wha'd' yuh mean—I don't sleep cold?" he said when they tried to jolly him. "I guess I ought to know."

One morning, a little while after he'd taken his soaking out on the hill, he came up for reveille shivering as per usual.

"Home and mother!" the lieutenant said. He was taking the formation that A.M. "Are you still sleeping cold, Hickman?"

"I am," Hickman said.

"Well," the lieutenant said, "maybe we'll be going into a warmer climate, where you'll find the job easier."

"What?" Hickman said. He was downright interested. He grinned for the first time since he'd come to the camp.

"It's only a rumor," the lieutenant said. "So keep your shirt on. But there's a chance we're going to take a boat ride."

Well, the rumor turned out to be the real thing. It wasn't a week before the company pulled its freight. And it wasn't ten days after that when they were on a tub sailing down New York Harbor, with all the ferryboats that were bucking the February ice tooting as if the convoy was heading for an Elks' picnic and all the guys on board saying "Oh, you Paris furlough!" or, "Here goes nothing!" All except this bird, this Hickman. He stood in the tail end of the boat making faces at the cold water and shivering. The lieutenant was buzzing around, counting life preservers, or something, and stumbled onto him.

"Blue-eyed billy goats!" he said. "Don't tell me you ain't satisfied now, when we've brought you a thousand miles east to get you out of the cold!"

"When they hand me a bunk on an upper deck?" Hickman said. "Should I be satisfied when I have to sleep in a place where the wind swipes in strong enough to lift me out of my bunk?"

"Go on! It can't be half as bad as Camp Grant," the lieutenant said.

"It's worse," Hickman said, and he tried to pull his hands up into his sleeves to warm them.

"You'll get used to it," the lieutenant said.

Hickman didn't though. At mess call next A.M. he was shivering harder than ever.

"That bird ain't going to be a bit of use to us," the captain said. He was inspecting the grub with the lieutenant, and it certainly needed inspection. The cooks had put a sock, or worse, in the coffee.

"Don't tell me you slept cold!" the lieutenant said.

"The lieutenant said a mouthful," Hickman said. "The wind was fierce. I ain't telling the lieutenant a lie when I say that if I'd gone to bed with a full set of whiskers, that wind would of shaved me clean."

"Well," the lieutenant said, "keep your shirt on. We'll be in sunny France in no time at all."

"Say, that's right!" Hickman said. It came to him, all of a sudden, that it was called sunny France, and he grinned wide enough so you could drive a team and wagon into him.

Well, finally the old tub managed to dodge the U-boats and get to Brest. And one morning the outfit piled onto the pier and started for Pontanezen, with everybody saying "Thank God! Now we'll get some decent coffee." Everybody except this bird, this Hickman.

He was looking at the lieutenant and saying "Wha'd' yuh mean—sunny France?"

Because the weather was just what you'd know Frog weather would be in the tail end of February. There wasn't enough sun to flag a hand car, and the clouds hung so low a man had to crawl, pretty near, to keep them from knocking his tin hat off; and there was a raw wet bite to the air that went through slickers and overcoats like a tramp through a hand-out; and of course it was raining.

"Sunny France, in a pig's eye!" Hickman said. "This is the worst yet. I'll need forty blankets to keep from sleeping cold in this kind of climate."

Well, that night he didn't have to bother much about sleeping. Nobody did. Because when the outfit got to old Duckboard Camp word came they had to take a ride that same night in a 40 and 8. And who ever slept in a 40 and 8?

This bird, this Hickman, he didn't even try. He just hauled off into a corner and wrapped himself up in his blankets and an extra overcoat he'd swiped when an M. P. put it down to take a man's name and number.

"The boat was worse than Camp Grant," he said. "But this is worse than the boat." And when, three-four days later, they dragged into a dinky little burg near Bar le Duc, where the captain said the outfit would stay for a while, he knew he hadn't said half enough. "Cow barns! They expect a guy to try to sleep in a freezing cow barn!"

The captain heard him. "For a nickel I'd get that bozo sent back to the S. O. S.," he said. "I'm tired of hearing him beef about sleeping cold."

"Let's keep him," the lieutenant said. "You have to give him this much credit—he sticks to his story. If we can get him to be half as stubborn when we run into the boys in the coal-scuttle helmets, he'll be worth a whole platoon."

"He won't be worth his salt," the captain said. But he hated to pick on the S.O.S. And Hickman hit the hay, beefing as per usual.

"How'd it go?" the lieutenant asked him next A.M., though there wasn't any use in asking. The way Hickman was shivering told the story.

"How could it go, lieutenant?" Hickman said. "The bed sack I had didn't have enough straw in it to pad an elbow rest. And the floor was solid stones. And the stones were as cold as the first sergeant's eye. I froze all night, that's how it went."

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"You Big Dummy!" He Said. "Where've You Been?"

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Everybody Was Wild About the Way You Looked. Men are So Strange ——"

AGNES LAPORTE was arguing with her sister. "I don't agree with you at all," she said. "Father is a lot of fun, he can be a scream, even if he is sixty or worse. Personally, I'm glad he's coming." Coral Mery didn't really care whether Mr. Cairns came or not. She was a little sunk, really, by so much argument about it. Coral was sitting with Agnes and her sister Merill in Agnes' room. Agnes, at a mirror, was surveying the effect of a blond and curled wig which hid her close-cut dark hair. "It isn't impossible," she decided. Coral privately decided that she had been rather a fool to go to the Laportes'. She didn't, she continued, care for costume dances. Really she specially hated and avoided them. However, Coral reminded herself, she had come to this one simply to be in the country again. That, for her, meant Pennsylvania. The land about New York never seemed actual. It was, rather than the country, a succession of country places. The farms were no better than a part of an artificial landscape gardening.

Agnes Laporte, for example, lived among great planted fields: there were cornfields and wide acres of wheat and orchards and dairy meadows. There were little old houses of field stone, pleasant wooden fences and long hills with woods. The dance was unimportant. In addition, Coral had known Agnes and Merill for years—they belonged to her childhood; and, although she seldom saw them, she regarded them with an inactive but constant warmth. "Can you tell me," Merill asked Agnes, "what your dress has to do with a farm dance? I mean really." Agnes begged her not to be ridiculous. "Simplicity," she replied. "Muslin. It's the spirit of the farm." Merill said she was glad Agnes had told her. "It's very sweet—when it's explained to you," Agnes said, "After all, yours isn't too rural. You can call it a goose girl if you like. The only thing I'm doubtful about, I mean with father, is your legs." Merill said again that it was a great mistake to have him for dinner.

She could do nothing, Agnes repeated. "I feel so sorry for father. He doesn't have much fun, after all, and he likes it so much. You know that, Merill. You know how he loves it when we take him to New York. I'd take him every week if it wasn't for the shows he will see. It won't last long here; we'll be going to the dance soon after dinner, and then father will go home. It's rather hellish for him when you think about it. You must remember, angel, you don't live close to him like I do. You don't go for Sunday dinner." Merill said she recognized Agnes was the angel. "Not me. I do ask him to come and stay with us all the time, but he simply won't."

"He says it's your old furniture," Agnes explained. "He says he'll come any time you get a decent chair. He says he can't breathe with a lot of hangings around a bed." If that was the way her father felt, Merill intimated, she could do nothing about it. "I can't do my house over. You can see that. I might furnish a room for him." Coral said politely: "I remember Mr. Cairns. He always used to kiss me when I was minute." Merill put in, "You remember him. I can see that." Agnes was annoyed. "You won't do, Merill. You really won't." She continued to Coral: "Father always wanted to have a big time and he never could. Mother was very religious and he was frightfully good to her. I don't believe he ever contradicted her in their lives. He wasn't like her, naturally; but when she got done, you couldn't tell them apart. Then when she died he kept right on, out of love for her or habit. He can't get it in his head he is free. He drinks a cocktail even now with one eye on the door. It's just too sobbing."

Coral listened with a show of sympathetic interest. Her mind, in reality, was far from the subject of Mr. Cairns. She was wondering when, tomorrow, she might return to New York. She always went to the country near Philadelphia with a sharp anticipation of pleasure, a sense of contentment; but when she got there, somehow her pleasure failed to materialize; she began at once to plan her escape. There, Coral told herself, she was entirely to blame; she had lost her ability to enjoy simple and splendid things. It was December. The short afternoon was almost done. From the windows in Agnes Laporte's room she could see a brown countryside veiled in a faint purple dusk. The woods were a clear purple against a tranquil yellow sky; even in the room there was a smell of wood smoke—wood smoke and the scent of apples.

It stirred early memories in her, brought back old emotions and associations. "If I could be happy anywhere," she thought, "it would be here." If she could be happy! Coral began to doubt the possibility of that. "I'm sunk," she thought. "I'll never make it." The it was marriage, a marriage tranquil and satisfying like the sky, peaceful like the evening woods. She hated what she was, what she had: but probably she'd never be anything else, she would never have anything different—probably. For example, she didn't want to go to the dance at all; she wanted to go to bed very early, with all the windows as widely opened as possible, and fall asleep enveloped in the heavenly smell of wood smoke and apples. That was what, at heart, she wanted. But she wouldn't be able to do it. Not a chance.

She'd go to the dance and dance all night in a crowded and hot room—a room full of the most atrocious perfumes. A great many men, mostly impossible, would tell her that she was simply marvelous dressed like a dairy maid, and why didn't women always wear clothes like that. Then they would say, "Let's go out to my car and get a drink." Even more than costume dances, she detested country clubs, in the evening, aside from their original and ostensible purpose. Except for golf—her own or other matches—she never went to one; she never lingered on the porch of a country club.

The day had faded and Agnes Laporte turned on some lights. "It's perfect to have you, Coral," she said. "Simply perfect," Merill echoed her. "I never really believe you are coming," Agnes went on, "until I see you. You've got to stay till Monday. There is a drop hunt tomorrow. The Temples have asked us to breakfast, and a party Sunday."

Coral replied, "Why didn't you tell me sooner? I must be back in New York tomorrow afternoon. I'm terribly sorry." Agnes and Merill together said that she simply couldn't go. They had promised the Temples they would produce her. Agnes clearly was hurt. It was all very exhausting. Why had she come? "I will be glad to see Mr. Cairns again." Coral spoke purely at random. "My dear," Merill cried, "you won't be able to lose him. When he sees your long skirt and finds you are not drinking, he'll want to marry you. Agnes, wouldn't that be miraculous—to have Coral for a mother!" Coral gazed at her coldly. "He won't notice me," she said. "He'll be too frivolous."

Alone in her room, dressing, Coral was conscious of the peacefulness of the country about her. An old country, like the old stone houses. The Cairnses, she remembered, owned flour mills. They had been in the possession of the family for more than a hundred years—the same flour mills and the same family. That, Coral recognized, was a very actual form of aristocracy. It was far more impressive than the backgrounds of any of the people she saw in New York. The Cairnses and their mills really were distinguished—that was, for America. Her costume was very simple—the designer had spoken about a Kate Greenaway—and it wasn't, the truth was, unbecoming. She surveyed her feet in flat children's slippers. The bonnet she decided to wear back off her head. There was the

sound of motors and voices below; it was time for her to go down; but she didn't—not yet. She was thinking:

Yes, the Cairnses were splendid. If they were not a part of the society she knew they owned something better. They had dignity. Yet she had already begun to wonder when she could get away, return to New York—to the existence and people it was her firm determination to leave. That was ridiculous, Coral told herself; it was feeble-minded. She was in the exact atmosphere she wanted for her marriage. It was all around her. Agnes, who had four children, lived quietly near her father and their mills. Merill was farther away, but she was at the Laportes' simply all the time. They made, really, a small society of their own—their families and a few neighbors. It was ideal. Relieving. Nothing could be better; but when she went down there was no trace of happy quiet.

There were twelve for dinner, and Engard Laporte was pouring gin cocktails from an immense shaker. He was dressed as a sailor. The other men were in overalls. However, the women were more various. Coral saw Merill's legs at once. There was a tall girl in blue satin with a silver horn and a wide velvet hat. Everyone was talking at once and as loudly as possible. A man stopped beside her.

"I think your dress is wonderful," he declared. "If women had any sense they'd always be like that." A radio was very successful against the uproar, and Coral found herself dancing. "When you get to the club I'll never see you again," he proceeded. "You will forget I'm alive." Coral replied, "Soon you'll forget it too." Another presented himself to her. "What a splendid dress ——" he began. Coral interrupted him: "I ought to wear it all the time, I know, but I won't. I can't. . . . Thank you, I don't drink. No, not at all." She sat with him on the stairs. "I'm Andrew Laporte," he explained. "You wouldn't know that. I know a lot about you. I've wanted to meet you for years. Yes, really. I'm in the Cairns mill and I live near here. You have always interested me. I see you in the papers, and now here you are, dressed like a Victorian child."

"What did you expect," she asked—"a burning red chiffon?" He was very good-looking. Quite nice. "Anyhow, I'm excited about seeing you," he repeated. "You are a tremendous event." He captured her hand. Well, she didn't mind. "You are going to my head," he admitted. "When we get to the dance," he told her, "we won't stay there. It will be too crowded. We'll dance and then take a drive. It's a very beautiful night. We will drive over the Bradford Hills." Coral moved slightly away. "Perhaps you'd better not. Not so soon. That's not a very good idea about the Bradford Hills either. It is a little gaudy. I came here to be with Agnes." He rose hastily. "Mr. Cairns," he said, "it's a great pleasure to have you here." Coral saw a short, cheerful man very evidently sixty. She liked him at once for that especial reason—he made no effort to keep a false appearance of youth. He wasn't one of the objectionably handsome old men. His manner wasn't too elaborate. On the contrary, he was rather abrupt, autocratic. "So you are Coral Mery!" he exclaimed. He kissed her. "It's been a long time since I saw you. I believe the last time was before my bereavement. You were here, I remember, a year or two ago, but I wasn't. . . . Thank you, Andrew. I will sit beside Coral. And what a nice dress. What a reasonable dress. Now if you always dressed like that—hey! I told Merill to go up and sew something about her legs.

"I told her, 'I don't know what you are coming to, if you are my own daughter.' She is like something on the New York stage. Only, I must admit, not quite as bad as that. I don't know what it will do next. My dear child, I saw a play in New York last month and I gasped. I'm an old man, but I gasped. But Merill isn't much better. I mean, of course, she is, but nobody would guess it—not if they saw her tonight. I said, 'Go and sew something about your legs. Your children will see you.' The times," he said—"I give you my word ——" He failed to find a term descriptive of the times. "I don't know what doesn't go on—or come off." He laughed generously at that.

"It's mostly appearance," Coral reassured him. "When so much comes off, nothing that really matters goes on." He didn't agree with her. Apparently he insisted on believing the worst. Anything less than the very worst, Coral saw, would be a great disappointment to him. He really was a scream.

"You can't tell me," he asserted. "You can't tell me. Look at this." He waved toward the noisy gayety, the costumes, in the hall and drawing-room. "It's just stupid," Coral insisted. "It isn't any more than that. I see a great deal of it, and it makes me sick. I want to be in the country. But the people in the country, do you see, want the exact opposite. Things are like that now." He patted her knee. "You are a wise girl—wise and lovely. You know. Tell me, I hear about these swimming parties in the New York estates and at Palm Beach. Do they—I mean, are they?—at night?"

She gazed at Mr. Cairns calmly. "I'm sorry," she said; "they do not." He was, he replied, glad to hear that, but his voice was without conviction. He was even a little irritated. "Stories get about," Mr. Cairns said vaguely "stories about the upper ten. Or is it four hundred? The country is in a bad way, going to the devil. I tell Agnes

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Without Doubt, Coral Mery Decided, it Was the Biggest Mantel in the World, and Immeasurably the Most Hideous

SMALL-TOWN PAPERS

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IT WAS in the papers a little while ago that one of these modern novelists had bought a couple of country newspapers somewhere in West Virginia. He wanted something to make a living at, it said; which didn't sound exactly right to me.

I never read any of the gentleman's novels, but from the publicity he gets in the highbrow literary magazines every time he brings out a new one, anyone who didn't know much about the novel business would think the royalties must roll in so fast that the author would never have to do any real work—like running a country newspaper, for example. But the funny part was his idea that he could make a living out of a country weekly, or two of them.

I knew something about country weeklies. I started my journalistic life by cleaning the spittoons and rushing the growler for the editor and the printer, and inking the form on the Washington hand press with a big two-handled roller, while Charley Gleason pulled her over. When we had got the weekly run of ten quires off, two pages at a time, Wednesdays and Fridays, we knew we'd been working.

"Patronize Our Advertisers"

YES, sir; between the time when I met my first type louse in the old Georgetown Courant shop over Ah Hen Jackson's Chinese laundry, and the time when I went to the city as a two-thirder to finish my trade, I learned all there was to know about country newspapers. I never worked on one of them after I got my union card, but there hasn't been a spell of bad weather in more than forty years that I haven't been reminded of the old shop; the stiff joint where I split my forefinger feeding dodgers on the brass-arm Gordon aches every time a rain starts to blow up. That stiff finger changed everything for me, in a way; it shunted me from the case to the proof box, which turned out to be an entry to the editorial end. But that hasn't anything to do with country newspapers.

Where I got my big laugh out of that newspaper item about the novelist was remembering the way B. Franklin Simms, the editor of the old Courant, had to hustle for cash every Wednesday morning to get the patent insides out of the express office. That took cash. Nobody ever heard of an editor having credit. He had to give plenty, though. Subscribers paid up when they felt like it, or not at all. Often as not they would pay in kind—garden truck, cordwood or eggs—and sometimes advertisers did the same. Advertisers could always stand the editor off by threatening to pull out of the paper. There was only so much business to be had, and they would get it anyway, so they were merely doing the editor a favor by advertising at all.

I remembered the time when old Otto Muncaster, who ran the lumberyard, settled a three months' advertising bill with six barrels of lime, and a few other incidents of that sort, and I felt sort of sorry for the poor fish who had let somebody unload a couple of country papers on him. Not one paper, mind you; that would have been bad enough, but the piece in the papers said he had had two wished on him! If he just wanted experience, something to use for material for more novels, that might be a good way to get it, but to make a living—well, it just didn't fit with all I knew about country weeklies.

Then I ran into Bert Mills—literally ran into him in the crowd at Forty-second and Fifth Avenue, by the library. I hadn't seen or heard anything of him for twenty years; not since he quit his job on the copy desk of the old Globe. I remembered hearing at the time that his father had died and he had gone back upstate to settle the family affairs, but that was the last anybody around New York had heard so far as I knew.

"Hold On a Minute, Bert," I Gasped. "Let Me Get This Straight"

I wouldn't have known him if he hadn't spotted me first. It took only a glance to assure me that he had been successful. It wasn't only his clothes; they were what any business man might wear. It was his way of looking at you and speaking to you, the air of a man accustomed to direct dealing with all sorts of people. He was glad to see me and I was just as glad to see him.

"Still in the newspaper game, old-timer?" he asked, after we had pump-handled a while. I told him no, I'd been out of it for a good many years.

"I've sort o' retired, too," said Bert. "Play a little golf, do a little fishing, go down to Florida for a couple months in the winter, run around to conventions a good deal, just to see the fellows I know."

Bert must have inherited more than I'd thought, it seemed. Before I could ask him what he had been doing all these years, he was rattling on about his folks.

"Remember Sarah—Mrs. Mills?" he asked. "Gee, I wish we'd met a few minutes sooner; she'd have been glad to see you. I just left her at one of the big stores. She comes down every little while to shop."

The Cause of Affluence

I DID remember Bert's wife—an anæmic, dragged-out, tired-looking little woman, with a boisterous kid hanging to each hand. I had had dinner with them once in a cheap little flat out Flatbush way. Even twenty years ago it was hard sledding in New York for a man with a family on forty a week.

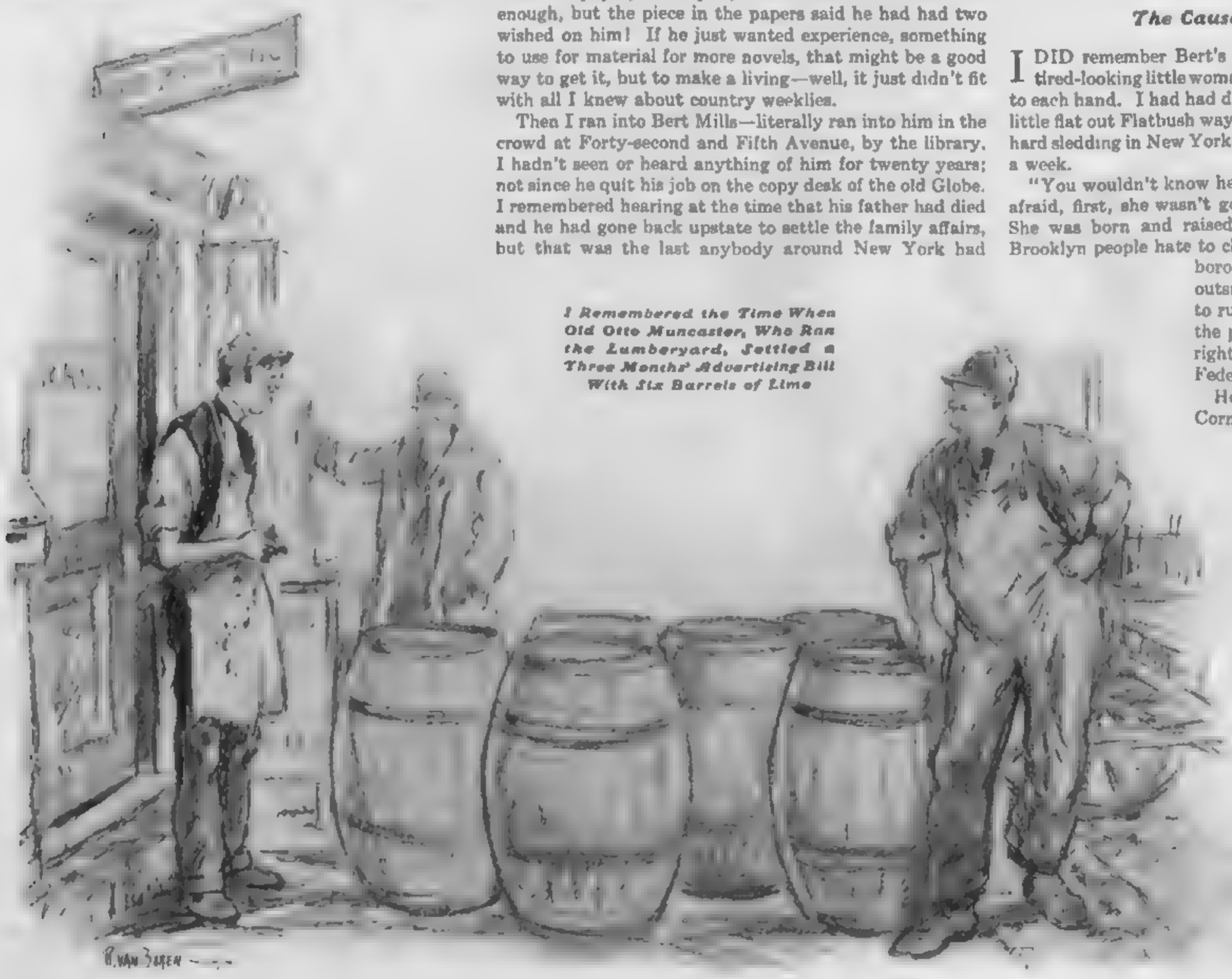
"You wouldn't know her now," Bert went on. "I was afraid, first, she wasn't going to like it in a small town. She was born and raised in Brooklyn, you know, and Brooklyn people hate to change. But nobody in Middleboro now ever thinks of her as an outsider. They even tried to get her to run for Assembly last year. She's the politician of the family—headed right now for president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs."

He'd put both his boys through Cornell, he told me, and had a girl, too, who was a junior at Syracuse. One of his boys was married and he even had a pair of grandchildren.

And while he talked I racked my memory to try to locate Middleboro. It must be an important town, but somehow I couldn't place it.

"You haven't told me the most important thing of all, Bert," I said when he had finished about his family. "What I'd like to know is where did you get it? I had an idea your folks were farmers."

"So they were," he answered. "I was raised on the farm, but I never liked it. That's why I came down to New York in the first place. And when dad died I sold the farm and bought



I Remembered the Time When Old Otto Muncaster, Who Ran the Lumberyard, Settled a Three Months' Advertising Bill With Six Barrels of Lime

"Yeah, They Bob Their Hair and Roll Their Stockings Out on the Farm Now Just as They Do in Town"

the paper—the old Middleboro Gazette. Couldn't get the virus of printer's ink out of my system."

I waited for Bert to go on, but he said nothing more in response to my question.

"I meant your gold mine," I ventured after a moment of silence. "What sort of business have you been in? You seem to have been successful."

Bert looked at me with a puzzled expression, as if he thought I was trying to kid him. "Why, I just told you," he said. "I bought the Middleboro Gazette."

I saw at once that I must have seemed stupid to Bert. Some big industry had picked Middleboro for its plant and made the country village into a big city, as the General Electric did at Schenectady. But for the life of me I couldn't remember which industry it was. Middleboro? I couldn't think of anything to connect the name of the town with. But I didn't let on to Bert.

"Oh, I see," I responded cheerfully. "And as the town grew big enough for a daily you grew with it, eh? Fine! What's your population now, anyway?"

The Paper Comes Into Its Own

"ABOUT the same as it always has been; maybe a little less," he answered. "Around 2000. But we've got a circulation of more than 3000. Not so bad for a country weekly, what? Be a long time before Middleboro will need a daily, if any."

"Hold on a minute, Bert," I gasped. "Let me get this straight. You've been right there in Middleboro for twenty years, running a country weekly in a town of 2000 people, and now you've retired on your income and your wife goes shopping in Fifth Avenue and —— Oh, what's the use? I just can't seem to get this straight. If I hadn't known you as well as I used to, I'd think you were trying to put one over on me. Do you mean to tell me that anybody ever made that much money, or any money more than a bare living, and a poor one at that, out of a country weekly? You must have some property besides that, Bert."

"I have now, of course." He grinned back at me. "Naturally I've made investments, same as any business man does with his surplus. I've got a block of stock in the Middleboro National and some shares in the creamery and the cold-storage plant, and a few pieces of business property in the town, and one thing and another of that sort. But it all came out of the Gazette in the first place, and all I had to start with was the $3000 mother and I got for the farm after dad died. Of course, I've plowed a lot of the profits back into the paper—have to keep a newspaper plant up to date, you know. It'll inventory now—the plant—around $25,000, and the building's worth another $10,000; goodwill and all, I wouldn't take $50,000 for the Gazette. It earns now around 40 per cent on that figure, and you've no idea how far $20,000 a year will go in a town the size of Middleboro."

"It'll go a long way in New York," I conceded. "What gets me, though, Bert, is the idea that there's any such money, or the half of it, to be made out of any country weekly paper, anywhere, any time. As my old Yankee granddad used to say, it beats my time. You're sure you're making that out of the paper, not out of the job-printing business?"

I must give Bert credit for being good-natured. He always was; and besides, he'd always liked me in the old days and he knew I liked him a lot. Some men would have got mad to be questioned that way, but he knew I was friendly and interested.

"The job-printing business accounts for about a quarter of it," he said, answering my latter question first. "Job printing's a minor item in a modern country newspaper office instead of being the main reliance, as it used to be. It's a specialty that hasn't got anything really to do with making a newspaper. Fact is my younger boy—they're both with me in the business now, running the shop—the younger one, Joe, has got an idea he could do better with the job plant if he had it out under its own roof, and we're fixing now to incorporate that separately and let him see what he can make of it. But the old Gazette, standing alone on its own hind legs, has pulled down better than $15,000 a year net for me every year for the past five or six years, and it's getting better all the time.

"Yes, you're right," he went on. "It does beat your time. It's a new thing, this development of the country weekly into a remunerative industry, instead of a hazardous gamble, with the odds all against the editor and publisher, as it used to be. It wasn't any too easy the first few years I had the Gazette, though I always took down more than I needed to live on right from the start. And it isn't like taking candy from a baby now—get me right on that. A man's got to know the business and work at it same as any other business. But if he does that I don't know any business in the world that'll pay him so big a return on his investment or stand up so solidly under competition from outside or that's so hard to kill.

"I tell you what, you skeptical old type louse," he continued, looking at his wrist watch and slapping me on the back, "I'm in town now for a meeting of the executive committee of our editorial association to make arrangements for our convention next summer. If you really want to know what the country newspaper business is like in this year of grace, come on along with me to the hotel. We haven't any secrets and you can speak the language of the craft well enough to pass for one of us. You'll meet some good fellows, live newspapermen, from the small towns all over the country, and they'll tell you better stories than I can. Can you spare the time? I'd love to have you come."

"I've time enough," I told him, "but I don't like to butt in."

"Butt in, my eye!" said Bert. "You used to be my boss, you know, and I want to show the other chaps the guy who taught me the beginnings of journalism. They'll be tickled to meet you. Besides, if you don't hear what they have to say I know what'll happen. You'll go round to the newspaper club and tell the old-timers whom I used to know what a liar Bert Mills has turned out to be. Come on!"

Prosperous Country Editors

I WENT. And I found out that that novelist's idea of making a living out of a couple of country newspapers wasn't so funny as it had seemed to me. Things have changed in the small towns; and, as the saying goes, how!

It didn't take long, after Bert had introduced me all around, to discover that the thirty or forty country editors in the crowd were immensely proud of their profession, their papers and their home towns. That was the most noticeable difference between them and the sort of country editor I had known in my youth. The old-time country editor had plenty of professional pride, but if he was proud of his town, the feeling was not often reciprocated. These were men of standing in their communities; you could tell that by the way they talked and carried themselves.

"The successful country newspaper publisher today is no longer primarily a printer," is the way one of them

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There Isn't a Farmer in the Territory Who Can Paint His Barn Without the News of It Getting Into the Gazette

AN AMERICAN BANKER

Seeing the Woman in Our Vestibule, He Stopped, Lifted His Hat and Spoke a Few Words to Her in a Confidentially Benevolent Manner

IV

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SOMETIMES I am asked how it is that men who have been trained only as bankers can possibly be competent to direct purely commercial enterprises. There is a rather general impression that banking unfits a man for such activities, although I can name at least a score of bankers who have stepped from banking into authoritative business positions to the advantage of stockholders and of themselves. Bankers are so poorly regarded as business men that for a corporation to have a banker on its board of directors is often considered a sign of weakness. Frequently one hears the expression that such-and-such a concern "is in the hands of the bankers," and usually the inference is drawn that the concern so placed is headed for the business scrap heap.

Yet many a business has been saved for its owners because it did get into the hands of its bankers. In Southton there was a corporation known as the Eagle Timber Company that operated properties in Arkansas and Northern Louisiana, selling its product to woodworking plants. The concern was a customer of our Merchants State Bank, and prior to 1907 we had carried them at times for rather large amounts. During the panic of that year we had none too easy a time ourselves, but managed to get through without calling their loan, which we knew they were in no position to stand under the circumstances existing in the lumber business.

However, when practically all the year 1908 rolled around with no curtailment of the principal, and even a part of the interest in arrears, we felt the time had come to call for some sort of decisive action. The president of the concern, Richard Foster, was a man in his seventies; his son-in-law, Eugene Jameson, was secretary; both were practical lumbermen and lived in Southton. The other stockholders were scattered throughout the state.

One day Mr. Outcault called Foster and Jameson into conference at the bank and told them something would have to be done about their loan. They argued for more time, saying they personally had their entire fortunes tied up in the corporation, and that none of the other stockholders were willing to put up additional cash merely to reduce the bank loan. Intrinsically their proposition was sound enough, for their assets were mainly in standing timber that increased in value from year to year; on this account they seemed to think we ought to be willing to wait. Finally, as a compromise, Mr. Outcault recommended that a representative of the Merchants Bank should be put on their board of directors to see if some plan might not be worked out that would place our loan on a more satisfactory footing.

Mr. Foster was highly indignant at this, stating that the standing of his concern would be seriously impaired if it became known that a banker was on the board. Mr. Outcault respectfully suggested that even a banker might have some constructive ideas, but if Mr. Foster were set unalterably against such a plan the proper thing for him to do would be to find some other financial institution willing to take over his loan. The conference finally ended by a backdown on the part of the lumbermen, and Mr. Outcault appointed me as the bank's representative. I became owner of one share of stock in the Eagle Timber Company, with the official title of treasurer.

Going over the books of the concern, I saw little that I could do except recommend a forced sale of timber properties, and in the existing state of business that would have occasioned serious loss, for lumber dealers everywhere were still overstocked from the speculative period preceding the 1907 slump.

Only one of the company's assets seemed to offer any possibilities—a planing-mill property located in Southton that stood on the corporation's books at a valuation of $25,000. I had seen it often in going around town but did not know before that it belonged to the Eagle Timber Company. It was a fairly good-looking brick-and-frame building that stood on a plot of a couple of acres on a spur of the Southwestern Railway tracks. The planing mill had been idle for more than a year. I thought I would have better luck with Eugene Jameson than with his father-in-law, and so got the former into the bank one day and suggested we might turn the planing-mill property into much-needed cash. He snorted sarcastically.

"We've been trying to sell that white elephant for the last seven years," he said. "Every real-estate man in town has had it and we've advertised it in half the newspapers of the state, with never a decent offer. There isn't a chance."

I inquired how it was that a timber company, selling only to dealers, came to own a planing mill. Eugene told me the story. It appeared that seven or eight years before, a man named Elkins was running the planing mill and buying much of his raw material from the Eagle Timber Company. He got into financial difficulties, owing the company about $5000, besides sums to other people. In order to save its $5000 the Eagle Timber Company settled with the other creditors and took over the plant, letting

Elkins run it as manager. This was unprofitable, and they tried to sell, but failed to find a customer. After that they rented it to several different men who ran it a while and then quit. Each time it was vacated they put it in the hands of real-estate agents, and this had been repeated so many times that the property was regarded as a joke by local real-estate men.

I asked Eugene how much it actually cost the Eagle Timber Company in the first place, counting what Elkins owed them and the money they had put up to settle with the other creditors. He said about $10,000.

"But you've got it down on your books at $25,000," I told him.

"Yes, that's right," he answered. "We've added each year what it cost to carry it. There's the insurance and taxes, and, of course, we have to employ a watchman whenever it's vacant—altogether about $2000 a year."

At first I thought he was joking, but I saw he was quite serious. I realized that his peculiar ideas were possibly a result of having been all his life in a specialized business. When he bought a stand of timber it became more valuable from year to year. It was usual in the timber trade to figure that the growth of the trees covered the carrying charges. When Eugene's company acquired the planing mill he used the same bookkeeping on the property that he used on timber holdings. He forgot that buildings and machinery do not grow in value like trees.

"All I've got to say, Eugene," I told him, "is that you're lucky not to have a bank examiner coming around to check up on your list of assets the way he does the assets of the Merchants State Bank."

The only way I could think of to get rid of the Eagle Timber Company's white elephant was to put it up at public auction, and after two or three strenuous sessions with Eugene and his father-in-law I won their somewhat grudging consent. The next thing was to get in touch with possible buyers, and for this I went through the Lumberman's Red Book and one of the bank's credit-rating books for the addresses of all woodworking plants within a radius of a couple of hundred miles. Then I had some folders printed, giving a description of what we had to offer, and mailed them to these tentative prospects.

Another argument had occurred over the date of our sale. Both Eugene and old Mr. Foster wanted to have it at least a month from the time we mailed our folders so as to give people time to think it over; but I contended that the quicker it took place the better, and finally had my way, naming a date just ten days ahead. I believe my decision in this was correct, for ten days was just about enough time for a business man who was interested to get his affairs in shape for the journey, but not long enough for other matters to come up that might change his mind.

Our sale took place on the sixteenth of December, at eleven in the morning. It had rained all night, and by nine o'clock, when I went to the bank to clean up some work on my desk, the rain had turned to sleet. About ten o'clock Eugene came dashing in to tell me excitedly that he had just come from the planing mill and the only persons present were the auctioneer and his assistant. He strongly recommended that the sale be declared off. I told him we had gone too far to back out, and said if he would return in about half an hour we would go to the plant together.

We drove out in Eugene's one-horse buggy, splashing through the mud puddles that began as soon as we left the central business district, and even I had to admit it was scarcely a propitious day for liquidating the assets of the Eagle Timber Company. At eleven o'clock, when the auctioneer opened his sale, there was a gathering of just seven prospective bidders—two local men, whom we knew, and five strangers. Old Mr. Foster was there, wrapped in a heavy ulster, with a woolen scarf around his ears—a picture of pessimism. Every moment I expected he might try to stop the proceedings.

Under the terms of the sale the auctioneer was to offer the machinery piece by piece. That done, we reserved the right to ask for bids on the entire plant, machinery included. The auctioneer, Col. Asa Lawrence, delivered his customary preamble and the sale commenced, the bidding being fairly active, considering the size of the crowd. I noticed that after the first few minutes the colonel directed most of his attention toward one man, whom he had evidently, with the clairvoyance of the trained auctioneer, set down as his most promising client. The man was a quick, decisive-appearing individual with a heavy black mustache who evidently knew what he was about, for once or twice, when the colonel worked the old auction dodge of pretending to hear a bid when there had been none, the stranger laughed and looked around whimsically as though to learn where the mysterious competitor might be.

With a gathering of seven people and a client of such sophistication, even the astute Colonel Lawrence found himself a bit handicapped, and the stranger bought what he wanted at bargain prices, though he showed no tendency toward parsimony in his bidding. He acquired the power plant, the shafting, several woodworking machines and the sprinkler system, his purchases amounting to something like $4500. A few pieces of machinery went to other bidders, bringing the total sales up to about $6000.

Then the auctioneer asked for bids on the property as a whole, which included building, land and railroad siding. There were no offers and the sale was finished. Old Mr. Foster came to me in a state of high indignation.

"It's just what I was afraid of," he complained. "With all the equipment sold off, this property won't be worth anything to anybody. It's just a building beside the railroad track. That's what comes from getting tangled up with the bank."

What he said about the property was true enough, though personally I thought the Eagle Timber Company was lucky to realize the few thousand dollars the auction sale had brought in, even if it had to wipe the building and land off its books. By this time the rain had stopped and the successful bidders, after settling with Colonel Lawrence's assistant, were preparing to leave. The stranger with the black mustache was standing in the doorway, looking dubiously at the lake of mud he would have to navigate in order to get to the street-car line, and I told Eugene Jameson we ought at least offer our best customer

(Continued on Page 110)

On the Signboard Was Printed: That's My Bank. The Object of the Good Doctor's Venture Was Plain Enough

THE WHEELBARROW

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

YONNE DEFOREST'S eager welcome surprised Amory a little, because she had always shown to him a sort of guarded reserve, as if unwilling to encourage any sentiment of a strong personal sort that might be disrupting to her occupational activities. As an achiever, a hard worker well out of the dilettant and into the professional class, she had thrown an impalpable barrier between herself and an admirer who was now a member of the rich and leisured class. Amory had told her that since his father's death his efforts were, and in the future would be, merely the management of a large estate of which he was the sole heir. He had stated this in the nature of an apology for his being what she might consider a nonproducer, whether of art, science or the general excuse for living; a mere capitalist and inheritor of what she might consider unearned increment from the profits of the war. There was no lack in the warmth of her welcome now. Whether through that oldest of obligations, which is hospitality in one's own home, or because she had liked him better than he knew, she greeted him as a dear friend. She offered him both hands.

"Amory Payne! How nice of you to risk bumping your beautiful new boat in this rock pasture so that we could see her and you!" Yonne glanced out at the schooner, all glittering white and green and bright work, with rich sunshine resting with the Midas touch on her gleaming yellow spars and lofty Marconi rig. "But you'll have to shift your berth a little before the tide goes. There are two big teeth in snapping distance."

Amory said, "I just ducked in to see you in your exquisite and most natural setting. I ought to go with the turn of the tide."

He caught the shadow that fell across her face. Even Yonne's dearest friends and severest critics admitted her loveliness, of which the most fastening note was a tremendous aliveness and mobility of expression. She was ruddily fair, having a creamy skin with a bloom for which Maine fog was partly responsible, and her hair was very fine and thick and wavy, and in this sort of mellow sunshine it had the deepest red to be found in copper sheathing. A strange and holding combination was in her eyes, which were long, their outer corners raised a little, with a color in this same light that was decidedly shoal-water green, like the copper with a soft coating of verdigris. Her other features fell into accord—a sort of mermaid beauty carried out in the lithe long-limbed suppleness that seemed to swirl as she moved like algæ in an eddy of the tide.

Amory Opened the Portfolio and Turned the Big Sheets of Drawing Paper. The First Few Were Evidently Studies for Background. He Came Then on a More Finished Sketch. It Gave Him a Shock

"Fancy your finding the place deserted! I've just taken father and the two boys to catch the train for Rockland. They've bought a new boat and have gone to sail her round."

She was wearing a dress that would have looked like masquerade on another girl. But it became Yonne as it became the originator of its style—Joséphine de Beauharnais—even though Amory could see at a glance that it had been made for a much smaller woman at about the time, he imagined, of his great-great-grandmother's honeymoon aboard a passenger packet of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. The material was silk of a rather loose weave, like hand-loom pongee, and it seemed to have faded from an original rose *cendré* to a tint that was unknown by name to the lumber business. Only an interior decorator could have described it.

He wondered inwardly why Yonne—anything but a *poseuse*—should have wanted to drive to Rockland in a "robe Joséphine" found in some ancient chest, and better suited to a period costume party than the public gaze of outspoken tourists to be encountered. So long as she remained behind the wheel of the car it might pass unobserved, but now, as she said "Let's go in," and led the way to the house, she presented a figure that was bizarre if beautiful; the more so since this great-grandmother of all its varied offspring—Empire, Mother Hubbards, Kate Greenaways, bungalow aprons, even smocks and slip-ons—gave the impression of being all there was between her lithe, rounded person and the great outdoors. In a transmitted light, strong sunshine behind instead of directly on her, it might prove a transparency.

The effect, though strictly modern, was not of a sort adapted to this style, and, combined with it, suggested strongly the West Indian native or a siren of any port. Had Yonne been a Greenwich Village type, or even affected a studio negligee, Amory would have been less puzzled; but he had found her, on the contrary, to be distinctly of the modern professional artistic sort that makes a business of its talent and observes the neat trim costuming of the successful commercial woman. He would as soon have expected to walk in on Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt at home in gown and mortar board or Cecilia Beaux returning from a drive in a *béret* and painting smock.

Yonne looked back over her shoulder, caught his puzzled expression and laughed.

"Like my early Martinique effect?"

"Martinique?"

"Joséphine was born and bred there. I found this costume in an old sea chest I bought, and I'd slipped it on to pose for one of the illustrations for a period story I'm doing."

"Pose for yourself?"

"Yes—in front of the mirror. Models are hard to get and the girl who promised to sit for me failed to show up. Then I went up the brook to paint in a background, and just then daddy and the boys came along on their way to Rockland and I decided to drive them there and bring back the car so that if they liked the boat they could all three sail her back."

This sounded very *sans gêne* for Yonne, Amory thought. She was not a flighty girl. But now, as she stood in the doorway of the ancient converted mill half turned, one hand on the latch of an old door with a beautiful carved panel that had probably come from the wrecking of some prosperous ship-owner's house of the region, she presented a delightful picture that was a little marred in accuracy by the gown's being too small, though this enhanced the grace of the flowing contours beneath it, stressed the feminine salients that were delicate yet strong.

That overworked descriptive phrase which can scarcely be improved upon for the depiction of precisely such a physique as Yonne's recurred to Amory "slenderly rounded" expressed her, though the slenderness of her long, lithe limbs might have been contested by footlight critics.

Suddenly aware of his poignant admiration, a quick flare of color that was of flower-petal softness swept up from the border of the décolleté neck. Yonne stepped inside, where the subdued light was less searching than the strong slanting sunbeams. Amory followed her.

"Your old mill is charming beyond words," he said. "Everything is so exactly right. It is art and Nature collaborating successfully to gain beauty and service."

She nodded her head, which had a dusky brightness against the low rich color note.

"That's well put, especially the 'service.' From the glance I got of her, your new yacht is a masterpiece of a different sort—craftsmanship and beauty combined for service."

"I'll make a confession," Amory said. "I rather hated to bring her here, knowing you detested modern swank."

Yonne nodded again. "I understand. You thought her glitter might dim us a little. But, you see, it couldn't do that any more than an electric luster could dim a Corot."

"Yes, or a bouquet of wood flowers." He looked round the room. "There's been craftsmanship here too."

"Daddy's and the boys'. No other artisan has sawed a plank or driven a nail. They've worked like beavers every year. As soon as we get a good price for a story or a picture or a textbook—daddy writes 'em, you know—we're going to get after the dam. It's too rickety to risk a full head of water in the mill pond, more than one slide in the sluice. Listen! You can hear the water running through the flume under your feet. Very handy for the disposition of waste, as it empties into tidewater."

"I've noticed that. Do you always go out and leave everything wide open?"

"Of course. Everybody's honest hereabouts and we're off the thoroughfare by several miles."

"All the same, surely you don't mean to spend the night here alone."

"I shouldn't mind. We've no bad characters hereabouts. We've got a dog—a big Airedale—and there's a girl coming to spend the night with me—one that poses for me sometimes."

"That doesn't sound like much protection," Amory objected.

"It would if you knew her. Jenny Gale is what you might call a summer native like myself. She's had a foot in both camps for years and years—the local and city people's."

Amory had felt an inward kick at the name.

"Is this her port of hail?" he asked.

"Yes. Her father was a sea captain and shipbuilder who was well off when she was little and then lost his fortune in four-masters. Her mother married again when she was ten. Jenny's stepfather's a local lobster buyer. He looks like a Wyeth pirate or slaver captain. But he adores her and has given her the best advantages since she was little—school in Boston, then Smith, where she was a top student and athlete."

With his head in a whirl, Amory said casually, "Lobster buying must be a good business."

"Capt. Sol Whittemore makes it go. He's got a big pound up the shore a little way where he funds about a hundred thousand lobsters for the high prices. He buys from the local lobster men and from Nova Scotia and sets out about a hundred pots of his own. With those crustaceans at forty-eight cents a pound, you can see that runs into money. Captain Sol's tremendously fond of Jenny. I think his nightmare is that she may marry some good-for-nothing. She's a beauty."

"Where's your dog?" Amory asked.

"Somewhere about. When we're all away, he's apt to look for me at Jenny's. Or he may be stalking the woodchucks that raid our potato and cabbage patch in a clearing in the woods."

"Do you see much of the Chimney Corner crowd across the bay?"

"Now and then. They respect my necessity to work. Jenny and I are going across to a party tonight. A clambake de luxe made by a local boatman and served by English servants."

"Then Jenny mixes too?"

"Rather. Her beaus would be worse pests than crows if it weren't for Sol. He's a strong local type. I did a sketch of him the other day. I thought he'd be sore, but it seemed to tickle him. He gave a grunt and said, 'Any court would give a man twenty years just for looking like that.' Really he's not quite so bad. . . . Like all character studies, it's a bit caricature."

She picked up a large portfolio that was standing against the wall under the gun case at the foot of the stairs and laid it on the table, then, catching sight of herself in the mirror, stepped over to it and began to tidy her hair.

Amory opened the portfolio and turned the big sheets of drawing paper. The first few were evidently studies for background. He came then on a more finished sketch. It gave him a shock as if the door had opened suddenly to frame the original of this sketch; for he had partially anticipated it on Yonne's commentary concerning the pirate traits of Capt. Sol Whittemore.

For the bleak saturnine sea-gull face was unmistakably the lobster man's. And here was Yonne assuring him there were no bad characters in that neighborhood. He marveled that her intuition had not shown her the evil that lurked behind that cruel stony mask.

"No beauty, I'll admit," he said.

A big Airedale in need of plucking, his muzzle very earthy, stalked in through the open door. The dog did not greet his mistress effusively, but, stalking to her, laid his head against her knee, then stared at Amory with a look that was not entirely friendly. Yonne gave a pat on the head, which was too massive for pure race, then bade the dog lie down, which it did—in the middle of the floor—and commenced to cleanse paws that were loamy from digging.

Amory closed the portfolio. He had decided a moment before to pay his respects, then plead delay and the necessity of profiting by the first of the ebb and the remaining hours of daylight to get safely out of waters strewn with unmarked half-tide rocks and ledges. But now he found himself extremely loath to leave. Slowly at first, then with increasing force and rapidity like the tidal curve, he found the fascination this girl held for him augmenting. She had seated herself in a woven chair, and now, with hands clasped behind her head, against a big and really good tapestry tacked up to cover the unsheathed wall, she made an alluring, disturbing picture. Just as his other visual portrait of her had faded a little after his violent contact with Jane Doe, so now did Jane's beauty of so markedly different type dissolve in turn. This process was aided a little, perhaps, by learning that she was the stepdaughter of such a grim figure of evil as the grizzled cormorant who had tried so hard to remove Amory from further earthly contacts, doubtless to give him a watery one, such as, very possibly, he had bestowed upon another rash intruder on his sinister activities that very day. The bulk of Sol's increment would not be lobsters, Amory opined.

But Yonne now held him by a stronger glamour than before, and, more than that, the lien had become a sort that is hardest for a chivalrous man of action to break the sense of a protective need. He felt her to be within the scope of tentacles as evil and dangerous as those that threaten the swimmer in the pool of an octopus.

He had decided to get out of that place with all dispatch, asking no questions and answering none; to remove himself as a potential source of trouble both to the Deforest family and to Jane Doe. But now, as his eyes rested on Yonne's smoldering hair and vital face, with its mysterious and rather questing eyes that had turned from sea green to jade in the darkened room, he desired strongly to remain. Sol might, in his grim way, be devoted to his

(Continued on Page 62)

Amory Snatched the Paper. A Glance at its First Column Proclaimed the Bolt That Had Riven the Well-Insulated Chimney Corner

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 25, 1928

Their Own Medicine

TEXAS banks have fared rather hard at the hands of bandits, robbers and holdup men. During the past eight years there have been, in that state, one hundred and forty successful bank robberies, with losses of well over half a million, and only thirty convictions to show for all this lawlessness. Even the perpetrators of daylight robberies were hard to identify and even harder to convict. Often they made a clean get-away and were not apprehended.

Some of the thirty convicted men escaped; some were pardoned and others were paroled. Burglary insurance mounted to prohibitive levels and conditions were going from bad to worse when late last November some fifteen hundred Texas banks posted a notice that their association would pay a reward of five thousand dollars for each robber killed while robbing a Texas bank, but that it would not pay a cent a hundred for live ones. The effect of this announcement was almost electrical in its suddenness. Mr. W. M. Massie, President of the Texas Bankers' Association, writing in Bunker's Monthly, tells what was accomplished during the first six weeks that the new plan was in operation. During that short period there were more arrests in the state for bank robbery than during the previous two years. Two attempted robberies were frustrated and one of the most dangerous gangs in the state was broken up. Three bandits were killed and two were severely wounded while robbing banks. One received the death sentence. Only one successful bank robbery took place.

Defenders of this drastic policy—and they number the representatives of some fifteen hundred Texas banks—declare that it is not in contravention of the Federal or state constitution, that it is within the law, that it infringes the rights of no one, that it makes for the general welfare and that it is in line with sound public policy. There is considerable room for fair difference of opinion on some of these points and they certainly offer abundant material for argument, but the interesting fact remains that the new idea seems to work and promises early relief from an unbearable situation.

The cash loss involved in a bank robbery is the least of the evils which follow it. Every such crime shakes public confidence and has its own definite share in building up a reign of apprehension. It breeds distrust of the power of government and fear of transacting routine business in the routine way. It demoralizes rural communities and stunts their growth. It enthrones suspicion in the seat of confidence. Its effects are as far-reaching as they are injurious.

Keep On Learning

IF A SLANGY but very expressive idiom be permitted, we should like to say that the growth of adult education in this country is all to the good. The continued schooling of those of mature years is not expected to work wonders. A few short courses will not make intellectual giants of us all. The innate pattern of most men is not changed by a few lectures or books. Nor are the new discoveries of psychologists concerning the receptivity of the adult mind likely to upset the experience of ages as regards the plastic advantages of youth.

But there are so many worse things which a man or woman might do than to keep on learning. To "take a course" is so much more constructive than most employment of leisure time, given as it often is to merely negative and vacuous distractions. If the average life can be rendered less silly and empty by these educational experiments, they deserve high rank in respect to social welfare, even if they are scoffed at by some of the more exacting scholars.

One type of adult educational work which has attracted relatively little notice is that conducted in such business lines as banking, advertising, real estate and life insurance. The national organizations in these fields are in a position to support educational departments with a competent director, and to lay out courses suitable to the object in hand. Large numbers of students are certain, and though the problem of finding the right sort of teachers no doubt exists, it is less critical than in some other branches of education.

Large banks and insurance companies have for some time provided their newer clerks or salesmen with training courses. But where the national associations take a hand it is possible to care for the employes of smaller organizations unable to maintain educational departments of their own. It is clear that many of those who work in banks, and nearly all who deal in such complex commodities as advertising or real estate, or who sell a service like insurance, cannot be too familiar with the technic of their work.

Although death recently claimed Edward A. Woods, one of the most colorful, progressive and constructive personalities engaged in raising the educational standards of the life-insurance underwriter, others will no doubt carry on his work. The life-insurance salesman should be in reality a financial doctor, fitting thrift to the needs of the individual. He should convert the extravagant man just as a clergyman converts the bad man or a teacher the ignorant. It requires no argument to show the advantages of suitable education in such an occupation.

Qualities other than the intellectual make for success in all these lines. The most cultivated college graduate may fail to bring home the bacon where a rather rough type of self-made person takes first prize in the salesman's contest. But where large bodies of men and women are involved, educational training does elevate the general level or standard. In all these lines there is a desire for more of a professional status, such as education helps to give, and speaking broadly, the public will benefit from such a tendency.

Post-Office Bookkeeping

NO BUSINESS can be the subject of proper analysis without accurate methods of cost keeping, and no system of accounting can be expected to reveal costs if a substantial amount of free service is rendered without some book charge to account for the extra expense involved.

The Post Office Department, owing to restrictions over which it has no control, is singularly handicapped in its efforts to learn with precision what it costs to transport and handle various classes of mail matter. Some idea of the volume of business it conducts may be derived from the statement that the revenue of the department for the fiscal year which closed last June amounted to very nearly seven hundred million dollars. Its expenditures were sufficiently in excess of this sum to create an operating deficit of more than twenty-eight million dollars. Obviously, this is too large and too intricate a business to keep track of by any but the most searching and scientific methods of bookkeeping.

The Postmaster General is able to tell Congress to a penny the amount of his operating deficit; but even when the figure has been published, neither Congress nor the public is much wiser than before. A substantial portion of post-office expenditures goes to defray the cost of the free service it renders to other branches of the Government. All senators and representatives have the franking privilege. Carloads of official publications are continually being sent out from the Government Printing Office. All departments, bureaus and Federal agencies have free use of the mails. No one knows the cost of the service they receive. No one even knows what sum would be chargeable to this service at the established postal rates paid by the general public.

In these trying circumstances Postmaster General New has been reiterating a desire that Congress empower him to estimate the cost of these free services and give his department a corresponding book credit to offset them. More than one bill has been prepared with a view of attaining this end. The fact that these free services are duly considered when making appropriations for postal purposes is no reason why they should not be specially measured and earmarked. Mr. New might have gone much further and still have kept within the bounds of reason and of good business practice. He might very well have asked that every agency of Government be made amenable to a book charge at regular rates for every piece of mail matter sent out by it. Such a practice would not only accurately measure the amount of service rendered, but it would have a tendency to put a brake upon needless and wasteful use of the mails.

We can scarcely imagine the head of a business house telling his traveling salesmen not to bother about submitting expense accounts but simply to go to the till and help themselves to the proper amount at the end of each trip. Such a practice would be unthinkable, and yet it is very much like what goes on among official users of the mails. At present there seems to be little or no pressure to impose even moderate economy in this direction.

Better accounting is always to be desired, and especially so when it promises to reveal financial leakage. Government bookkeeping should be like the best private bookkeeping. It should not swallow camels, neither should it strain at gnats.

The Export of Capital

IN A RECENT number of the British Economist stands an interesting comparison of the net export of capital since the war from the United States and Great Britain. Making use of the several items of capital movement, together with the figures for excess of credits over debits on current transactions in the international accounts of the two countries, the conclusion is reached that the net export of capital from Great Britain during the past seven years—before 1927—has been four billion three hundred and ten million dollars, while the net export of capital from the United States has been but three billion two hundred and thirty-two million dollars. Our gross export of capital has been the larger, but the net export has been smaller. The difference is ascribed to purchase of foreign issues in the United States by foreigners, foreign investments in the United States, and large foreign balances in the United States. These items are not large in Great Britain, hence her net export of capital is given as larger than ours. The difference between the figure given above for our net export and the figure commonly used to represent our gross foreign investments is too large to appear plausible. We leave it to the experts to find the Ethiopian in the woodpile. But if it should turn out to be true that during these years of distress Great Britain has had a larger net export of capital than we have sent out during years of high prosperity, the complaints of the British press over war-debt payments would seem to be unfounded.

PRAIRIE BLIZZARD

By Hal G. Evarts

WINTER on the short-grass plains was dreaded by the old-timers of the bull-train days. Present-day dwellers in the region might read with a measure of justifiable skepticism the early-day accounts of the rigorous prairie winters and the hardships encountered by those who wandered across these regions from the 40's to the 60's. It might seem that the accounts were somewhat exaggerated. I have heard that comment made in recent years. And when all is said and done the fact remains that the average winter in Western Kansas along the routes of the old trails is very temperate.

There is, of course, an occasional severe winter when livestock on the ranges suffer great losses. There are few years that are not marked by at least a few severe storms that drift across the roads and halt automobile traffic for a period of days and cause limited trains to creep laggingly into stations from six to twenty hours behind schedule. Still, it cannot be denied that the winters, on the average, are remarkably mild and open. One now hears an occasional assertion to the effect that either the accounts of hardships encountered by early travelers on the plains are exaggerated or the climate of Kansas has changed.

It is not so much that, I believe. There may have been some fractional climatic changes in the past three-quarters of a century. The rain belt is reported to be extending gradually farther to the westward. The westward extension of the tree and agricultural belts might account for that. But it is doubtful if the mean winter temperatures of the region have been raised over a degree or two at best. The storms probably were no more severe then than now, but the individual gauge of the severity of a storm is not influenced so much by the difference of a few degrees of temperature as by the conditions under which the individual experiences it.

Snow Flurries in Western Kansas

THE degree of opportunity for shelter will ever be the one great determining factor in any individual estimate of a storm's severity, rather than the degrees of temperature reported by the Weather Bureau. The difference is to be sought, I believe, in the altered character of the plains country itself, not in an altered average of winter temperatures.

For example, on numerous occasions I have been caught out in open shelterless country when sudden prairie storms swept down, and though they were not particularly violent either in point of temperature or wind velocity, from my own individual viewpoint—with a screeching wind driving the raw cold to my very bones during the relatively short period necessary to reach shelter—they would have been diagnosed as bad business. The Weather Bureau's report would probably have read: "Snow flurries, stiff wind from the north and slightly lowered temperatures in Western Kansas." And I have been caught in some bad storms too.

But the point is this: The one-time prairies are no longer technically prairies over the greater part of their former areas. Groves and orchards and hedgerows—tens of thousands of miles of windbreaks consisting of from one to a dozen lines of lofty cottonwood, locust, catalpa, box elder, mulberry and other trees—have covered the greater part of the plains region. Stream beds are heavily forested and volunteer timber has sprung up in the breaks and in the sand hills. Over far more than half of what was once prairie land in Kansas there is now a farmhouse on every quarter section and even in those regions that still remain sparsely settled there are many ranch houses, deserted dugouts, ancient walls of sod, or adobe shacks, and so on. At the worst, if caught in a storm, one could follow road or fence line to shelter, and he would not have far to go.

Naturally, to one caught now in a prairie blizzard, with millions of tree rows and orchards to break the velocity of the wind and but a short distance to travel to gain absolute shelter, the discomforts experienced are of but short duration. Such a one's report of the matter would not compare with the desperate tales related by storm-trapped travelers of the early days. Yet consider how differently an early-day trapper, scout or itinerant fur trader might have been affected by a storm of no greater severity encountered in exactly the same spot seventy-five or more years ago.

It swooped upon him, say, when he was in the center of 40,000 square miles, more or less, of practically uninhabited prairie. There was not a landmark anywhere in sight; only the flat or perhaps rolling plains extending to the far horizon. If there was a sod house anywhere within fifty miles, he did not know of it. There was not even the semblance of a trail to follow when the snow came down and limited his area of visibility to 100 yards or less; not a tree anywhere within fifty miles. The best that he could hope was to find broken country, perhaps no more than a six-foot bank of some prairie stream beneath which he could take shelter from the wind. Meanwhile the wind, with an unobstructed 1000-mile sweep behind it, not so much as a hedgerow to break its force, screeched down upon him with tremendous velocity, driving gritty particles of sleet and snow into every crevice of his clothing, freezing there and forming icicles on his beard and mustache.

A Buffalo Robe or a Horse Blanket

EVEN when he attained to some cut bank or a piece of broken country that afforded a measure of shelter from the wind, it was difficult to strike a fire to drive the frost from his numbed fingers. There was not a piece of wood the size of his thumb within fifty miles, save perhaps a few straggling green willow shoots along some stream; nothing save buffalo chips, and even those now incrusted with frozen snow and most difficult to ignite in this icy gale by means of his flint and steel. Sometimes even the shelter of a cut bank was not available. There are tales of many a man who shot a buffalo or killed his horse, laid back the skin on the upper side of the carcass, crawled flat on the downwind side, drew the loosened flap of skin close about him and weathered through while the storm raged on and drifted the snow round his shelter. No doubt his account of the severity of that storm would have been something unique and he would not have considered it an exaggeration.

The old-timer was right. The man who is caught in one of those storms today, and repairs to a near-by farmhouse, warms himself before a glowing stove and doesn't consider it any great shakes of a storm, is also right in his estimate. Human nature hasn't changed noticeably in the past seventy-five years, the weather probably has experienced little if any alteration, but conditions on the plains

(Continued on Page 81)

Mr. Hendricks Coming Into Camp With Two Coyotes Caught by His Hounds During the Day. Above—Mr. Evarts Wading Where Ice Has Broken Away From the Shore and Preparing to Dig Traps Out From Beneath the Drifts

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Bears

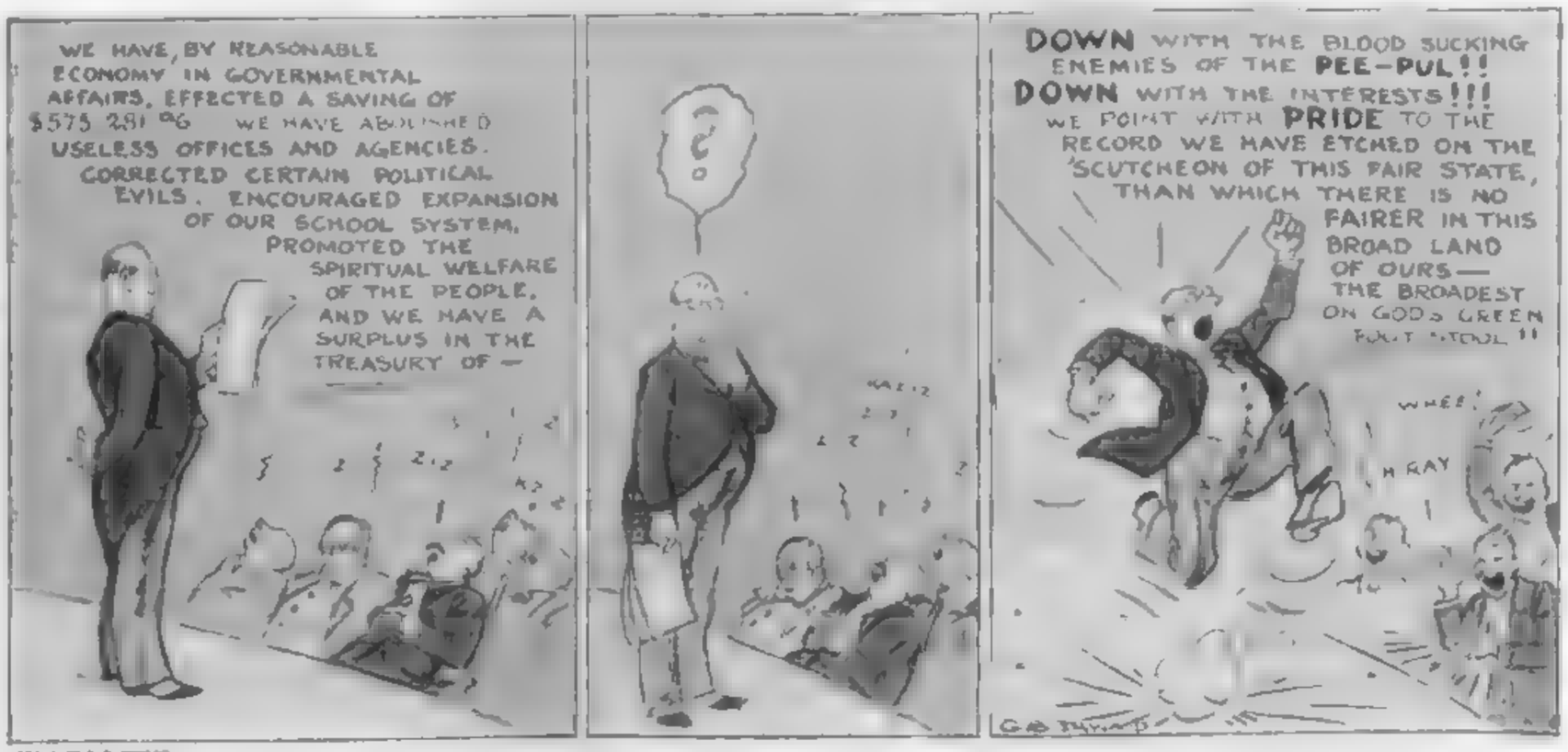
HIGH up among the mountains, through a lovely grove of cedars,
They came on ferny forest ways and trails that lift and wind;
The bears of many ranges under celebrated leaders
Assembling in a congress for the weal of all their kind.

Black bears, brown bears,
Sober bears and clown bears,
Chubby bears and tubby bears and bears austerely planned,
Bears of mild benignity,
Bears of simple dignity,
Coming to the Council of the Bruins of the Land.

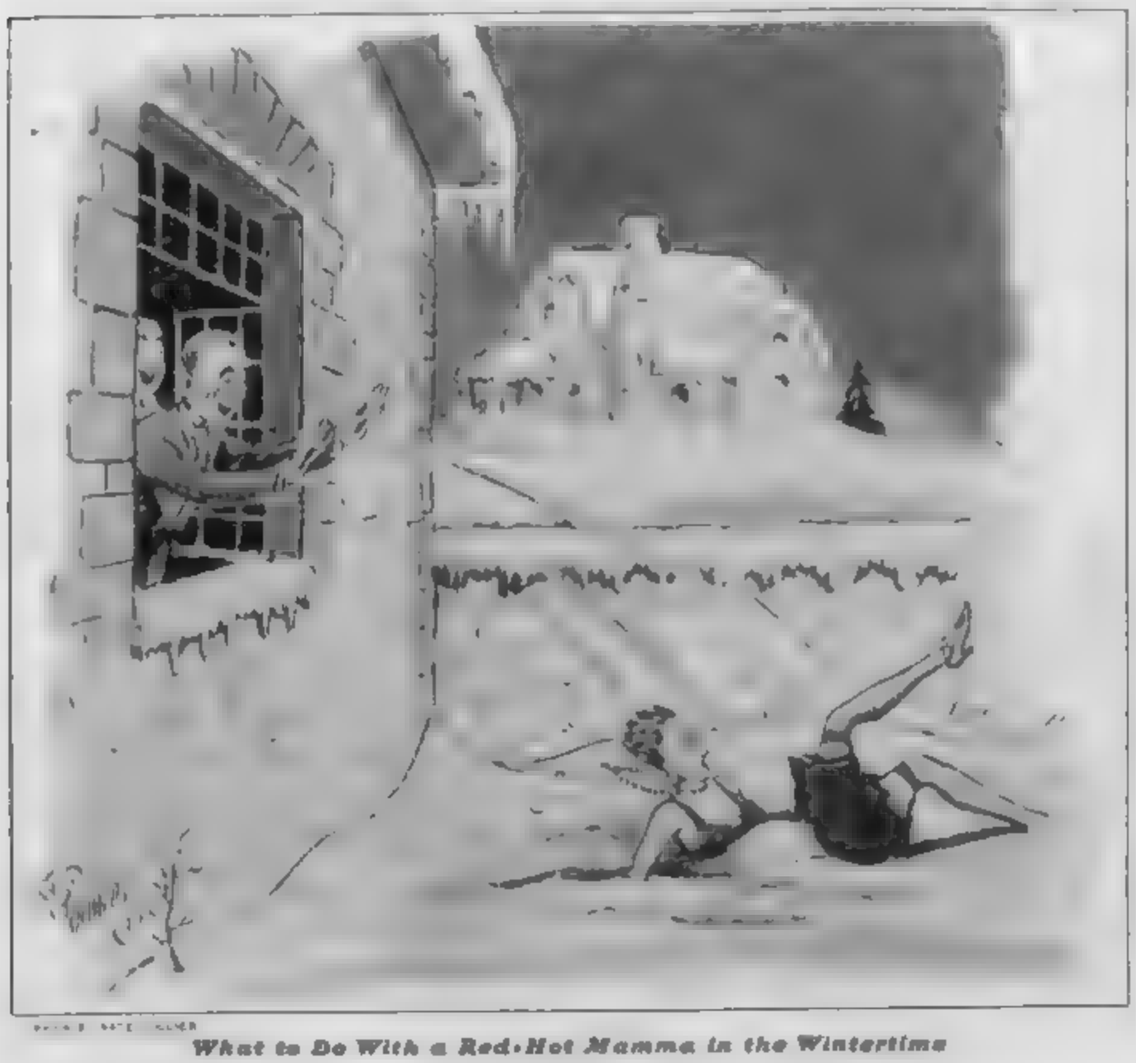
A most tremendous grizzly was Exalted Cockalorum;
He didn't need a gavel, for his paw was hard and square.
The meeting was conducted with unparalleled decorum,

(Continued on Page 138)

Progress


WE HAVE, BY REASONABLE ECONOMY IN GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS, EFFECTED A SAVING OF $575 281 96 WE HAVE ABOLISHED USELESS OFFICES AND AGENCIES. CORRECTED CERTAIN POLITICAL EVILS. ENCOURAGED EXPANSION OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM, PROMOTED THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND WE HAVE A SURPLUS IN THE TREASURY OF —
DOWN WITH THE BLOOD SUCKING ENEMIES OF THE PEE-PUL!!! DOWN WITH THE INTERESTS!!! WE POINT WITH PRIDE TO THE RECORD WE HAVE ETCHED ON THE 'SCUTCHEON OF THIS FAIR STATE, THAN WHICH THERE IS NO FAIRER IN THIS BROAD LAND OF OURS — THE BROADEST ON GOD'S GREEN FOOT STOOL!!
WHEE!
HURRAY

Why Politicians Get That Way



What to Do With a Red-Hot Mamma in the Wintertime

"No, Indeed, Edwin, I'm Not Going to Take Your Fraternity Pin Away From You. I'm Going to Sit Here Until You Give It to Me of Your Own Accord!"

SOUP
is now eaten every day!

FORMERLY just an occasional dish. Now a regular fixture on the family table. Formerly served only on special days or when guests were being entertained. Now considered a *necessity* for the daily menu in thousands upon thousands of homes. What is the cause of this remarkable change in the use of soup?

Score one more credit to Science. The melodrama of the air heroes, the miracle of the silver screen and the talking pictures, the wonders of the radio and the wireless—all of these are spectacular. But another revolution of even greater importance has been going on, almost without our knowing it. There has been such a complete revision of the knowledge of the right food for us to eat that the eating habits of the people present a different picture from those, say, of 1900.

WE NOW eat less, in bulk, but more in actually desirable and beneficial food. Over-eating is being displaced by intelligent and adequate eating. The ideal now is food for invigoration, renewal of tissue, perfect growth, and the harmony of all functions.

In season and out of season, the dietitians have taught these lessons, until the "bill of fare" in the American home, the restaurant and the hotel have undergone sweeping changes. And with these changes has come the astonishing increase in the use of soup.

SOUP HAS its own peculiar and special advantages that no other food can offer. It is liquid. And it blends in fascinating combinations and varieties, the savors and flavors of meats, vegetables, cereals, herbs and spices. It appeals instantly to the appetite, even when languid. It stimulates the flow of the digestive juices, supplies needed nourishment and promotes digestion. Not only is a hot plate of tempting soup a sparkling invitation to the meal, but all you eat does you more good after soup has prepared the way.

No wonder Campbell's Soups are now a staple American dish! No wonder so many women would no more think of being without their steady supply of Campbell's for daily use than of being without bread for their tables! Hand in hand with the new ideas in food has come this new Campbell's idea in soup—strict in quality, condensed in form, almost unlimited in variety, relieving the housewife of all the care and bother of soup-making, requiring only the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering. Twenty-one different kinds—all listed on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

A secret true we'll tell to you
As we sit down to eat.
Ere we begin we'll let you in—
This Campbell's Soup's a treat!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE RIVER PIRATE

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XIV

THE next day was a big one for me. I went into a store and asked for a gray suit. The fellow that waited on me was a very dapper little guy and he had a trick mustache. He would not have got far with it on the docks. It was waxed up and stuck out on each side like it was amazed at itself.

He brought me a gray suit that was a knock-out, but it did not fit me.

"You do not look well in gray, if I may say so, sir," he told me. "I think a darker color would suit you much better."

"I like this swell," I told him.

"I will show you a blue, if you don't mind. You will look well in blue, I'm sure."

"But I wanted a gray, to go with tan shoes."

He brought me a blue and I tried it on, but I kept looking at that gray. It certainly was swell. He yanked at the blue coat when I had put it on. He ran his hands around the shoulders and told me the coat was made for me and that it set very well. But it seemed to catch me under the arms, and I told him that, and he sent for another size and had the fellow who went for it take the gray suit away with him.

Finally, after I had tried three blues and was still caught under the arms, this stuffed shirt decided that a little more color was a good idea at that, so he brought me a brown suit. That fitted me well and I was pretty tired of being shaken in and out of suits, so I bought that.

The sleeves had to be let down a little and he told me to come back for it later in the afternoon. I did that. But in the meantime I kept looking in windows along the street, and I never saw so many nice gray suits in my life, and even other colors I liked better than the one I had bought.

"You'll Go Through With This, Sandy," He Said, His Voice Like a File on Steel, "No Matter What?"

I got some shoes, too, and a brown shirt with a soft collar. I bought some ties and some white shirts as well. I was pretty fat then, so I got shirts with soft collars on them. The man in the shoe store sold me some brown socks with black stripes up the sides, and I figured, when I was around the docks, I could sit down without pulling up my pants.

I even got some handkerchiefs—one was brown, to wear in the pocket of the coat. I mean, I might as well go all the way as only a little. A guy that plays half a game never gets very far. The shoes had wide laces in them and fancy tips on the toes. They were swell. She ought to fall for that, along with the rest of the outfit.

At first I was sorry I had got the brown suit, but after I thought it over I did not care. Maybe she liked brown. I mean, any color will please some people and not please others. If you wear gray, half the people like it and half do not. It is the same with brown. It all depends on which half you belong to, and there was no way of telling about the girl before I even knew her.

I wore everything out of the stores as I bought it and had the old stuff sent down to Maggie's. That night I stayed at a hotel uptown, because it was Saturday and the next day I planned to meet the girl.

During the evening I walked down to the girls' home and watched for her. I thought she might be going out to meet Maggie, and I had a good break on the luck. A lot of the girls that lived in the home were sitting out on the steps or walking along the street talking. About eight o'clock the girl I wanted came out.

When she had walked away I went up to three girls I could see lived in the house. I asked them to tell me her name. One of them said it was none of my business, but the others laughed and looked after the girl.

"That's Marjorie Cullen, ain't it?" one asked of the others.

"The one with the light suit, you mean?" another answered. "Yeah, that's Marje."

I thanked them very much and went back to the hotel. What a name! What a girl!

At the hotel I took paper and pen and wrote Marjorie a letter. I did it as well as I could and I made it look like it came from somebody else. Then I went to bed feeling fine. I would meet her the next day and talk to her, and I knew I could make her like me, just because I liked her so much.

About two o'clock the next day I was all dressed up like a circus parade. I went right to the home and went inside and looked around the big lobby. I wondered if she might be there in the lobby, but she was not. Off at one side they had little parlors, and I saw several girls sitting in them talking with fellows. I hoped we could do that.

There was a desk ahead of me and a woman was behind it. The biggest thing about her was that she wore glasses. All the rest of her face was kind of nothing at all and her hair was pasted back so tight I do not see how she ever closed her eyes.

"You wanted someone?" she said to me. Her voice was as tight as her hair.

"Marjorie Cullen, please, ma'am," I told her. She looked at me like I was an escaped tiger from the zoo, but she pressed a button on the desk and spoke into a telephone.

"She'll be down directly," she told me, then left me standing there as prominent as a lighthouse in a desert. I felt all hands and feet, and it seemed to me that my new suit was the brownest thing ever made. If ever those shoes squeaked when that girl came along!

But the big thing was she was coming. I would see her in a minute. I wet my lips and swallowed a large amount of nothing. Pretty soon she came down the stairs and into the lobby. She looked at me and around me and through me, then walked over to the desk and spoke to the living wart that had frozen me.

"There he is," I heard the woman say. "That is he."

The wonder girl looked surprised and came toward me. If I had trembled any more that new suit would have fallen right off. I felt almost as though it had and I was standing there naked.

I fumbled in my pocket and brought out the letter I had written the night before. When she came up to me she was smiling and I could not think of anything to say.

"You wanted me?" she asked.

"Yeah," I gulped. "You're Marjorie Cullen, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I found this letter in the street," I told her. "I seen your monniker on it, so I brought it along." Then I told her my name and added, "But everybody calls me Sandy, please."

She took the letter with a look of surprise on her face. She looked it all over, then said "There must be some mistake; this could not be for me."

"You're Marjorie Cullen, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am. But there is nobody at this hotel who would write to me."

"How do you know who might be in hotels?" I asked her. She kind of laughed and fingered the envelope. That was my cue.

"Let's step over into that room there," I said, "an' then you can open the letter an' see if it's yours. If it ain't, I can lug it away."

She hesitated a minute and the queerest little line you ever saw ran down her forehead between her eyes. I mean,

(Continued on Page 28)

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE

1878 *Because of the crude marketing methods and localized markets of fifty years ago farmers received very little for such products as butter, eggs, and poultry. Often, indeed, these delicacies were "traded in" for merchandise at an actual loss.*

1928 *Swift & Company today pays the farmer for his cream nearly 70 per cent of the retail price of the resulting butter. This is an example of how the producer has benefited from scientific marketing methods and broadened markets.*

Only 50 years between

The farmer's wife traded eggs at the country store for the baby's shoes, a hat for herself, groceries . . .

Butter was churned at home and likewise bartered for merchandise.

There was little market beyond the local market for these products. Consumers were never sure of quality. That was 50 years ago.

Today the farmer sells his poultry, eggs and cream for cash. Swift & Company has established, at over 70 different points throughout the country districts, produce plants where these products of the farm are bought.

Brookfield eggs are assembled, candled and packed in cartons. Brookfield poultry is milk fed, dressed and boxed. Brookfield butter is churned and packed in convenient cartons. Thus the consumer through these brand names is assured of quality.

Swift & Company carries these products so efficiently and economically from the farm straight to the retailer's store that the farmer receives a higher percentage of the price the consumer pays than is the case with almost any other product of the farm.

Both consumers and producers benefit from the economies effected by this nation-wide marketing organization.

The farmer gets about 70% of the price paid by the consumer for butter and from 50 to 60% of the retail price of eggs.

Swift & Company, Public Relations Department,
4342 Packers Avenue, U. S. Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book.

Name .....

Address .....

Every page of Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book is interesting reading, for producers of livestock and consumers alike. Send the coupon for your copy.

Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

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(Continued from Page 26

everything she did made me weaker and weaker, but made me want her more and more.

After a minute she laughed right out and tossed her head as cute and as pretty as a daisy is tossed by a summer breeze.

"All right," she said. "I think this is the funniest thing I ever heard of. The letter can't be for me—it just can't!"

But she went toward the parlor and I walked in after her and, honestly, those new shoes were no longer stiff, though they did seem to clatter a lot on the tile of the lobby. I was in. I was going to talk to the girl. That was all that mattered.

She stood in the center of the little parlor with that queer smile still around her dainty mouth. Then she ran one finger inside the envelope and tore the envelope open to get the letter out. I was holding my breath all the time and I think I was perspiring a little, but I went all the way through on the deal and sat down on a little wicker chair. It was a swell parlor, but it was pretty small, and instead of a door, there was a curtain hanging over the entrance.

She read the letter I had written and all the time her face showed more and more doubt. Finally she turned around and said, "You found this on the street, you said?"

"Yes'm."

"It certainly is the queerest thing!" She laughed. She put emphasis on the word "thing," and she had a way of talking that seemed to light up her eyes. "It isn't for me. It's signed by someone I never heard of. It was awfully good of you to bring it in to me, and I thank you for it, but it certainly is not for me. Perhaps one of the girls is trying to play a joke on me."

"No, ma'am," I told her, "it ain't one of the girls."

"But how do you know? I'm almost sure it is. I know no such person as the one who signed this and I've no idea of what they're writing about!"

In my mind I was floundering around a lot. I could not think of a thing to say to her. She was holding out the letter and I knew I was due to get the air if I did not think of something pretty quick. I wet my lips and twirled my new hat in my fingers. She had not seemed to notice the suit or the shoes at all.

"You see," I said at last, getting the idea just from the very sweetness of her, "I wrote that letter myself. I've seen you before, Miss Cullen, an' I just had to meet you. I ——"

Her chin dropped as she looked at me. Her lower teeth showed over the rim of a pink lip and it all just about knocked me cuckoo. I felt like a plugged nickel and it seemed that my new suit was on fire.

"I had to meet you, ma'am. I seen you with—with ——"

"With whom?" she asked me, but she was still smiling and I knew she was not mad.

"Well, with Maggie," I said—"your Aunt Maggie."

Right away her manner changed. She reached right out and caught hold of my arm and, honestly, the flesh just kind of ached from her touch.

"You wrote this and brought it here just to meet me?" she asked.

"Yes'm, I did. I had to."

"I love that!" She laughed. "Please sit down again and tell me about it." She kind of eased me back onto the chair and I heaved a sigh that must have shaken the curtain over the door.

I told her I had seen her with Maggie at the picture show and heard her call the woman "Aunt"; that ever since then I had planned to meet her and the only way I could think of was the way I had used. She listened very carefully and finally, in all seriousness, she told me that she thought it was a great compliment and she did not mind at all. I felt swell then.

I crossed my knees and swung my foot, but she did not notice the wide shoe laces. After a minute she asked me how I happened to know Maggie. I told her that I lived in Maggie's place and that I worked down on the docks in a ship-chandler's loft.

Just as soon as I said I lived at Maggie's she caught my arm again.

"She is my aunt," she said. "Maggie is the best soul on earth and I suppose she makes a good deal of money running that restaurant. I've never been there. Maggie will not let me come down. I'm always afraid to let her go back there at night, because it is no place for a woman, but she says Uncle Jerry will look out for her. Please tell me all you can about them both."

"Who's Uncle Jerry?" I asked, knowing all the time that I knew.

"Uncle Jerry Caxton! He's a detective down there. Maybe you know him too."

"Caxton? Sure, I know him. Nice fellah too."

She laughed with delight and told me that she was more glad than ever that I had come to her. I got nerve and asked her if she would let me take her to the movies that night.

For a few seconds she bit her lip and looked away as though the idea bothered her. Then she laughed again and her cheeks turned a bit pinker and she said she would go. When she said it she looked hard at me. It was a look almost like Caxton's.

"The way you came to me and the way you act, Sandy," she said, "I think it would be all right if I went with you. You can tell me about Aunt Maggie and Uncle Jerry. I love them both very much."

She said to be back for her at quarter of eight and I promised. When I went out I did not even notice that I went down steps.

I beat it to the hotel and called Sailor Frink at Maggie's. He came to the telephone and I told him I was all right and would be back there later that night; that I was going to the movies.

"Don't be talkin' to frails," he said. "Men has been made fools of by frails, so they has."

XV

THIS is not a story of what happened between Marjorie and me, so I will not talk too much about that. I just want to say that there has never been a time since she let me take her to the movies that Sunday night, when I have not been near her and loved her. Through the years that Sailor Frink and Shark and Gerber and myself worked our pirating stuff, Marjorie never knew a thing about it and I never learned anything from her that hurt Maggie or Caxton. Neither did I ever talk business in a way that might have hurt Frink and the others.

(Continued on Page 90)

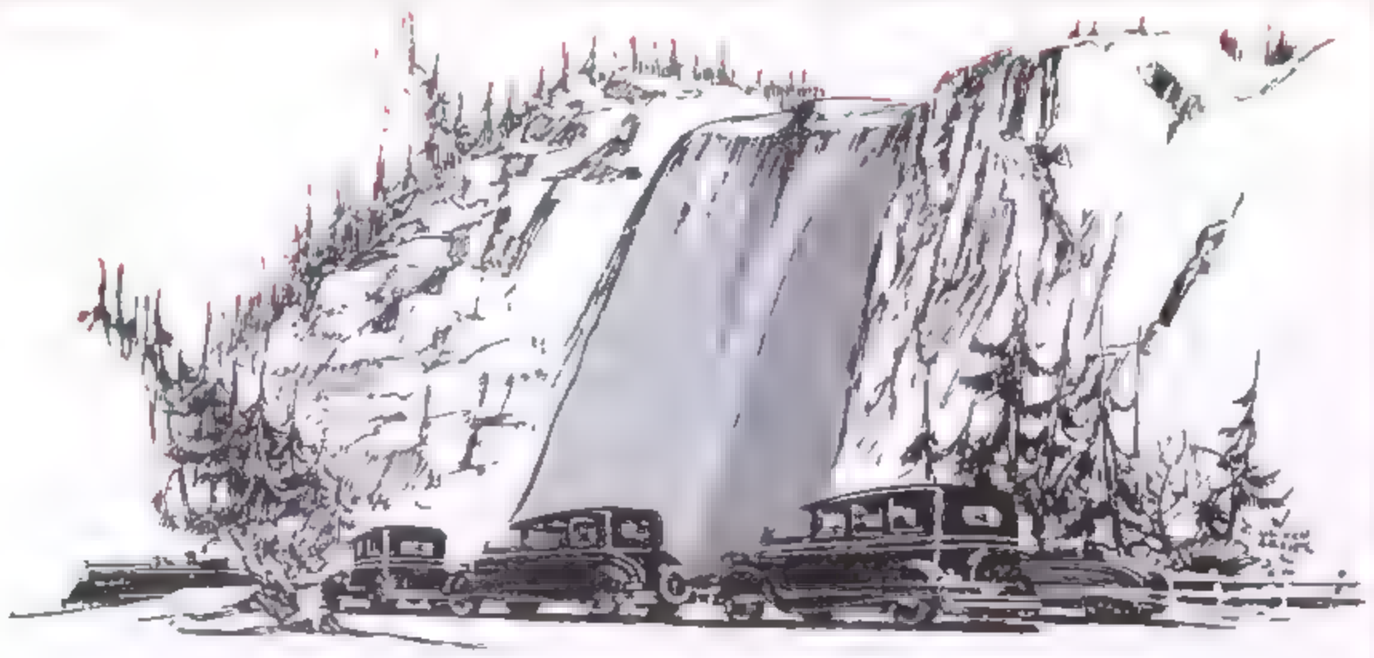
He Was Coming Along Our Side of the Street and I Sensed, as Did Sailor Frink, That He Was Going Toward Our Loft

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No 25

Oil—

Oil—



Oil—1,000,000,000 quarts!

BEWARE OF

out-of-date lubricants in your up-to-date engine

Over 20,000,000 automobiles are now registered in the United States. They consume 1,000,000,000 quarts of lubricating oil each year

This vast increase has brought into the market many new oils—refined by new companies or merely "blended." Some of these oils represent little or no specialized experience in lubrication.

A really rich lubricating oil is the result of a careful selection of high-grade *lubricating* crudes—specialized refining processes—scientific study by competent engineers of the engines for which the oil is intended.

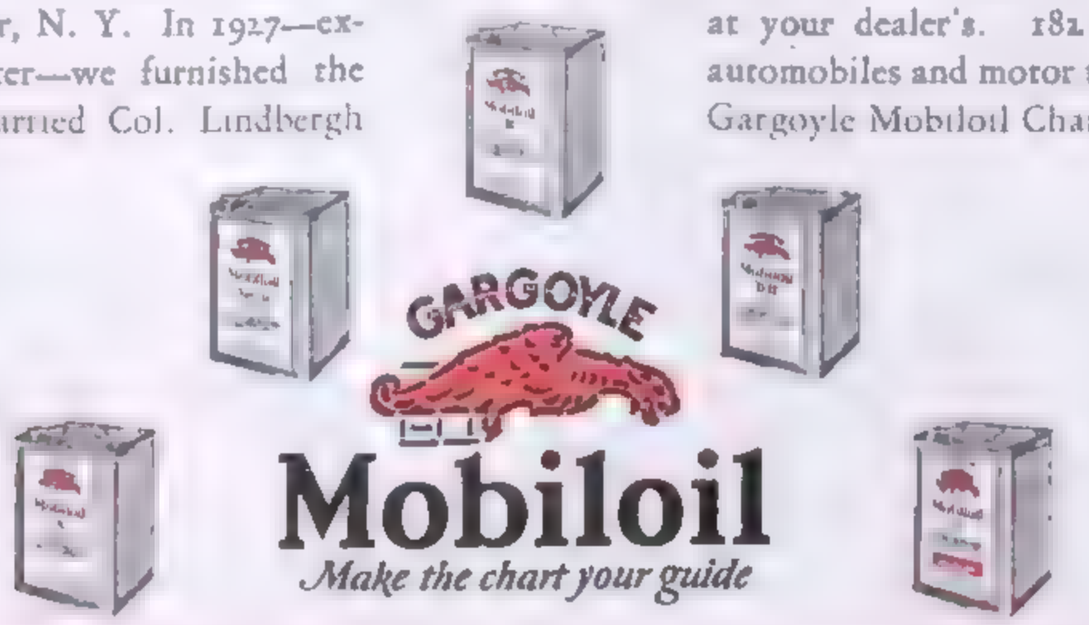
When you buy oil indiscriminately the chances are against your getting a sufficiently rich oil for your modern high-speed, high-compression engine.

The Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication for over sixty years. In 1877 we furnished the lubricating oil that enabled George Selden to run his "horseless carriage" along the streets of Rochester, N. Y. In 1927—exactly 50 years later—we furnished the Mobiloil which carried Col. Lindbergh from New York to Paris. Today our automotive engineers are in personal touch with every car manufacturer in the world They study new engine designs They watch closely the ever-changing motoring conditions.

They were the first to see the need of improved lubrication for the new high-compression engine. To meet their specifications we made Gargoyle Mobiloil even richer and better. We gave Mobiloil the necessary margin of safety that permits quick acceleration in today's congested streets and today's higher speeds over improved highways.

That is why Mobiloil is recommended by more manufacturers of automobiles and automotive equipment than any other three oils combined.

Grade for grade, Mobiloil is richer in body than most oils on the market. Drain your crankcase now and refill it with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil according to the Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's. 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks approve the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart.



Make the chart your guide

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic(except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A		
" 6-65 & 8 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case Y			A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60 70 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Cleveland 31			A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Dodge Bros. 4 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant Four			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Elcar 4 cyl., 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc.						
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Falcon	A	Arc.						
Federal FW X2 X5								
" X6 1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" U8 3 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Federal Knight 2	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc
Flint	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T20								
" T40 T50 1 2 ton	A	A						
Gardner 4 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford 1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International S SD								
" 35 41 51 101	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan Six	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Kissel 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" 8 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile								
" (6 cyl. & Jr. 8)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon 8 cyl.	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 5 X	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Eight	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Page	A	A	A	Arc.	Ar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 60 80 and 8	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Republic 11X 19 20								
" 2, 3 5 ton					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" 25-6, 3 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9					A	Arc.		
" 21, Red Stewart	A	A	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Wills Sainte Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4 cyl.			B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
White 15 20 & 30								
" 4 and 2 ton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil [illegible] or [illegible] as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

BEAUTY
you never dreamed possible in rugs
so Temptingly Low

LOW-PRICED rugs *can* be beautiful . . . And Armstrong's artists have proved it.

Their newest creations in Quaker-Felt Rugs—now showing at local stores for the first time—display all the skill, craftsmanship, and artistry usually to be found only in the more expensive rug designs.

Even so, Quaker-Felt Rugs cost surprisingly little. Just a few dollars—less than you expect—now buy you a room-size rug. These few dollars, too, buy you a rug that is practical as well as beautiful—made of carefully treated felt and printed in heavy oil colors that will withstand an amazing amount of daily wear and tear.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Rub your hand over the smooth surface of any Quaker-Felt Rug and you will know why these rugs wear so well. This surface is coated, every square inch, with a wear- and water-resisting finish of Accolac. This special rug lacquer protects your rug the same way that lacquer protects your car and fine furniture. It assures you satisfactory wear. But that's not all. There's a second guarantee on the face of every Quaker-Felt Rug. You see it below—the Quaker Girl Numbered Certificate. Look for it. It is our written promise of full value or a brand-new rug free.

"Rich Beauty at Low Cost" is a thrift story that is helping thousands of housewives everywhere get just the rugs they want for their homes without spending a lot of money. Attractive designs of Quaker-Felt Rugs are illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere free. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Quaker-Felt with the special wear-resisting Accolac finish also comes by-the-yard, in 6-foot and 9-foot widths. Many unusual patterns and colorings, all designed by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4600. *Made in 4 sizes, 6 x 9 ft. to 9 x 12 ft.*

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry and President Harding on the Golf Course at Washington. On the Extreme Right is Mr. McLean, of the Washington Post

AFTER I had been to the Front that first time—I went back on more than one occasion and carried out similar programs—my mind was held by one supreme purpose. That was to aid my country and the Allies in every way possible. What I had been privileged to see behind the lines inflamed me with a tremendous zeal. So I came home to London and renewed my hospital work, my lecturing and my visitations of the military encampments with as much energy as I could throw into the task. Yet anything I could do seemed so small, so ineffective, compared with the job our men were carrying on in France that I again began to chafe for a more active share in the fight.

I do not think it would be advisable on my part to say just how the suggestion came about—war diplomacy is a ticklish thing to deal with even ten years after the event but a few months after my return from France I was approached to know whether I would go to America and tell the people there the simple story of what I had seen in the war zone; not as a propagandist, purely and simply, but as an actual observer. America, it was well known, had been overrun by all kinds of special pleaders, and these had been stating their case too often with an eye on what the United States had to give in a material sense. So much had this been the case that many Americans had grown tired and suspicious, and small blame to them too.

The project was discussed from all its angles. When I was asked my own considered viewpoint I said that I did not think I should go to America and get audiences simply to lecture to them. If I went at all I should go as an artist, doing my work as I had done for many years, but always accepting any opportunity of putting the British case before the people of the States.

On a New Assignment

CURIOUSLY enough, at the very time the question of my going across the Atlantic was being discussed in high diplomatic quarters an urgent invitation arrived from my friends in New York. Here was a way out of any difficulty. I cabled back at once stating my willingness to go on condition that I was allowed a free hand to speak as much as I cared to, quite apart from my professional duties, on Britain's part in the titanic struggle. This was agreeable to my friends both in London and in New York, and a few days later it was announced that the American Y. M. C. A. had invited me to make use of their great organization to address the youth of America.

So once more I found myself on the Atlantic. The U-boat menace was very real at this time and I remember we spent one or two most anxious days on board the Mauretania, especially when we were running without lights at night. I had been under shell fire in France several times, but it always seemed to me that there was something tangible, as it were, in land warfare—at least you had a chance of being missed or passed over. At sea, on the other hand, with invisible and swift death hissing its way toward you from beneath the waves, a full shipload of innocent and helpless people might be launched into eternity in a few moments. Bullets and shells, it appeared to me, were inhuman enough; torpedoes an invention of the devil himself. I never was at ease while on board ship all through the war years. But though I crossed the Atlantic and the English Channel many, many times between 1914 and 1918, I never saw an enemy submarine at close quarters.

War Etiquette

I FIRED the first shot in my new American campaign at a great gathering in the Hippodrome, New York. It was held on a Sunday evening and the big building was crowded to the doors. The platform party embraced many notable and important figures in the civic and business life of the city. There was also a good sprinkling of well-known British men and women present. I rather forget now just the lines I followed in my speech—the longest one I had ever delivered in my life up till that night—but I told them all about my trip to the war zone and laid special emphasis on the work done at home by the women of Britain, France and Belgium. My idea was to give American womanhood some idea of the responsibility that lay before them when their own men went to the war.

All my life—at all events since I first started going to America—I have had a most genuine regard for the women of America. They are the most purposeful and completely competent women in all the world, and well I realized how vital it was to have them heart and soul behind their husbands and sons in the field. Throughout my campaign I addressed myself particularly to the women. That opening night in New York they listened to me with rapt attention; I could perceive many wet eyes as the women followed my stories of feminine bravery and sacrifice across the sea. And how they laughed, too, at my tale of the Englishwoman scrubbing the floor of a Red Triangle hut at a base in France.

"Hi, there," she called out to a young soldier passing along the hut, "bring me some more water, will you?"

The young man stopped in astonishment, and replied, "My good person, I'm an officer. Dash it all, you can't address an officer like that!"

Quick as lightning came the retort from the woman with the scrubbing brush in her hand, "Dash it all, man, I'm a duchess!"

The significance of the story was fully appreciated. After the laughter had died down I pointed out that that was the spirit in which all our people, rich and poor, high and low, were conducting the war. And then

(Continued on Page 85)

With Lady Lauder in Front of an Enormous Gum Tree at Warburton, Near Melbourne, Australia

FOR LONG YEARS OF MOST LUXURIOUS MOTORING

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BODY BY FISHER

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICHIGAN, AND OSHAWA, CANADA

TROUBLE WITH THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT

(Continued from Page 7)

that this very talkative woman might soon be coming out the front door and finding me, I decided to withdraw. I slipped down the front steps, ran back to the taxi, and climbed in.

A moment later the front door opened and there came forth a young woman of the kind best described as being very pretty, in a hard sort of way. She was very expensively and fashionably dressed. The chauffeur opened the rear door of the big car, the young lady got in, and the car drove away. As soon as it had disappeared in the distance, I alighted from the taxicab and once more ascended the steps of the bungalow veranda.

In answer to my ring, the door was opened by a good-looking man about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a corduroy suit and flannel shirt.

"I wish to see His Royal Excellency Lord Sidney Greenwich," I said with quiet dignity.

"My name is Sidney Greenwich," he replied. "What is it you wish?" The voice was the same as the one I had heard talking to the peppery little lady.

"My name is Alexander Botts," I answered, "representative of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm tractors. I understand that you are thinking of buying a tractor and I would be glad to talk to you about our machine."

"Quite so," he said; "I have been thinking of buying a tractor, but at the present time I am rather taken up with certain private affairs, so that I am afraid I cannot give you very much time. Would it be possible for you to come some other day?"

"I would rather not do that," I said politely. "Could you not give me just ten minutes?"

"Well, if it won't take longer than that, perhaps I can," he said, and took me into his simple but adequately furnished sitting room.

I immediately launched forth and gave him a brief, snappy and convincing five-minute sales talk, telling him all the facts he needed to know in order to realize that a ten-ton Earthworm is the ideal tractor for him to use on his big wheat ranch. We spent the remaining five minutes in conversation. And it gives me pleasure to report that His Reverend Lordship is a fine fellow and in all ways a regular guy. He is a real member of the nobility, all right, but he told me that as he expects to remain in America permanently, he has dropped his title and prefers to be known simply as Mr. Sidney Greenwich. The last name, it appears, is pronounced Grenidge and not Green-witch, as might be supposed.

Upon my asking him how a guy gets to be a lord anyway, he replied that in his case it was because he happened to be the younger son of a marquis. In order to let him know that I was wise on such things, I stated that I had often heard of a marquis by the name of Queensberry, who I understood was quite a bozo and the Tex Rickard of his day. Upon my asking Lord Greenwich whether he was related to the Marquis of Queensberry, he replied he was not.

During all this conversation I was surprised and even pleased to note that His Gracious Lordship spoke almost as good English as I do myself, and did not attempt to pull off any of that outlandish language which is used by Englishmen in musical comedies. He did not "bah Jove," nor did he at any time address me as "old chappie."

In regard to the Earthworm tractor, he said that he had already read up on the subject and made inquiries about it, and that it seemed to him the best machine for his purposes. He said, however, that he would prefer to see one in operation before he made up his mind definitely. Accordingly I informed him that I had a tractor down at the freight house, and that I would bring it out that very afternoon or the next day and give him a real demonstration.

As I have a natural sense of courtesy and of the fitness of things, I didn't attempt to kid His Lordship about the way his wife had been razzing him before I came in. In fact, I didn't even mention the fact that I had overheard the little family quarrel. And realizing that he had probably not been telling any lie when he said he was somewhat taken up with personal matters, I tactfully arose at the end of ten minutes and took my departure. As Lord Greenwich showed me out at the front door I am pleased to report that he took occasion to compliment me upon my stylish appearance.

"I hope you will pardon my saying so," he remarked, "but all through our conversation I have been completely fascinated by that suit of clothes which you are wearing."

"Well," I replied modestly, "it is not a bad suit of clothes, if I do say so myself."

"Oh, quite so," said His Lordship. "I should even call it most extraordinary. Where on earth did you get it?"

As may well be imagined, I was greatly pleased to realize that I was so well dressed that an English lord was actually asking me for the name of my tailor. I cheerfully gave him the name and address of the store in Chicago which had outfitted me.

"I hope," I added in a friendly way, "that I have caused you no embarrassment."

"Embarrassment?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "I hope you have not been worrying over the fact that I, who am so well dressed, should have surprised you in your simple farm clothes. You may rest assured that I think no less of you on that account, because I realize that when you are really tricked out in your swell court uniform you would make me look positively dingy. So there is no reason for you to be troubled about the matter."

At these words His Lordship smiled most pleasantly. "You have not troubled me; you have not worried me a bit," he said. "In fact, the sight of you coming in here in those clothes has been the one bright spot in a very disagreeable morning."

And with these words he said good-by and I returned to the taxi and drove back to town. I paid off the taxi driver in front of the telegraph office and went in, confidently expecting that ample funds would have arrived by wire from San Francisco. You may well imagine my disappointment when the operator said that there was nothing for me. It is disconcerting to a man of my temperament to find his activities held up even temporarily for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

In an attempt to keep things moving I went over to the freight office and had a long chat with the agent. I endeavored to persuade him to let me take the tractor at once and pay the freight charges as soon as my money arrives, which I assured him would occur this evening or tomorrow morning. Unfortunately, these freight agents are sometimes hard eggs to talk to, and this one was worse than the average. In spite of logic, flattery, persuasion, and appeals to his better nature he persisted in his bullheaded determination that I must pay the freight before I could have the tractor.

He also stated that it will be impossible for me to unload the tractor tomorrow. It appears that a small circus is arriving in town first thing in the morning, and that it will be necessary to move the box car containing the tractor away from the unloading platform. As the circus will be unloading in the morning and loading up again at midnight, it will be necessary to hold the platform for their use all day. In view of these facts, the agent suggested that I unload the tractor at once, and to this I agreed.

After I had gone to the hotel and changed into another suit of clothes, I filled up the machine with gasoline, oil and water, and ran it out of the box car, across the unloading platform, and down the ramp to the ground. As the machine was too big to go into the freight house, I parked it outside and then came back here to the hotel, where I have been writing this report.

After paying for the gasoline and oil, I find that I have only eleven cents left. I will not attempt to disguise the fact that I am feeling very low in my mind. But I am not giving way to despair. I am still hoping that funds may arrive this evening or tomorrow morning. And in the meantime, owing to the fact that this is an American-plan hotel, I will at least be able to eat. As the supper bell is now ringing, I will close.

Yours very truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

P. S. Later. Seven P.M. A special-delivery letter has arrived from Mr. J. D. Whitcomb, Western Sales Manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. I have just finished reading it. Needless to say, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Mr. Whitcomb's opening statement to the effect that wearing apparel is not considered a legitimate part of a salesman's traveling expenses, and that he most emphatically would never pass the charges for what he describes as an "idiotic and totally unnecessary fancy-dress costume." The only reply I wish to make to this remark is to refer you back to Lord Greenwich's opinion which I have quoted earlier in this report. As this costume, more than any other one thing, has served to place me on a favorable footing with this discerning nobleman and important prospect, it seems to me that the cost of it has been well justified.

I will pass over Mr. Whitcomb's next statement—to the effect that the balance of my expense account will not be paid until the end of the week, owing to the fact that my report was received on Monday and it is the rule in the Western office to issue checks only on Saturdays. But I cannot help remarking in passing that a rigid adherence to this office rule may tie up my activities in this region so that I may not be able to put through this sale.

In regard to Mr. Whitcomb's closing statement—that, owing to the fact that I have three hundred dollars' advance expense money, I ought to have plenty of money to carry me along—a word or two of explanation is necessary. According to the system in the Eastern territory—and I suppose also in the Western—a salesman is given a certain amount of advance expense money when he first starts out. If he spends, let us say, fifty dollars in traveling expenses during his first week, he sends in an expense account for this amount, and the office promptly sends him a check for fifty dollars, which brings his total amount back to the original sum he started with. This process is repeated each week, and the theory is that each week the salesman's advance expense money is brought back to the original sum—which in my case was three hundred dollars. I have used the word "theory" advisedly, because every salesman knows that in actual practice the original sum has a habit of gradually wasting away. This is exactly what has happened to me during the past year, and I now find that I have three hundred dollars of advance expense money which I have not got.

Of course, if the company at any time wants its three hundred dollars, I can make it up in time out of my salary; but at the present time this is impossible, as I have no salary due me until the first of the next month. All of this is perfectly normal, and everything would have been all right except for this stupid holding up of my expense account. For the good of the business and in order that I may proceed with my work, I would strongly urge that you send me that money as soon as you receive this report. Until I get the money, my hands are tied. I cannot get the tractor; I cannot put on a demonstration; I cannot make the sale. Therefore let's get down to business; send me the money, and we will argue about it afterward. I will expect to receive the full amount of my expense account by telegraph tomorrow.

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MAY 17, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: FONTELLA, CALIFORNIA.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

My report for today will be a very full one. I will first relate the events of last night and today, and then I will have a few remarks to make on the subject of expense accounts, and I trust that these remarks will be given earnest and respectful consideration by the authorities at the Western Sales Office.

After sending in my yesterday's report, in which I stated that my hands were tied until the arrival of additional funds, I thought the situation over very carefully. And I decided that although the hands of any ordinary salesman would indeed be completely tied by any such chain of adverse conditions as I have encountered, it was, nevertheless, a fact that this need not necessarily be the case with an energetic character such as myself.

There is nothing that I hate worse than remaining idle when there is a good possibility of making a sale. And although I was not being properly backed up by the Western office and although I was being stabbed in the back, so to speak, by the holding up of my expense money, I decided that for the sake of my own self-respect and out of loyalty for the Eastern Sales Office which had sent me out here, I must do something. I decided that, money or no money, I would hold that demonstration for His Lordship tomorrow morning.

I set my little traveling alarm clock for two A.M. I retired early. At the first tinkle of the alarm I sprang out of bed and shut it off, so that it would disturb no one else. After dressing carefully in my cutaway coat and all the etceteras, I silently and carefully sneaked down to the ground floor. At the bottom of the stairs there was a slight disturbance which except for my admirable presence of mind might have interfered with my plans. I inadvertently stepped on a large cat which had no more sense than to be asleep on the bottom step, and the wretched animal at once started to rush about the hallway, yodeling loudly as it went. But my quick action in slipping out of the front door and speeding up the street got me away without being observed.

The night was dark and overcast, which well suited my purpose. I soon reached the freight station, which as I have said is on the outskirts of town and far from any dwelling houses. The place was entirely deserted, and no one bothered me as I cranked up the motor and drove away in the beautiful big ten-ton Earthworm. As I have a very good sense of direction I had no trouble in finding the road to His Lordship's farm. It was about four o'clock when I arrived, and I sat around smoking cigarettes until the sun came up and various noises issuing from the bungalow indicated that the owner was awake.

I then rang the front-door bell and was admitted by His Most Excellent Lordship himself, who was dressed in the same simple farm clothes which he had worn the day before. I announced that I was ready to put on a demonstration of any kind he desired. His Lordship was very polite, and asked me if I would not join him at breakfast—after which we could go out and run the machine. As I had had nothing to eat since the night before, I gratefully accepted; and we had a very good breakfast, prepared by Mr. Greenwich's serving man, consisting of coffee, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and

marmalade. During the meal Lord Greenwich acted in the pleasantest and most friendly manner, and I found myself getting to like him more and more. He told me that he was very glad indeed that I had come out, not only because he was interested in tractors but also because having me around tended to distract his mind from his troubles.

I was too tactful to ask him what these troubles were. But having heard his conversation of the day before with his wife, I could make a pretty good guess, and I could well imagine that he might be in a rather low frame of mind.

Before the end of the meal he took occasion to compliment me once more upon my clothes. And in view of the fact that there has been ignorant criticism of the garments which I have seen fit to procure for myself, I will repeat his discerning Lordship's exact words.

"You have no idea," he said, "how those clothes of yours delight me. I can hardly keep my eyes off them."

And that is not all. When he heard that I intended driving the tractor and handling the dirty plows and farm machinery in this same suit, he at once protested.

"It would be a shame," he said, "to risk spoiling such an elegant outfit. Why don't you change into something else? I have plenty of old clothes and I shall be delighted to lend you some."

As His Lordship was most insistent, I gracefully gave in, reflecting that by so doing I would make myself even more popular than ever with my prospect. For it is a well-known principle of psychology that you can often gain a person's good will by gracefully allowing him to do you a favor and then acting as grateful as possible.

Accordingly I permitted His Lordship to take me up to his room and dress me in a complete outfit of his own old clothes—coat, knickers, flannel shirt, felt hat and heavy shoes. And as His Lordship and I are about the same size, the garments fitted me very well.

As soon as this change had been made I took His Lordship out to the tractor and gave him a thorough and splendid demonstration. His Lordship, in spite of the fact that he is a foreigner, appears to have real intelligence. His questions showed that he has a thorough grasp of the principles of automotive engineering. We put in a very interesting and profitable two hours driving about, hooking onto various pieces of farm equipment, plowing, harrowing, and pulling up stumps and otherwise testing out the strength of the machine. During this whole time I felt my liking for this gentleman increasing more and more, and it was with great sadness that I reflected upon the fact that he was so unfortunate as to be married to the disagreeable person I had heard speaking the day before. My sorrow for the sad plight of His Lordship, however, was somewhat mitigated by the thought that I myself have so far escaped a similar misfortune. And I could not help congratulating myself upon the fact that although I am fairly attractive to the opposite sex I have been strong-minded enough to resist all blandishments and have remained a free and independent bachelor.

At the conclusion of the demonstration I parked the tractor in front of the bungalow, and His Lordship went inside to see if there was any news from a man whom he said he was expecting from San Francisco. I told him I would follow as soon as I had tightened up a leak which had developed in the gasoline supply line. His Lordship had not yet stated whether he would buy the tractor, and it was my intention, as soon as I should have rejoined him in the house, to jerk out my order blanks and enter upon the final stages of my selling campaign. As His Lordship had apparently been much pleased with the tractor, I had little doubt of being able to get his name on the dotted line within a very short space of time.

However, at this point an entirely new complication was suddenly injected into the proceedings. As I was putting away the wrench after having tightened the union nut on the gasoline line, I happened to glance down the road and saw an automobile approaching from the direction of the town of Fontella. It was a touring car. There were two men in it, and as it approached I had, for some reason or other, a premonition that all was not well. Ever since I had taken the tractor away from the freight house I had had a vague feeling in my subconscious mind that I might be getting myself into trouble. Of course I had not really stolen the tractor, for it had been consigned to me. Furthermore, I was not even trying to beat the railway company out of the freight bill, because I intended to pay it as soon as I got the money. But the freight agent was a stubborn old horse, and it was perfectly possible that in case he noticed the disappearance of the tractor, he might get the law after me. And if he did this, it was possible that I would find myself technically in the wrong and perhaps even actually in jail. In order to put through this important sale I had cheerfully assumed this risk, but I will admit that I had been a little uneasy about it. And now that I saw these two men approaching from town it suddenly flashed across my mind that they might be officers of the law. And if they were, it occurred to me that the simplest course would be to withdraw to some secluded spot and avoid meeting them for the time being. Later on, when I had funds to pay the freight bill—provided the Western office finally did have sense enough to send them on—I would be in a much better position to talk to the constable, sheriff, or whoever it might be. It was too late to get the tractor out of sight, so all I could do was to save myself.

I didn't wish to attract attention by running, so as the automobile approached I started strolling in as careless and casual a manner as I could toward a hedge which started not far from the bungalow and continued a couple of hundred yards to the barn and other outbuildings. If I could once get to this hedge I felt sure that I could run along behind it unobserved and hide in the barn until the excitement blew over. However, the automobile drew up in front of the house before I had quite gained this friendly concealment. I heard one of the men say "There he goes now!" And then he called out in a loud voice, "Hey, there, you! Come back here! We want to talk to you!"

To this command I made no reply, but continued walking somewhat faster toward the end of the hedge.

"Stop!" yelled the man. And glancing over my shoulder I saw both men leap from the car and start after me as fast as they could.

As concealment was no longer possible, I immediately lit out for the barn at top speed, with the two men following right after, hollering and yelling and even threatening to shoot if I didn't stop. Courageously disregarding these threats, I kept on. And as I am naturally fleet of foot and always in good condition, I gained the barn with a fairly good lead. I at once climbed into the upper story, or haymow, with the intention of hiding under the hay; but to my dismay I discovered that this would be impossible, for the reason that there was no hay. Apparently the last year's crop was all used up and this year's crop had not yet been cut. It was too late to go down the ladder, as the two men were already climbing it, but I had just time to scramble out of a window onto a shed roof, from which I jumped to the ground and started off across the open fields. The two men came right along after me, but even so, my ability as a runner would probably have got me away, except for a sudden accident. As I ran, my foot went into a small hole which had been dug by a gopher, woodchuck, prairie dog, or some such animal, and I landed on my face in the dirt. Before I could get up again the two men were upon me.

"Are you Lord Sidney Greenwich?" asked the man who had been doing all the hollering.

This question puzzled me somewhat, in view of the fact that it was me and not His Lordship who had swiped the tractor. However, I didn't wish to be of any assistance to these vulgar persons, and I made use of an expression which I have often read in accounts of famous trials.

A Tourist Highway Through Virgin Timber, Vancouver Island, British Columbia

"I refuse to answer," I said as soon as I could catch my breath, "on the ground that it might incriminate me."

The two men looked at each other, and the first one remarked, "Of course he won't answer, he is trying to dodge service."

"We should worry," said the other man. "It's him all right. Look here!" With these words he exhibited the hat which Lord Greenwich had lent me and which had come off when I fell down. Inside the hat was the trade-mark of a London manufacturer and the initials S. G. The first man looked at the hat, then drew from his pocket a large folded paper, which he handed to me.

"You certainly gave us a run for our money," he remarked, "but we got you all right." Then turning to the other man, he said "Come on, Jim; let's go," and the two of them walked back toward their car while I remained seated on the ground resting myself and reading the paper which they had presented to me.

The paper was addressed to Sidney Greenwich. It was very long and was written in idiotic legal language. I could not understand more than half of it, but I gathered that it was an order from some judge which prohibited or enjoined Mr. Greenwich from selling or disposing of any of his property, either real or personal, pending the appointment of a receiver, who, it appeared, would take charge of everything he owned on account of a divorce action which was being brought by his wife.

As I finished reading this paper, I looked across the fields and saw that the two men had got back to their automobile and were driving toward town. I then arose and walked back to the bungalow. As I did so I meditated on this curious incident; and my natural intelligence told me that these men had served their little paper on the wrong guy—which might turn out to be a fortunate circumstance.

When I arrived at the bungalow His Lordship was on the front porch. Beside him stood another gentleman, who had apparently just arrived in a large car which was parked in front of the house.

"Well, well, Mr. Botts," said His Lordship as I came up the steps, "you are truly a most extraordinary person. I have been watching you from the window with the greatest interest. I can hardly wait to find out who your two friends may be, and what is the meaning of this new game of hare and hounds, or whatever it is. By the way," he added, "this is Mr. Hendricks, my lawyer, who has just arrived from San Francisco."

I shook hands with Mr. Hendricks and we then entered the living room. At once I started on a masterly course of action.

"Mr. Greenwich," I said, addressing His Lordship, "I have a confession to make. Yesterday morning I inadvertently overheard part of the conversation you had with your wife. I thus know more about your affairs than you suppose. I feel, however, that you will forgive me for my accidental eavesdropping after you have heard a few remarks on the subject which I purpose to make. I have a few questions which I would like to ask Mr. Hendricks."

"Very well," said Mr. Hendricks; "proceed."

"Suppose," I said, "that Mr. Greenwich's wife brought suit for divorce. Would it not be possible for her to get out some sort of an injunction which would completely tie up Mr. Greenwich's property pending the settlement of the suit?"

"That would probably be the first thing that she would do," answered Mr. Hendricks.

"Exactly so," I said. "Now let us suppose that this injunction was brought out here by two men in an automobile. Let us suppose that some very good friend of Mr. Greenwich happened to be out in the front yard dressed in a suit of Mr. Greenwich's clothes; and let us suppose further that when he saw those two men approaching he immediately suspected what might be their errand and drew them off by running

(Continued on Page 36)

EVERYWHERE you go, note how the cars with Fisher Bodies stand out. This year, even more than in previous years, it is perfectly plain that the most beautiful cars in every price class are those with Body by Fisher It is equally obvious that the cars which offer greatest *investment value* are precisely those cars whose bodies are the product of Fisher artistry, Fisher craftsmanship and Fisher's unrivaled resources

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

"Because to laugh is proper to the man"
—RABELAIS

The above photograph shows the effect that GLENN TRYON'S newest comedy *"A Hero for a Night"* had on me. It was snapped in our California studio while I was reviewing the production.

If GLENN'S picture has the same effect on you, when you see it in your favorite theatre, then I'll know that I haven't laughed alone. You would naturally think that a man who spends his life making moving-pictures would soon cease to feel the urge to laugh, especially at his own comedies. But, thank Heaven, I can laugh as long and as loud as I ever did.

I laughed at MONA RAY'S "Topsy" in Harry Pollard's great production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*—at LAURA LA PLANTE in *"Finders Keepers"*—at JEAN HERSHOLT in *"Alias the Deacon"*—at *"Snookums"*—at *"Buster Brown"*—at *"Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit"*—at *"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris,"* and I want you to see them all and get the same inspiration to laugh as I did.

I have already announced in this column *"The Man Who Laughs,"* based on Victor Hugo's great story, *"L'Homme Qui Rit,"* with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN in the leading rôles. But I am so anxious to have you see this beautiful picture that I again urge you to be on the lookout for it. From my viewpoint this picture will be greater than *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* and you will admit, I am sure, that picture was one of the classics of the screen.

When you are in New York City be sure to visit the beautiful Colony Theatre, Broadway at 53rd Street, the home of Universal Pictures in the metropolis.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 34)

away across the fields. In such a case it is possible that the two men might run after the friend and give him the injunction in spite of the fact that the friend refused to tell his name. Let us suppose, also, that this friend burned up the injunction without telling either Mr. Greenwich or his lawyer about it. The question I wish to ask is this: In such a case, would it not be true that the injunction would have no legal force on Mr. Greenwich?"

Having said these words, I drew the paper from my pocket and threw it into the open fire which was burning in the room. Mr. Hendricks watched the paper go up in smoke, and then he looked at me for some time very keenly.

"In such a case as you have described," he said finally, "it is my opinion that the injunction would have no legal force."

"Good," I said. "Let us do a little more supposing. If the friend had not acted as he did, it is almost certain that the two men would have come to the house and served the injunction. If this had happened, would Lord Greenwich have been any worse off than he is now?"

Mr. Hendricks turned to His Lordship. "Have you any objection to my discussing your affairs with this gentleman?" he asked.

"None at all," said His Lordship.

"In case my client had been served with such a paper," said Mr. Hendricks, "it is not exaggerating to say that it would have been a very serious matter. Mr. Greenwich has a large quantity of wheat which he has been holding for a rise in the market, and which he is now ready to sell. He is planning to use the money from this wheat to purchase various supplies and new machinery which are essential to his farming operations, and to make various needed improvements. The service of an injunction such as you described would have held up all these transactions and caused Mr. Greenwich very heavy losses."

"However," I said, "no injunction has been served and neither of you even knows that such a paper exists. I suppose it is possible that Mr. Greenwich may take a little rest in the house for the next few days, where it is not likely that other process servers would find him. And meanwhile I take it that you, Mr. Hendricks, can attend to those various transactions you have mentioned so as to get Mr. Greenwich's affairs into such a shape that an injunction would not be such a serious matter."

"You have guessed exactly right," said Mr. Hendricks.

"How can I ever thank you," said His Lordship, shaking me by the hand, "for what you have done?"

"You can never thank me at all," I answered, "because you do not know anything about what I have done. Remember, I didn't tell you that I had received any paper of any kind. I merely told you that such a thing might have been possible. However," I went on, "I am now about to do you a very great favor indeed."

"What is that?" asked His Lordship.

"In view of the fact that your affairs have not yet been tied up, I am going to give you the opportunity of purchasing some good machinery. You have seen what a splendid tractor the Earthworm is. You have already practically decided to buy one. But my experience tells me that a ranch of this size will need at least two tractors—one ten-ton and one five-ton. If you do not buy them you will always be sorry. Consequently, I am going to write up an order for the two machines right now, so that you can sign it."

After a few moments' discussion His Lordship saw the justice of my arguments and signed the two orders. And thus everything has worked out splendidly, with one exception. This one exception—the outrageous handling of my expense account—I will take up as soon as I have narrated the other events of the day. I left the ten-ton tractor in Lord Greenwich's possession and he gave me—as full payment for both tractors—his check for ten thousand dollars, which I inclose together with the two orders. At my request Mr. Greenwich had this check certified, so that there will be no trouble in cashing it if His Lordship's property should be tied up.

His Lordship gave me a separate check for the freight bill—$74.80—and after changing back into my good clothes, I bade him a regretful farewell and rode into town with Mr. Hendricks.

At the freight station I found the agent very sore indeed, and he would have had the law on me except that the only policeman in town was busy out at the lot where the circus was preparing for the afternoon performance. For a time this agent acted very hostile, but after I had given him the check for the freight he quieted down.

After finishing this little matter I stopped at the telegraph office, where I found that $143.31 had been wired me from San Francisco. This money will temporarily alleviate my financial distress, but I was deeply pained to observe that the amount was exactly $104.20 less than the $247.51 which I had expected.

This deduction seems to indicate that my expenses in buying that suit of clothes have not been allowed. And against this procedure I wish to register a deep and solemn protest. I might threaten to resign and leave the company flat. I have had offers from the Steel Elephant Company at a higher salary than I am now receiving. But I scorn to resort to such threats, and I will merely put it up to you, as man to man, that this debt must be paid.

I beg you to consider the following points:

1. I am an artist. I am not like ordinary men. In order to work to the best advantage, I must have the sort of clothes which appeal to my artistic sense and create an atmosphere, in my own mind and in the mind of the prospect, which is conducive to the breaking down of sales resistance. If you attempt to cramp my style you will not only be injuring me but you will also be creating a situation which will cause the company to lose many sales.

2. I get results. Nobody can deny that. You expected me to sell one tractor here, and I have sold two. The profit on this additional business is far more than the paltry $104.20 which I spent on that suit. As soon as I cease getting results, you can cease to pay my expense account. But in view of the fact that the results are always good, there is only one course of action possible.

You are going to pay that $104.20. You will send it by telegraph as soon as you receive this letter. I will be waiting here in Fontella to receive it, and I will also await your instructions for my future activities.

In the meantime I will be working on another possible sale. I am going out to see the manager of the circus and try to induce him to buy a small tractor to help load and unload equipment from railroad cars, to pull out any of the wagons or elephants that get stuck in the mud, and do other odd jobs. In conclusion I wish to remind you once more that I am waiting for that money. Very truly,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA
MAY 18 21

TO ALEXANDER BOTTS FONTELLA CALIFORNIA

IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT YOU SOLD TWO TRACTORS WE ARE WIRING ONE HUNDRED FOUR DOLLARS TWENTY CENTS AS REQUESTED STOP BUT THIS IS NOT A PRECEDENT STOP WHEN YOU CALL ON CLIENTS YOU WILL PERHAPS WANT TO GET YOURSELF A CLOWN SUIT STOP THIS WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE MOST APPROPRIATE BUT WE WILL NOT PAY FOR IT STOP THIS IS FINAL

J D WHITCOMB

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 11)

being that the more they took these modern vipers of servants to their bosoms and pandered to them, the harder they got stung. Here was a group of well-to-do, middle-aged women, accustomed to servants from childhood, but floundering because they were still applying old rules to new conditions and a changed servant class. The past five years has witnessed a significant alteration in the attitudes both of the employers and of the domestic employes. Women who five years ago kept four and six servants now keep two—and keep them, moreover, with greater friction and nervous wear and tear.

The problem is distinctly a woman's problem, for the man is responsible for the office and the woman is responsible for the home; that is the business side of the marriage contract, and the failure on the part of either partner to perform his half of the bargain is a cordial invitation to matrimonial disaster. And after all, to run a home with one, five or ten servants is not intrinsically a more complicated problem than to run a business with from ten to a few thousand employes; and the fact that women today out in the business world are successful heads of enterprises—restaurants, department stores and manufacturing plants which employ hundreds of workers—proves that the domestic-labor problem can be solved if only sufficient gray matter is applied.

What is the trouble with present-day servants? And where are the good, solid, faithful and well-trained family retainers of yesteryear? Is the race extinct? Have they stopped coming over from the old country? Do we really need to let down the immigration bars to permit more of the domestic-servant class to enter this country? Do they become contaminated when exposed to the conditions over here? Are they all going into industry so that only the morons are left for domestic service? Are the wages too high? Are they turning into a class of overpaid specialists who refuse to lift a hand outside of their own particular lines? Have high wages and too much liberty gone to their heads? Is there anything women can do about it, and if so, what?

I took these queries, together with the long bill of complaints against servants of the 1927 model, to an employment agent, a gentlewoman, who for twenty years has staffed large establishments in New York, Washington, Newport and Palm Beach, who knows past and present-day conditions and is a shrewd analyst of women whether they be in the serving or the governing class. And she declared at the outset of the interview that it is only a saving sense of humor and an unfailing human interest in the foibles, follies and human imperfections of her kind which have preserved her reason in this most trying of occupations. She really loves her job, admitting at the same time, mirthfully, that it is a damnable job.

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "that bill of indictment against the modern servant is only too true. And I could give you another just as long against the modern mistress. The whole situation is serious, almost out of hand. Last summer I had to provide twenty cooks for clients who were opening their country houses. As I could not fill all the positions with my own list of cooks, I visited a certain high-class employment bureau where I have affiliations. A lady sitting near at hand overheard me interviewing the cooks. Finally she approached me and said, 'Do you mind telling me what you are doing?'

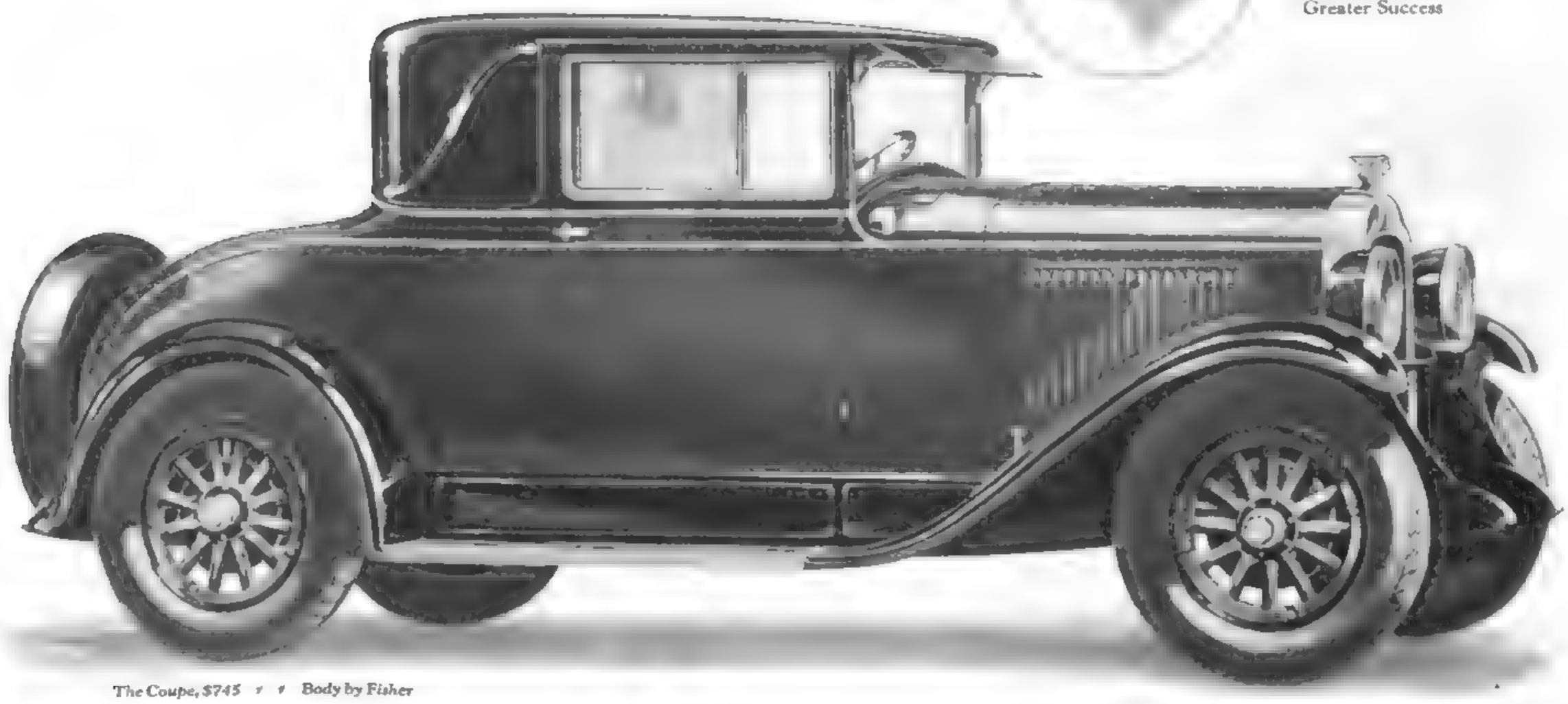
"'Certainly not,' I replied. 'I'm trying to fill positions for twenty clients who need cooks.'

"'But—but,' she gasped, 'I've never heard you ask them a single question about their references or qualifications. You just

(Continued on Page 38)

new

-a Successful Six
now bids for Even
Greater Success



The Coupe, $745 • • Body by Fisher

4-wheel brakes

and all these Added Features

New Fisher Bodies
New Fenders
New GMR Cylinder Head
New Fuel Pump
New Crankcase Ventilation
New Carburetor
New Manifolds and Muffler
New and Greater Power
New Cross-Flow Radiator
New Thermostat
New Water Pump
New Instrument Panel
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New Clutch, New Frame
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2-DOOR SEDAN
$745

Pay the *lowest* price *in* History for this *finer, more fashionable* Six

In every way, the New Series Pontiac Six is a finer six than its great predecessor which scored such sensational success last year. It is fashionably styled and offers superb new bodies by Fisher. It is smoother, faster, more beautiful and more economical to operate. It introduces a long list of important engineering advancements such as the cross-flow radiator, GMR cylinder head, AC pressure fuel pump, and four-wheel brakes. Yet it sells for the lowest price ever placed on a six-cylinder car with Body by Fisher!

If you want the advantages of six-cylinder performance, *plus* the advantages of Fisher body design and construction, *plus* the advantages of the most modern engineering practice at the *world's lowest price*—see and drive the New Series Pontiac Six! You will find not only a new car with new elements of style, comfort, staunchness and performance—but a value that sets a sensational new standard in the low-priced field!

Coupe	$745	Cabriolet	$795
Roadster	$745	4-Door Sedan	$825

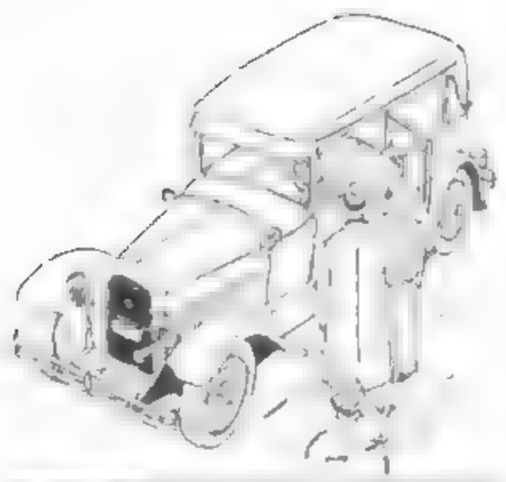
Sport Landau Sedan $875

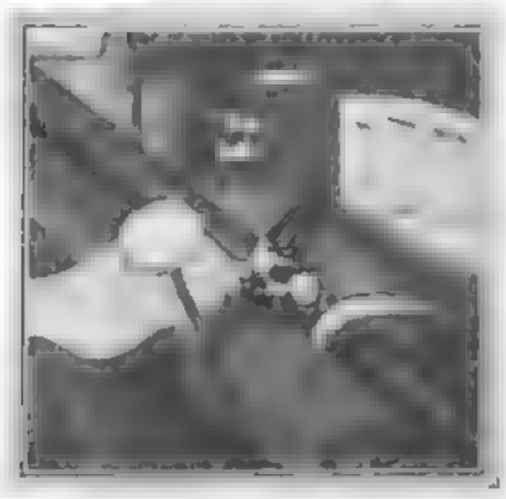
Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivery prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH., General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd., Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

PONTIAC SIX

NEW SERIES





Two Million Motorists Know the Truth

THE effectiveness of an automobile lock cannot be proved by argument. What car thieves know about the lock on your new car is far more vital than the advantages *anyone* may claim for it.

This is where the owners of Hershey-protected automobiles have the advantage. The more car thieves know about the Hershey Lock, the more they confine their efforts to less difficult jobs.

If you are bored by police statistics to prove that point, or if you will not believe car salesmen who can show you the steel bolt locking of the steering on a Hershey-protected car, ask your friends about the locks on their cars. Surely some of them are among the *two million* motorists who know the truth about automobile protection—the two million enthusiastic Hershey owners.

Hershey Manufacturing Company
4644-4660 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

HERSHEY
COINCIDENTAL
LOCKS

Every person who drives a car should read this booklet—especially important before buying a new car. Send for it today.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 36)

ask them where they prefer to spend the summer.'

"'That's true,' I laughed. 'That's what I always ask first. Some of these positions are for Newport, some for Dark Harbor and some for the mountains. But if a cook doesn't like Newport, there's no earthly use examining her references, for she won't go anyway. So I just save time by asking their preferences.'

"The servant today asks outrageous wages—and gets them too. They all want to be specialists, and they are just as temperamental, touchy and hard to please as their mistresses—which is lese majesty! They won't stand a word of criticism and they throw up their jobs at the very worst moment, preferably when a big dinner is under way. If they don't like a place, they carry on like old Nick on purpose, so as to put the onus of dismissal on the mistress and thus get their wages and transportation back to town. And in some instances, when their employers have written in to me about their defects, they have threatened to sue for defamation of character. There is no doubt that high prices and the modern independence have made them feel their oats. The war started it. Good servants became scarce; some went into industry and now, with our present prosperity, their wages have soared; and once they have tasted high wages and freedom, it's hard to make them see reason."

The Guild Spirit

"I had a girl in here recently who is a case in point. Helen is a first-class chambermaid, worth not a penny more than seventy-five dollars a month. She had been getting eighty-five dollars until the ax fell. I had found her an excellent position, which she rejected with scorn. Not good enough. It was for seventy dollars a month, and in addition to chamber work she was asked to help in the dining room once or twice a month.

"'Now, Helen,' I said, 'this is an excellent position. It is a large household with six servants, the work well organized, plenty of time off, and the woman is considerate and fair—not the kind that has to have her nighties pressed out every day. She's sweet-tempered and easy to please.' But would Helen take it? She turned up her aristocratic little nose because it meant coming down in her wages and serving occasionally in the dining room. That girl was out of a job for some three weeks, sticking around employment bureaus, with never a nibble; but she'd rather be out of a job than break the standards she'd set up.

"And there was a butler who came to me for a place. He wanted one hundred and fifty dollars a month. 'I can find you a place at one hundred and fifteen dollars,' I said. He refused. That man is still out of a job. He's a fair butler, but nothing to turn in a general alarm about. They all want tip-top prices whether they're worth it or not.

"The trouble is there are no rules, no regulations, no standards; the whole system is unorganized, with yesterday's traditions still influencing and coloring the vastly different conditions which operate today. The relationship of servant and mistress depends too much on the purely personal equation, upon the caprice or temperament of the individual employer, instead of upon clearly formulated impersonal rules, as in industry.

"Take, for example, the matter of hours. In industry the rule is an eight or a nine hour day, with extra pay for overtime. How many hours does a servant work? It all depends on the mistress. And women of the older generation, accustomed to the prewar plenitude of servants—who in the drab daily grind of never-ending drudgery were often little better off than slaves—who are now reduced to two servants, or even to one general houseworker, often make cruel demands on their maids. Still wishing to keep up their social position, they require that one general houseworker to be an expert cook, an expert waitress, an expert chambermaid, an expert laundress and to be on her feet from dawn until ten o'clock at night. And the maid rebels; she informs her mistress that she's not a perpetual-motion machine and she's not a slave; she insists on good wages, good living conditions, regular hours off and a latchkey.

"To give another example of the old-school type of employer and the new-school type of maid: A client in Washington wired me for a lady's maid. I sent one down, an excellent girl.

"After explaining to her the day duties, the new mistress said, 'I expect you to sit up for me at night when I'm out and give me a facial massage when I come in.' And she was out, she explained, almost every night during the season.

"As this meant practically a twenty-four-hour job, the maid very sensibly turned it down. For overtime work means overtime pay these days. That is what some women, the older generation especially, do not seem to understand. Domestic servants are no longer poor, dumb, devoted slaves. I'll say they're not! Another client wired me from Washington to send her three servants and I complied; the girls gave up positions I had procured for them in Palm Beach in order to go. Before they arrived in Washington, the client wired canceling the order. I charged her transportation and the time the maids had lost. She flatly refused to pay.

"'Why, I never heard of such an imposition!' she wrote.

"I paid the girls out of my own pocket. So, you see, the faults are not all on one side of the shield."

"What about letting down the immigration bars," I asked, "and permitting more of the domestic-servant class to enter?"

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Don't let them do that! Why, there's a crisis right now because the supply of domestic servants exceeds the demand! They're a glut on the market. I have maids right now I'm not able to place, and excellent ones too. A reaction, you see, has set in. Exorbitant wages, high cost of living, the growing custom of lingering late in the autumn in country homes, stopping a few weeks at an apartment hotel or at some hot springs, then flitting off to Europe, Santa Barbara or Palm Beach have cut down the number of big establishments, and servants are beginning to feel the pinch."

A Prince of a Chauffeur

"A client cabled me from England this fall to open her house and engage ten servants. I did so. She remained in town exactly three weeks, then dismissed the whole staff and went South. That's what happens nowadays. A servant may have a job for two months and then be out of work for weeks because he was dismissed for no fault of his own. I should say, however, that though many servants are out of positions at the present time, because the supply is greater than the demand, it is nevertheless true that an excellent servant, good-tempered and modest, is always easy to place. The all-round perfect servant is a *rara avis*, always in demand."

"And how about the old-country paragons who come over here and are contaminated when exposed to American conditions?"

"We do get some good European servants," she admitted. "Europe is still our big source of supply. And a well-trained English servant is about the nearest thing to absolute perfection that the sun shines upon. But quite often they're bewildered by the different system—or lack of system—which prevails over here. If we can place them at once in the right kind of household, they are apt to do extremely well. But"—she laughed—"they're very likely to take on American ways, and they show no more aversion to the American eagle on our dollars than the rest of the Europeans. An employment agent told me the other day that he had placed a down-and-out Russian prince as chauffeur in a family at two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Worth it? I don't know; maybe the family got two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fun out of having a veritable prince in their employ as chauffeur.

"But generally speaking, I do not believe that the constant importation of old-country treasures, who turn bad on our hands, is the right solution of the servant problem. At present the supply exceeds the demand, and there is in addition a steady stream of trained and untrained servants arriving from Scandinavian countries and the British Isles. But even if there were not, I believe that we must work out the problem right here in America; we have plenty of material on hand without searching overseas for the perfect product. But that material needs molding, and if women would put their brains on the job we could have as efficient domestic servants as we have stenographers or factory girls.

"Let me give you an illustration of what I mean: In this city are two large establishments with ample staffs of servants; the houses stand just opposite each other on the same street; I staff both houses. One mistress is just and considerate; there is harmony upstairs and servants react to such an atmosphere very quickly. This woman engages good, reliable servants and pays fair but not exorbitant wages; she sees to it personally that their living quarters are comfortable; she organizes the work like a good business executive, down to the last detail; each servant knows exactly what is required of her and is expected to do it well. The result is that her staff cannot praise her highly enough."

Following the Golden Rule

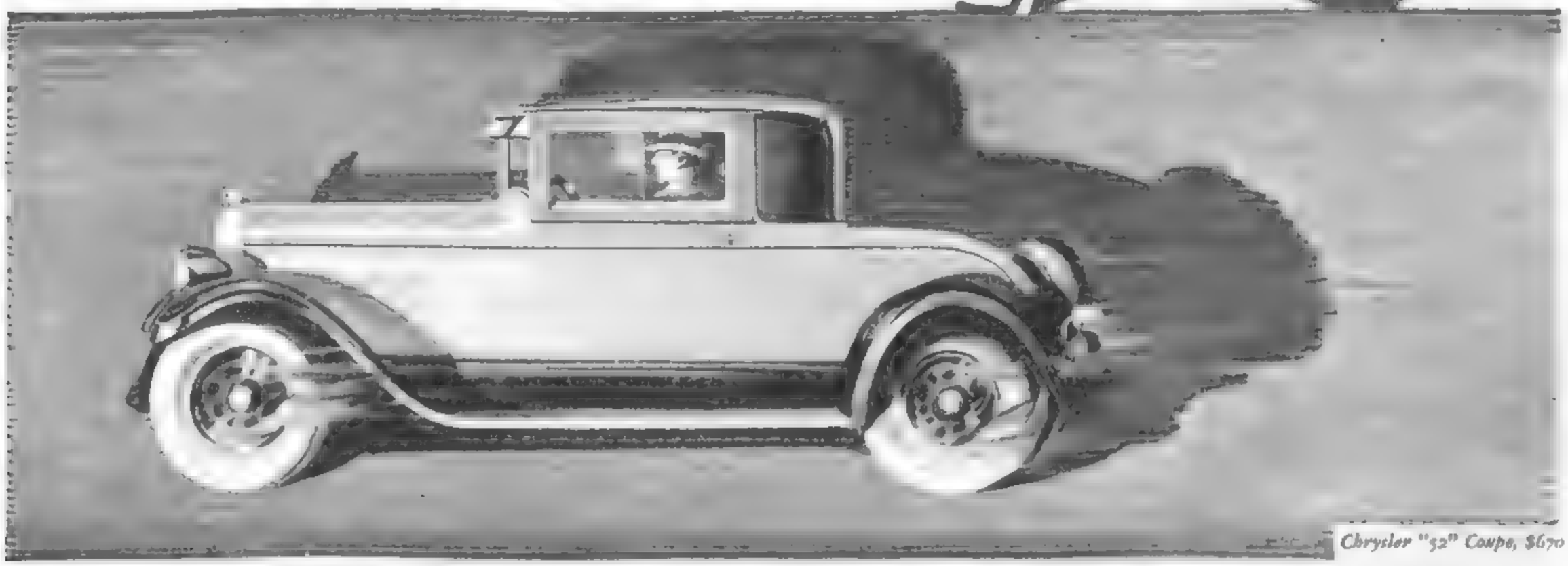
"Across the street is a mistress of another caliber—servants coming and going every few minutes. I get her fine, high-grade maids. They won't stay. Why? Disposition of the mistress. Discord upstairs and discord downstairs—chaos. No organization, no rules. Everything depends on the personal caprice of an irrational, temperamental woman. Most of the high-grade employment bureaus know her and will not even attempt to staff her house, and I have to provide out-of-town servants who do not know her reputation. Boiled down, it is the presence of character in one home and the lack of it in the other; and if women want fine, faithful, well-mannered servants, they must practice those qualities themselves in their homes.

"The servant problem in America cannot be treated as a separate phenomenon; it is just one phase, one aspect, of the whole big problem of our restless present-day existence and our modern habit of living more and more outside our homes. As human material, the servants of today average higher than they did ten or even five years ago; for with better pay, better hours and better living conditions, the social stigma is tending to decrease and girls are turning from industry to work in homes. The problem is distinctly a woman's problem, and it is up to the American home maker to mold her human material, just as the American business man molds his, to fit into our own social system instead of depending helplessly on the European supply.

"I should like to say a few words upon that comparatively new American institution—the part-time maid. More and more, women are giving up large, elaborate establishments, expensive to maintain, in favor of apartments and hotels, and employing part-time workers who come in, perform their tasks and then kindly evaporate. With a combination chambermaid and waitress on duty for certain hours and a resident cook, a woman can swing a large apartment, entertain, and still not be bothered by a raft of servants underfoot. And for the great army of professional and business women, young married couples and confirmed bachelors who like to live comfortably in flats and entertain occasionally, the well-trained, efficient part-time worker who can come in for a few hours daily, clean

(Continued on Page 40)

CHRYSLER "52"



Chrysler "52" Coupe, $670

Performance with Comfort unrivaled at phenomenal lower prices

The smart New Chrysler "52" at the phenomenal new lower prices—with quality unchanged—is more than ever the greatest value in the low-priced field.

Full-sized bodies of exceptional fineness, roomier by far than any other car of comparable price. Thanks to this roominess, to its saddle-spring seat cushions; long, flexible car springs and extra-large balloon tires, you have all the comfort of a large, high-priced car.

But that is not all. It has power, speed and pick-up characteristic of all Chryslers, the product of that same group of great engineers who have set the pace in worthwhile developments in performance and comfort since the inception of Chrysler. It is the product of the same great organization and factories that build the famous Chryslers of higher price—built to the same high standards of quality and long life.

And, above everything, it gives you a smoothness of operation and ease of handling and riding, that enables you to use its fleetness and dash with real comfort.

The smart New Chrysler "52"—at these new lower prices, $670 and upwards—is Chrysler quality unchanged in any detail—it is everything that Chrysler quality has come to mean among motor cars—with the same high prestige and repute that have advanced Chrysler from 27th to 3rd place in sales.

Study it in intimate detail. Ride in it. Drive it. Then see how its new lower prices put it far beyond comparison with any other car in this group.

$670

2-door Sedan	$670
Coupe	670
Roadster (*with rumble seat*)	670
Touring	695
4-door Sedan	720
DeLuxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	720
DeLuxe Sedan	790

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power, hill-climbing ability, and fuel economy, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and all models of the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

"Yes- and my Grandmother played a KIMBALL too!"

EVEN in the early days, the craftsmanship that gave to Kimball tone a vitality almost as articulate as a living voice also gave it a lasting quality that endured for a lifetime.

It was inevitable, then, that families throughout the country should buy Kimball pianos, from one generation to another.

KIMBALL PRICES

A Contribution to American Culture

Yet, to create flawless beauty of tone that the flight of years cannot impair is not the chief attainment in the record of this house. *This perfection is realized at a price within the means of every music-loving household.*

It was to make an unexcelled instrument *accessible to every cultured home* that the immense production resources of the Kimball house were developed. The outcome is expressed in distribution figures—*more Kimballs are in use in American homes than pianos of any other name.*

Uprights, $410 up, f.o.b.
Grands, $975 up, f. o. b.

Catalogs and our nearest dealer's address sent on request

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY
(Established 1857)
Kimball Hall, 306 S. Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 38)

the apartment, mend, cook and serve a meal and then depart to her own affairs is worth her weight in gold. She is as welcome as a fourteenth trump.

"The whole trend of modern life is toward fewer and better servants. And it is possible that the solution of the servant problem, at least in our cities, will come along these lines. A young, intelligent woman, for example, marries and has still a few hours free; she decides to become a visiting chambermaid, waitress, cook or general houseworker for a portion of the day, then return home. Or she comes in on an eight or nine hour schedule. That permits some leeway for personal independence, which all human beings need. And as space in great cities becomes more precious and even an extra maid's room figures significantly in the monthly rent, it is probable that more and more intelligent, competent women, married and unmarried, will take up part-time domestic work and their social status will be similar to that of other workers in offices and stores."

Landing on Pure Velvet

Other employment agencies confirmed the statement that at present the supply of domestic servants exceeds the demand; and from the immigration authorities I learned that there is no scarcity of immigrants from the northern countries from which our domestic-servant class is largely drawn. English, Irish, Scandinavians and Germans have been entering this country in a steady stream. In the pursuit of accurate information, I then sought the head of a large high-class employment agency who for the past twenty years has staffed the establishments of some of the best families throughout the land. His list of clients reads like the Social Register. He knows the older generation of mistresses, the younger, postwar matrons and the wide gulf in habits and codes of life which yawns between the two; he knows the old-school family retainers and the restless, irresponsible, over-paid specialists of today; and his words, based on wide experience, are words of wisdom, tolerance and sober, practical truth.

"Domestic servants, as a class," he said, "are the best paid workers in America today. A totally green, inexperienced maid arriving from Europe can command fifty dollars a month, with food, lodging and uniforms. I do not permit green maids on my list to accept more than this sum at the beginning. For that fifty dollars is practically pure velvet. Counting from ten to twelve dollars a week for food, lodging and working clothes—which is about what a girl in industry would have to expend—that green, untrained maid receives an equivalent of about one hundred dollars monthly, and that is as much as a young man, a college graduate, who goes down to Wall Street can command.

"It is often said that we have no training schools in America for domestic servants, but that is scarcely true. The greatest training school today is in the private homes of our young matrons and hostesses. Regardless of what people think of these younger-generation women, they can take green, untrained maids into their homes and lick this raw material into expert cooks and chambermaids. I see them doing it every day; I have their names on my books. And by this younger generation I mean the daughters of the best families, who in their childhood have been accustomed to ten and twelve servants, and now, married, they are getting along with two and, in many cases, one servant. They are not afraid to go down into the kitchen themselves and cook a meal; and they take a raw, inexperienced girl and put a high polish on her inside of a few weeks.

"Well, most of their mothers couldn't do that. These older-gereration women had many more servants, for servants then were cheap. They knew when things were well done, but they did not know how to instruct; they were dependent on trained servants. But the younger generation is not afraid to take hold and do its own training. I take off my hat to them! They're wonderful! That's the fact. Not nearly so black as they're painted. My books will bear me out on this. I could show you scores of accounts with postwar young matrons who, accustomed in the homes of their mothers to a dozen servants, are now getting along with one general houseworker—and making a fine job of it too.

"We have an entirely new situation which has developed since the war with regard to the amount of liberty and independence accorded to servants. The older matrons of today will simply have to get used to the newer rules and regulations which now govern domestic service. There have been great changes since the war and these changes have touched all classes, the servants down in the kitchen as well as their betters upstairs. Maids used to be content with every other Sunday afternoon off; now they are getting from two and a half to three hours off every other afternoon and expect to go out in the evening after their duties are done.

"The older generation of matrons, used to the old-time subservience when domestic service was a rigid servitude not far removed from slavery, object to this new freedom. But the young postwar matrons realize that conditions have changed; they are themselves partly responsible for this change, they are used to liberty for themselves and they accord it willingly to their servants. They realize, for example, that maids, like themselves, are human and like to dance, go to the movies and have a merry time among themselves; they realize that servants enjoy comfortable living quarters, light, heat and good air, and they provide those fundamentals as a matter of course. So there are changes for the better all along the line which the younger generation readily admit, but against which the older matrons bitterly complain. What these latter really want is to turn back the clock to the days of their youth. Well, it can't be done.

"There's another type of mistress that is a familiar figure these days—the type that is always looking for bargains in maids. They want the old-time conditions which are extinct to make an exception in their favor and come alive for their particular benefit, and they are always hopefully hunting for a well-trained, faithful servant of the old régime who will work for them sixteen hours a day dirt cheap. That type of woman expects too much for her money and is bound to be disappointed."

High Tariff and Home Industry

"Of course, if a woman brings over a well-trained servant from Europe at a monthly wage from thirty to forty dollars less than the prevailing rates over here, she must expect the servant to leave after two or three months. Just as soon as the newcomer discovers what the current wages in America are, she is going to strike for higher wages too. Upon which the disillusioned employer raises a wail about the dreadful conditions in America and the terrible servant problem. But that is not an example of the servant problem. It's merely an example of human nature—with both parties trying to beat the game.

"What is a real problem is the fact that today servants' wages are so high that many people cannot afford them. Let me take, for example, the case of the average young man of good family who gets married. He may have been accustomed in his mother's home to half a dozen servants; but now he, getting married and setting up a home himself, can scarcely afford even one.

Why? Well, many factors work together to produce this result—the cost of living, the cost of food for an extra person and the high rent. The average cost of a maid's room in one of these high-power apartment houses in New York amounts to six hundred dollars, figured in rent terms. So that if a young married man keeps one resident maid he would have to count, first of all, six hundred dollars for her room and bath. Her wages, at seventy-five dollars a month, come to nine hundred dollars. Then figure her food at, say, six dollars a week, or about twenty-five dollars a month—an annual cost of three hundred dollars, making a total of eighteen hundred dollars yearly expenditure for maid service. Too high! The average young man just starting a family cannot stand such a tariff. So he moves out of town and becomes a commuter, or dismisses the servant and patronizes the tea rooms.

"As a nation, we have become tea-room addicts. Some of my clients who have hitherto kept six and eight servants have reduced them in town to two; all the world is learning to do with a minimum of servants, with the result that the supply exceeds the demand. And when that happens, wages automatically come down. Already servants are beginning to compromise and gradually the wages of a well-trained maid will stabilize, I believe, around sixty dollars a month instead of as at present from seventy-five to one hundred."

Fewer and Better Servants

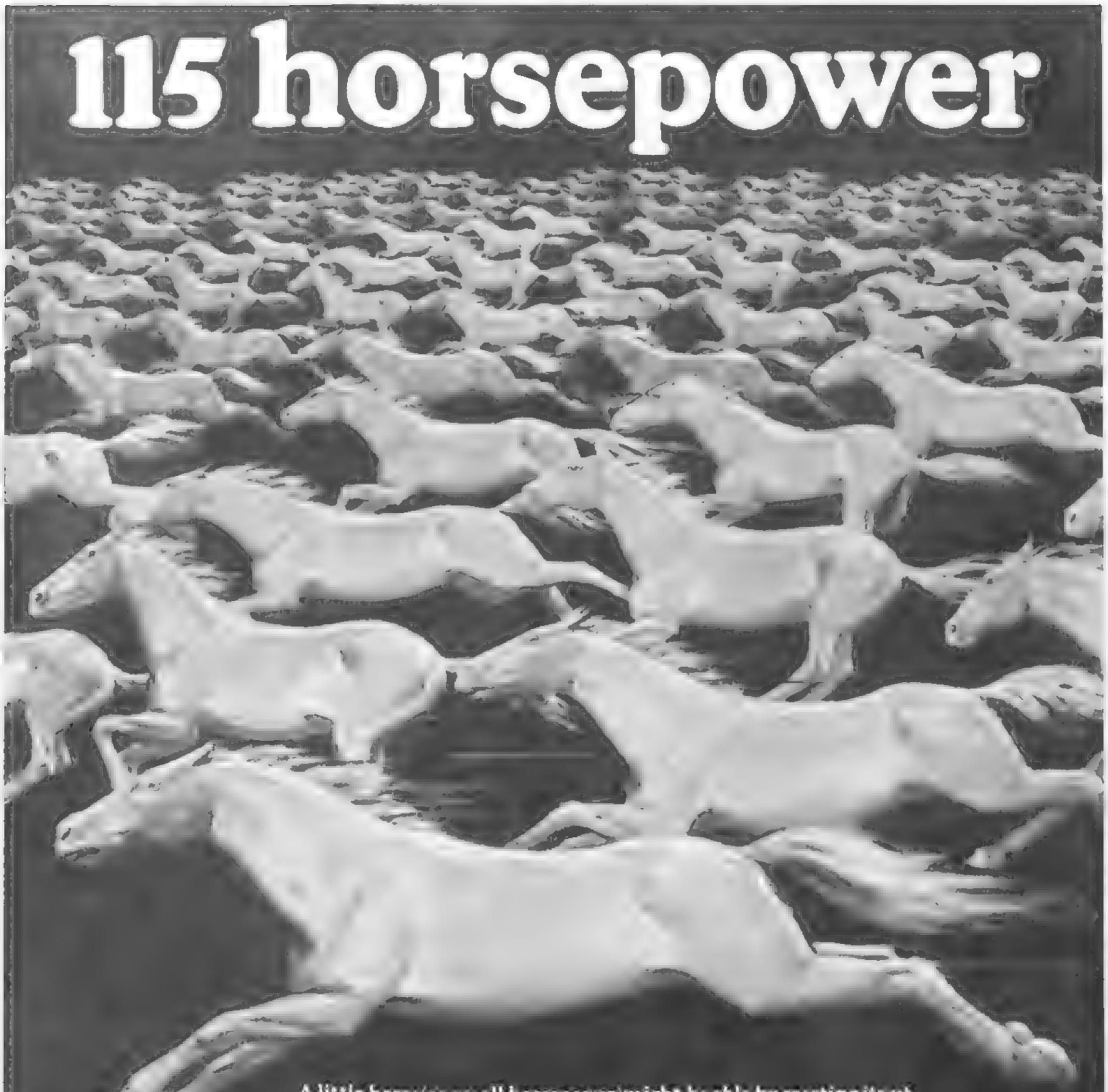
"Speaking generally, servants of today are more intelligent and better trained than they were ten or even five years ago, with the exception of butlers, who have always been a highly specialized class. The reason for this superiority is twofold. First, we are now receiving a more intelligent class of immigrants; and second, these northern people take naturally to American conditions and have a decided flair for housekeeping. They arrive in this country raw and inexperienced, and at first they take a shot at industry; but the low wages and the difficulty of feeding, lodging and clothing themselves in decency soon causes them to give it up in favor of domestic service.

"Another factor has operated to ameliorate the lives of servants in America—prohibition. For, regardless of what one believes personally about prohibition, it must be said that it has done a great deal for the servant class. In the questionnaires which my clients fill out when a servant leaves, only one in five hundred cases gave intoxication as a cause for dismissal—one in five hundred! The questionnaires in the old days told a mighty different tale! All employment agents remember the long lines of "accident" culprits which used to face us on Monday mornings regularly as the day came round. The younger generation of servants care almost nothing about drink, while the older generation often had the habit. Now girls take their pleasure in going to the movies or to dances; they have easier hours and more diversions; but with the older generation of servants, what with bleak rooms, long hours and lack of normal recreation, there was nothing to do but sit around and tipple with their cronies.

"Summing up the situation, I should like to say that the servant problem—save in the matter of wages, which for the average trained maid will tend gradually to become stabilized around sixty dollars—has decided elements of good cheer. The servant of the 1928 model is more intelligent and better trained than her sister of yesterday; the social stigma is being eliminated slowly but surely, thanks largely to the liberty-loving younger generation, and the servant of today is more of an individual and less of a slave.

"Never in the history of the world have servants' wages, hours and living conditions been better than they are today in America. We have been passing through a transition period, but now we are beginning to see our way out of the woods; rules and regulations such as prevail in industry are beginning to find a foothold and a higher grade of human material is entering this branch of service. The servant of tomorrow, with superior living conditions, superior wages and superior intelligence, should be a decided asset to himself, to his employer and to the community."

115 horsepower



A little horse (or small horsepower) might be able by exerting its utmost to pull a big load. But it would not continue to pull it day after day without breaking under the strain. It is the abundance of reserve under the Auburn hood (that costs no more to operate) that not only gives better and greater performance, but more important, meets all requirements without strain or undue depreciation.

115 HORSEPOWER STRAIGHT EIGHT

AUBURN

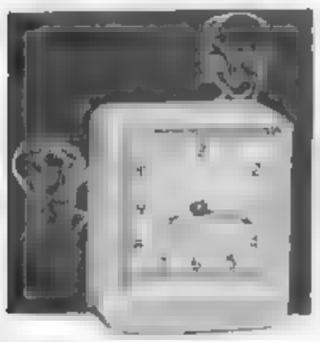
POWERED BY LYCOMING

76 Sedan $1395; 76 Sport Sedan $1295; 76 Roadster $1195; 88 Sedan $1695; 88 Sport Sedan $1595; 88 Roadster $1495; 88 Speedster $1695; 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895; 115 Sedan $2195; 115 Sport Sedan $2095; 115 Roadster $1995; 115 Speedster $2195; 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

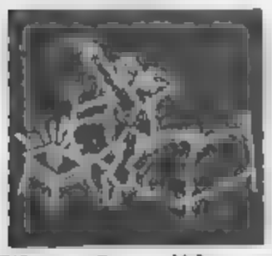
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Square Boss is the largest of the three Ansonia Squareclox.
A solid citizen...honest brass throughout...over 5 in. tall.

Square Owl, stands squarely at 4 inches and tells time at night with its radium dial.



Square Rascal, under 3 inches high, a favorite with the ladies.



These fine all brass alarms, at jewelers', hardware, drug and department stores. Your choice $3.50

SQUARECLOX

FINE **ANSONIA** ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS	SQUARE OWL . . .	SQUARE RASCAL
Over 5 in. high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.	about 4 inches high, fine brass case, black faced, radium dial.	. . . Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want)
Square Boss ☐ Square Owl ☐ Square Rascal ☐

Name

Address

SMALL-TOWN PAPERS

(Continued from Page 17)

explained it to me. "You notice that I said publisher. That means that he is a business man. He may or may not be also an editor or a printer, or both, but the emphasis is on the business end. Most of us are our own editors as well as publishers, and there are still a good many who began as printers and will always be printers at heart. But publishing a country paper of today is definitely a business, and a very profitable business."

There were country publishers from every part of the United States at this meeting, as well as representatives of business concerns having merchandise to sell to country papers. Between listening to the discussions in the committee and the conversation around the luncheon table, where Bert Mills brought a dozen other good fellows together, I discovered that my former ideas about country papers were based upon conditions which are as extinct as the passenger pigeon.

Much of the picturesqueness and glamour which surrounded the old-time country editor and his shop have disappeared, to be replaced by modern efficiency. There are still occasional pioneers, penetrating into new fields with the vanguard of civilization, to set up their presses and preëmpt the field in advance of population; but these are rare instances on the few remaining frontiers, and even in such cases, subscribers, advertisers and profits follow faster than B. Franklin Simms, my old boss, ever dreamed of.

A California editor told us of a man in his own state, F. I. Drexler, who took a pioneering chance less than five years ago.

"I don't know how much capital he had," said the California man, "but it wasn't much. He bought a little paper, the Free Press, at Riverdale. Riverdale has a census population of 264; it's just a wide place in the road. After Drexler had made his first payment he had just $150 left, he told me. But he made the paper pay, and since then he's started two others, each in a village of less than 250 people. I don't know what he's worth, but he's always paid his bills and wages promptly, kept his children in the best schools, owns two automobiles and two printing plants, all paid for, besides some real estate, and has a cash surplus in the bank."

Of Local Interest

A Florida delegate matched that with the story of Howard Sharp's Everglades News.

"I don't think there are as many as 250 people in the town of Canal Point, on Lake Okeechobee, where Sharp started the News a few years ago," he said; "but today the News has about 1500 circulation, which is higher than the national average of country weeklies, and it covers its local field exclusively and intensively. Anybody who wants to know what is happening in Washington or Russia, or whether Lindbergh made another flight yesterday, can subscribe to some city daily; but the city daily can't give the space to tell how many acres of muck land each farmer in the Everglades has under cultivation, how many cars of beans were shipped during the week, and the rest of the intimate, personal, local news, which is what the people living there really want to know."

That is the secret of the success of the country newspaper, just as it always has been—the ability to give its readers news about themselves which the city paper, no matter how near by it may be published, cannot possibly give them. Instead of trying to compete with the daily papers, the country editors of today are leaving the fields of national and international news to the dailies—even state news to a large extent—and concentrating on the news of their own counties or circulation territory. The country weekly in the old days had to print a good deal of general news because its readers were out of range of the dailies. Now the dailies penetrate everywhere, but, paradoxically, the country newspapers are more flourishing than ever before.

In Greenfield, Massachusetts, for example, a town of 15,000, there is a substantial daily paper; but there is also the Greenfield Gazette, which has been published as a weekly for 135 years. The Gazette has forty correspondents, one in every town in Franklin County, two in some towns, and there isn't a farmer in the territory who can paint his barn or buy a new flivver without the news of it getting into the Gazette. The result is a circulation above 5000.

Educating the Local Merchant

The Independent-Reporter of Skowhegan, Maine, has more than 4500 subscribers, an advertising revenue of some $21,000 last year, and half as much besides from subscriptions, and the editor wouldn't change places with the editor of any daily paper in the country.

Those figures of income surprised me when one of the New England men at the luncheon table quoted them.

"They're not especially high," said the vice president of one of the national country-paper organizations. "Higher than the average, but I could give you hundreds of examples of country weeklies with bigger incomes. Our organization has been trying to find out which weekly carried the largest volume of advertising for the past year. The highest figures we have got so far are from the Times-Record of Spencer, West Virginia, which ran 71,333 inches during the year. Their rate is low for a circulation of above 5000, only 32 cents an inch, but that gives them an advertising revenue of more than $22,500. I could name fifty country weeklies offhand which regularly carry from 40,000 to 60,000 inches of advertising annually, at rates from 30 to 50 cents an inch."

"Maybe you'll believe me now," suggested Bert Mills. I was ready to believe anything. But I was curious to know where all this advertising came from.

"Perhaps 5 per cent of it is national advertising—foreign business, as we call it," explained the head of an agency which serves some 9000 country weeklies. "The rest of it is local advertising, by local merchants to local people. Mighty little of it is mail-order advertising; most of the foreign business is of commodities which are handled by local merchants and is what is known as institutional advertising. And the foreign advertiser pays as high a rate as the local merchant, or higher in many cases."

"You can buy space in daily newspapers at a great variety of rates," put in an editor from Oklahoma, "depending upon the amount of space used, the number of insertions in a given time, and other considerations. The tendency in the country press is toward a flat rate per inch for everybody, no matter how large the advertisement or how often it runs. That is one of the things our state and national editorial associations have been educating our members to."

"There must have been some effective educational efforts among local merchants too," I suggested, remembering old Otto Muncaster's six barrels of lime.

"That, of course," replied the Oklahoma man; "but how the small-town business men have learned that lesson! Never heard of Bob Mooney, did you? His store is in an Oklahoma town which had 906 population the last time they took the census; but Bob does $2,000,000 a year in business, all from advertising in the country weeklies around his part of the state.

"What has happened in this country since the war is that business everywhere is done in the same way and in the same commodities," he went on. "There is no longer any great difference between the city markets and the country markets except in the volume of business done in a given area. The only differences now are of degree, not of kind. Country folk buy the same things city folk buy; country merchants carry the same lines you can find in State Street or Fifth Avenue. And the country newspaper presents the story of the country merchant to its readers in the same way the city papers do.

"We who publish country newspapers are the beneficiaries of a new nationalization of interests, of a drawing together of all the people until there is no longer any sharp distinction in appearance, dress, manners, business methods and habits of thought between the people who live in the small towns and on the farms and those who live in the big cities."

Down on the Farm

"Yeah, they bob their hair and roll their stockings out on the farm now just as they do in town," drawled an editor from Maryland. "I've got a paper down on the Eastern Shore—been running sixty-five years or more. We used to carry advertising of fertilizers and mules, with a couple of standing half pages from the general stores. Here's a copy of my latest issue; look it over."

I looked. They still use mules on the Eastern Shore. Rhoda and Tobe, Kate and Dolly and a dozen other teams of mules were advertised for sale; also fertilizer, seed potatoes and other essentially agricultural commodities. No question about it, this was a rural paper. But the biggest advertisements were of the Centerville department stores and drug stores. Silk stockings and bathing suits—for the farmers' wives and daughters! Golf knickers, a big display advertisement offering special bargains in that truly rural commodity!

"Preserve your youthful beauty," a drug-store advertisement exhorted the farm women, listing a sale of lotions and face creams including—whisper!—rouge and lipsticks. And automobiles. Not only trucks and flivvers but high-grade cars, half a dozen makes.

"And that's typical," said an Illinois editor who had been looking over my shoulder. "We're making a drive in our paper now for a county golf course. I live in a dairy country, and our farmers don't take enough time off to play, and neither do our business men. You'd be surprised at the interest there is in golf, especially among the younger farmers."

"I've got some figures here that will interest all of you," the advertising-agency man put in. "It took some work to get them together, because the census doesn't help us much. The Government classes all communities of 2500 or more as urban, which is misleading. For the study of the country newspapers' field of activities we take 5000 population as the maximum unit of a rural community—a village or town. That's too small to be a city, too small to support a daily newspaper.

"There are now 11,500 weekly newspapers published in 8000 villages of 5000 or smaller population. That is a reduction of about 3500 from the maximum of 15,000

(Continued on Page 44)

JOHNS-MANVILLE MASTER OF ASBESTOS

Asbestos Roofs—too

The skill which weaves marvelous asbestos rock fibers into brake lining safeguards life and property through many other ingenious uses of asbestos. Among these are Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, fireproof, colorful, stylish roofing. Use them for your present home or for your new house. In either case, these shingles will never have to be replaced.

Brake Lining IS important!!!

In this tough Asbestos Fabric are years of *safe* driving

Your own property, your car, or perhaps your life is the stake you put up when you take chances with cheap brake lining on your car.

Look at this sturdy strip of Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It is strong with the strength of the *rock* from which it is woven. It is fashioned from tough, burn-proof asbestos. Neither water nor oil can affect it. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it grips with unfailing firmness. It assures you absolute control of your car.

Brake lining, first of all, should be of asbestos. Johns-Manville, world master of asbestos, knows how to use this remarkable substance. Johns-Manville Brake Lining was not made to sell at a price, nor to look pretty, nor to meet theories. It was made to stop automobiles when and where they should be stopped, *to control their speed on hills or curves—to do these things steadily, regularly, month after month.*

So well has this aim been met that you can have Johns-Manville Heavy Duty Brake Lining put on your passenger car and then forget brake lining.

Johns-Manville Brake Lining can be obtained for you by any garage. Insist on having it when your brakes need relining. Any garage man can always get it for you. It costs only a trifle more than the cheapest. The final cost of cheap brake lining may be a fearful one.

Long Fiber Asbestos

Johns-Manville Brake Lining is woven only from long fiber asbestos, taken from mines owned and operated by us. The long, tough fibers assure strength and uniform wearing. They provide an advantage similar to the familiar superiority of woolen or cotton cloth woven from long fiber yarn.

World Authority

The Johns-Manville Corporation was the pioneer developer of asbestos. It is the world authority on everything made from asbestos. Johns-Manville made the first asbestos brake lining. Constant tests are made to keep Johns-Manville Brake Lining up to every advance in car building.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING & INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

Industry uses Johns-Manville products for many purposes. If you own, operate or manage a power plant, a manufacturing plant or a large building, write us about high pressure insulation, built-up roofing, flooring, refractory cements, packings scientifically designed.

Johns-Manville BRAKE SERVICE W. A. SMITH COMPANY

Have your Brakes repaired where you see this sign.

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

MEMORANDUM

February 25th—Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.

If relining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It will protect you for thousands of miles.

Look out! Wreckers at work!

THIS BODY BEING TORN DOWN BY

THOUGHTLESS HABITS

GREATEST HEALTH WRECKERS IN THE WORLD

A TUG AT A NERVE, a blow at heart or digestion—steadily, the work of destruction goes on. Yet so quietly the victim seldom knows it—until his health crashes. Then, *too late*, he realizes how Thoughtless Habits—little daily infractions of Nature's laws of living—have been tearing him down.

You can guess the chief of these Thoughtless Habits. Failure to exercise regularly. Getting too little sleep. Eating, not wisely, but too well. Harassing the system with caffein.

This last *may* seem justifiable. Caffein, you may feel, "picks you up", gives you "new energy".

Actually, caffein deadens the warning signal of fatigue—whips up the nerves—repels sleep—drives the brain on when every natural impulse is crying for rest. The "new energy" is stolen from the body's precious reserve store—stolen and never paid back.

Stop this waste!

It's all so needless! You can eliminate caffein from your diet and still enjoy a hot drink at mealtime. Millions have proved it—*with Postum!*

For here is a drink hot, wholesome, satisfying. A drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran—*not a trace of caffein in it!* A drink with a zestful flavor millions prefer to that of any other drink.

Give Postum a chance to safeguard your health against artificial stimulants! Make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. See what a difference it makes in the way you feel, in the way you look. Then decide if you will ever go back to caffein!

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.—S. E. P.—2-25

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

☐ Instant Postum
☐ Postum Cereal (which you prefer)
prepared by boiling

Name

Street

City State

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 42)

which was reached about 1910. The reduction has come about for two main reasons; first, the growth of some towns into daily-paper size, but principally from the consolidation of competing papers, making one prosperous paper where two or three were struggling for existence. The time has passed when the country weekly was chiefly a political organ, which has made this process of consolidation easier.

"The total circulation of these 11,500 country weeklies is about 9,500,000, an average of a little under 1000 copies each. That doesn't sound like much to a New Yorker, accustomed to circulation figures in the hundreds of thousands. But there are only about 600 dailies in the United States which have as many as 10,000 circulation, and the whole list of dailies circulates only about 33,000,000.

"It doesn't take a large circulation to make a country weekly profitable. Bert Mills and some of the rest of you chaps here are the magnates of the business. Remember that an income, net, of $3000 a year in a village of 500 population is a whole lot of money; it's the equal of at least $10,000 a year in Chicago or New York, in what it will enable a man to do for himself and his family. It's a whole lot more than the average man in the same-sized town makes; as much, I should say, as anybody else in town is likely to make, including the banker and the general merchant. And I don't think I'm far wrong when I put $3000 a year as pretty nearly the minimum net profit for country weeklies, with the average closer to $5000. If I'm wrong somebody correct me."

"Sounds all right to me," said an Iowa editor who had been doing nothing but listen. "I personally know at least fifteen country publishers in Iowa who make more than $5000 a year from their papers. It's a poor paper—or, rather, a poor editor, who can't earn 20 per cent a year on his investment in this business, and I guess our average plant investment runs nearer $20,000 than it does $15,000."

"That will come pretty close to it," said one of the others, who turned out to be the representative of a concern carrying a general line of printing-office machinery. "Take the main items and check me up. First is the typesetting machine, a line caster just like the big city papers use. Mighty few country papers haven't got one machine, many have two; the average is about one and a quarter. Three thousand dollars is cheap for a typesetting machine; the $4000 ones are more in demand. So put it at $4000 per paper as the average of that item."

Since Ben Franklin's Day

"Then there's the press. There may be, somewhere in the United States, a newspaper still being produced on a hand press, but I don't know where it is. If I did I'd hunt up the editor and sell him a power press. The old-time country paper could be, and often was, printed a page at a time on an Army press that cost $60. More of them used the Washington hand press, invented by Ben Franklin, which cost $300 to $500 and printed two or four pages at a time. Then the cylinder press came in, with a boy to turn the crank while another fed the sheets, or a little steam engine to turn the press over. But all those are obsolete now. The two-revolution press is the minimum, and from that up to the flat-bed perfecting press, printing from the roll. These types of presses cost from $2500 to $20,000; I think a fair average here is another $5000.

"There we have $9,000 in only the two main items of the plant. But we've got to put in hand type and cases for the ads, imposing stones, chases, a folder, a motor for the press and another for the machine, and all the rest of the necessary equipment, including stereotyping machinery in many instances. Certainly there's another $4000 there. That makes an average investment of $13,000 exclusive of building. More country publishers own their buildings than rent, and $2500 is surely not too high for an average figure of the value of the building, counting in those who don't own their own.

"Yes, I agree with our friend from Iowa that the average investment in country weeklies runs well above $15,000, and it is increasing all the time."

The advertising-agency man had been teetering on the edge of his chair, eager to pick up the conversation again.

"Let me give you some more figures," he insisted. "You're wondering where the country editors get the money to invest in their plants, and where their profits come from. Here are some government statistics: There are nearly 60,000,000 people—more than half the population of the United States—who live in these small towns or in the country around them. There are still 27,000,000 on the farms, although 500,000 farmer families have moved to town since June, 1926. But where did they move to? To the big cities? Don't think it; they moved to the small towns, where they are still readers of the country weeklies."

Where the Profit Lies

"And these 60,000,000 people, instead of being the poorest part of our population, are pretty nearly the richest, on the average. There aren't many millionaires among them, but they'll average a higher cash income per family than the big cities average. Here's a survey of Edgar County, Illinois, which shows an average cash income per family of $2500 a year, in addition to free rent for most of them and a large part of their food supply for many of them. That's a big income when you consider how small the living expenses are in rural communities.

"Here's another survey, made by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in July, 1927, of towns under 5000 population—the exact territory we are talking about. It shows that in these towns there are 127,885 families owning phonographs, 104,410 with pianos and 68,460 with radio sets.

"Here are some more government figures, from the Department of Agriculture: The farmers of the United States—those 27,000,000 men, women and children—spend $6,000,000,000 every year for manufactured goods; they earn one-sixth of the national income, own one-fifth of the national wealth and pay one-fifth of the cost of running the national and state governments.

"They buy everything. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce reports that they buy the majority of all motor-trucks, more than 60 per cent of all automobiles and, naturally, nearly all the tractors. A survey by the electric-appliance industries of 750 small towns showed that 85 per cent of the homes were wired for electricity. That's a higher proportion than in some good-sized cities. The people who live in these towns and in the near-by farmhouses which also have electric current are customers for every sort of electric equipment.

"Those are the folk who make the modern country newspaper possible and profitable."

I wanted to know just how they did make money. Does the modern country newspaper publisher keep accounts like a business man, or does he just guess at his profits, as the old-timers used to do—and usually guessed wrong?

"That's one of the things we are doing in our state and regional press associations," said the Iowa man. "Teaching the country editor how to figure his costs and base his advertising and subscription rates upon them is one of the important items in the work of our organizations. Too many of them are still guessing at costs. In fact, the former president of the National Editorial Association, Herman Roe, recently said that accounting was the weakest spot in the whole rural newspaper field."

(Continued on Page 46)

Allen A
Hosiery
for men, women and children

What Movie Stars *Discovered*

About Shapeliness
of Ankle and Leg
by wearing a certain type
of hosiery

Scene from "The Flying Nut," new FBO release, featuring Patsy Ruth Miller

"The same [illegible] that Allen A Hosiery [illegible] Miss [illegible] and other New York [illegible] always wear [illegible] where Prices [illegible]

PATSY RUTH MILLER

*has found in this chic style a hose that combines very smart looks with exceptionally long wear**

It is now a well-known fact among movie stars and directors, that hosiery can make an almost unbelievable difference in the appearance of ankle and leg. Countless camera tests have proved this.

That is why you will find a certain type of hosiery worn almost exclusively by such celebrities of the screen as Patsy Ruth Miller, Billie Dove, Joan Crawford and Dolores del Rio. A type of hosiery which accentuates the natural shapeliness of their ankles and legs.

Miss Miller has found in this chic Allen-A style a hose that is both beautifying and very long wearing. It is a crystal-clear weave of selected Service Sheer silk. Full-fashioned to caress the ankle and knee for a charming effect.*

The foot is made of very fine mercerized lisle. Reinforced at the heel, sole and toe. It seems to wear "forever."

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3760. If you prefer a Chiffon Weight, ask for style number—3780. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles, simply send us his name —a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Allen-A
Hosiery

Announcing
the new
IVER JOHNSON

Double Barrel

Supertrap

ANOTHER winner by Iver Johnson! A glare-proof, air-cooled Hammerless Double Barrel Trap Gun at a moderate price, with features found only in much more expensive guns. The improved straightline ventilated rib breaks up heat waves, and makes for clear vision and accurate shooting. The Beaver Tail Forend blankets both barrels and protects fingers from heat. D & E fastener. Selective type automatic ejector throws out exploded shells when you open the gun—one if you have fired one barrel, both if you have fired both barrels.

Equipped with two Lyman Ivory Sights, Anti-Flinch Recoil Pad, and Full Pistol Grip Rubber Capped, to insure easy, accurate shooting. Has Automatic Safety. 12-gauge, 32-inch barrels, full choke. Stock and forend of handsome selected walnut, finely hand checkered and polished. Perfect for shooting ducks, geese and other wild game as well as for trap shooting.

For those who prefer a Single Barrel Trap Gun—

The IVER JOHNSON SPECIAL TRAP Single Barrel Shot Gun is the best buy in the single barrel class Has Matted Raised Ventilated Rib which breaks heat waves and prevents glare. Large Trap Style Forend gives firm hand-hold, and protects fingers from hot barrel. Barrel and lug forged in one.

Write for FREE Catalogs

Catalog "A" gives complete details of all Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns as well as the famous "Hammer the Hammer" Safety Revolvers.

Color Catalog "B" shows the complete line of Iver Johnson Bicycles for men, women, boys and girls—also Velocipedes and Juniorcycles for little children.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 44)

"I was at the meeting when Roe said that," put in Bert Mills. "He asked for estimates of the cost of producing a six-column, eight-page paper, 2000 copies. Would you fellows believe that those estimates ran all the way from $75 to $300? The men who were publishing the papers didn't know, most of them, what it cost them. How are you going to sell advertising space at a fair price if you can't prove to the advertiser that it is a fair price? And you can't prove that unless you know what it costs you.

"I think I've got the costs pretty well worked out in the Gazette plant, but it took my older boy, fresh from college, to show me where I had omitted a lot of items in my old way of figuring. Now we charge up to costs not only the wages paid and material used but a rental by the week for each machine, high enough to cover depreciation and interest on the investment, a fair rent for the building and everything else we can think of in the way of expense, including my own salary, and then we add a profit at an arbitrary figure on top of all that, to be safe.

"I run a sixteen-page, six-column paper, and print a little more than 3000 copies every week. I average about 1000 inches of advertising each issue. Figured the way I've just described, it costs about $446 an issue to produce. I get 40 cents an inch for advertising space, or about $400 an issue. That may look as if the Gazette were headed for bankruptcy, but that apparent loss of $46 a week is offset, first, by the 25 per cent profit which has been figured into the costs all along the line, so that on advertising alone there is a profit in getting out the paper of $65.50 a week. I draw a salary of $60 a week, which is included in the costs. Those two items come to $6500 a year, and the subscription revenue runs another $7500. The interest on the investment, charged also into costs, brings my profits above $15,000 a year, without counting legal advertising, sale of extra copies and such items."

I was pretty well convinced by this time on every point but one.

"I'd hate to try to borrow money at the bank on the strength of that subscription revenue," I suggested.

A Local Necessity

There was a chorus of laughter from the entire group around the luncheon table.

"Try to subscribe to an up-to-date country weekly without paying cash in advance and see what you get," said one of them. "The Cash-in-Advance Club is one of our strongest and most popular organizations. It has taken a good deal of educational effort, both with subscribers and with publishers, to establish the principle of paid-in-advance subscriptions, and there are a good many papers still which do not enforce it very strictly. But I should say that a clear majority of the country weeklies now get their money from subscribers promptly, both for original subscriptions and for renewals. The modern farmer has not the aversion to paying out cash that his granddad had. He has the cash to pay, for one thing, and he buys machinery and other things for cash, so that it seems natural to him to pay for his paper in cash. And while we think of the old-time editor as taking apples or cordwood for subscriptions, we've found some papers, in the course of our association investigations, which have always enforced the cash-in-advance rule. There's the Southern Standard, for example, which has been published at McMinnville, Tennessee, since 1879 without a break, and which has never sent a copy to a subscriber who wasn't paid up for a year ahead. They get somewhat less than the prevailing rate of $2.50 a year, or five cents a copy, which is now almost the standard rate all over the country and which gives the publisher a run for his money."

"The whole trick is to make the paper so useful and interesting to the local readers that they can't get along without it," said Bert Mills.

"Like the Star Clipper," agreed the man from Iowa. "That's the prize-winning country weekly for 1927-28. One of the things which the National Editorial Association does every summer is to award a prize to the best country weekly. Bert, here, got it one year. Until the 1928 convention, next summer, it's held by a paper out in my state, in a town you probably never heard of, called Traer, in Tama County, Iowa. And what makes it the best weekly paper in the United States, as it has a right to call itself, is the fact that it is so full of local news about local people and events that everybody in its territory just has to read it. Traer has a population of 1329, but the Star Clipper has a circulation of 3575—and all paid in advance at two dollars a year. When the N. E. A. committee checked up its circulation it was found that in thirteen townships in the county nine out of every ten farmers were subscribers. Three townships showed 100 per cent subscriptions."

Spurs to Better Papers

"That's a real record," said Bert Mills. "They give another award every year, too, for the paper with the best editorial page. It is an upstate New York paper that holds that this year—Jacob Strong's Rhinebeck Gazette. Most of us don't go in very strongly for editorial comment, but the Gazette speaks right out in meeting about matters of local interest, and has a great influence in Dutchess County."

"I think there's a decided tendency toward stronger editorial expression, as well as toward constructive community service, among country weeklies generally," added the editor from Oklahoma. "That last is another matter which the National Editorial Association is encouraging. At its last convention the association gave a prize to the Clinton County Republican-News, published at St. Johns, Michigan, for the greatest community service, in recognition of its campaigns to raise money for a county hospital, for fireproof vaults for the courthouse and for tuberculosis tests of cattle in the county.

Awards like those, and the others which the association gives annually, are doing a great deal to stimulate country editors to produce better papers. The Brookings Register, in South Dakota, for example, holds the current award for the best front page. That puts the Eastern publishers on their mettle; but it was an Eastern paper, the Graphic, of Newton, Massachusetts, which won first prize in the association's advertising contest, while the News, of Montevideo, Minnesota, took first place as an example of good newspaper production."

These awards are powerful influences for the betterment of the country press, the others agreed, but two or three spoke simultaneously of the schools of journalism as perhaps the most potent factor of all in the progress of the small-town weeklies.

"You didn't think that all this flock of boys and girls who are being graduated every year from the schools of journalism were getting city jobs, did you?" asked Bert Mills as I expressed surprise. "I don't know just how many there are—somewhere between thirty-five and fifty universities, I believe—which have full-fledged journalism schools. I noticed that Prof. Willard Bleyer, dean of the Wisconsin University school, said the other day that there were more jobs than there are graduates to fill them, and I believe he's right. And many of these schools are concentrating on the problem of the small-town weekly rather than on the daily press. Indiana State, for example, pays almost no attention to daily journalism, but when a boy or girl is graduated there he or she can always find a job on a country weekly. It won't be long now, perhaps in our own time, when the country editor who is not a university graduate will be as rare a bird as the old-time tramp printer is today."

That turned the talk to the modern counterpart of the tramp printer, the real journeyman who drifted from town to town and was the main reliance of the old-fashioned country editor. The machine operator—usually a machinist as well as an operator and often an all-round printer as well—has taken his place, they told me. And "he" is often as not a "she." Gone are the whisky bottle and the corncob pipe, the ribald jest and the odoriferous spittoon which made the old-time country newspaper shop so picturesque and glamorous. It is a ladylike boudoir nowadays by comparison. It was a Nebraska linotype operator, on the Cook Courier, who was crowned Queen of the Johnson County Fair last fall! No tramp printer ever achieved anything like that.

"Gentlemen," I said when we had got that far, "you have been breaking my heart by degrees ever since we forgathered. You have knocked my lifelong illusions into a cocked hat. You have thrown romance into the hellbox, as it were. You have turned what was once a glorious, irresponsible adventure into a sordid, commercial, efficient, prosperous, money-making business. I can survive those revelations, as I have survived the discovery that Santa Claus and the type louse alike are myths. But do not shatter my last remaining link with the romantic memories of rural journalism as I knew it in my youth. Do not, I beg of you, do not tell me that the patent inside is dead!"

The Patent Insides

My appeal moved them, though not precisely to tears. They hastened to assure me that the patent inside still lives. The patent inside and its younger brother, the boiler plate of beloved memory, are still stand-bys in country newspaper shops. Four or five thousand small-town weeklies still buy their paper stock printed on one side with a variety of news—features, pictures, fiction and the like, calculated to appeal to the rural reader—but with this main difference from the old days: That the editor has the privilege of selecting just what shall be furnished in his ready-print service instead of taking whatever the haughty magnates, who used to demand their money C. O. D. at the express office, choose to send him, advertisements and all. Or he can buy the same sort of material in boiler plate, column-wide stereotyped strips of type metal, pictures and reading matter, which he can put on his own press and print from. And 20 per cent or more of country weeklies now have their own stereotyping outfits, purchased or leased, with which they can cast their own plates from paper matrices furnished by advertisers or obtained from syndicates which supply not only editorial features, comics, cartoons, fashion and sport services, among others, but also well-designed advertising drawings and borders to enable the country newspaper to give its local merchants as attractive advertising display as one can find in the city papers.

Such coöperative services make it easier than ever for the ambitious young man to establish a creditable country paper on small capital. Credit for equipment is extremely liberal; the country editor is no longer a financial pariah. Country papers are still started on shoestrings, without a printing plant at all, getting the paper printed in the nearest good-sized town. If the editor-publisher is really in love with his job and is willing to hustle hard for local news and advertising, he has a better chance than ever to establish himself in a prosperous business, Bert Mills and the rest assured me. And the established country weekly today is so valuable and so profitable that B. Franklin Simms would turn over in his grave if he could hear how things have changed.

I guess that novelist is crazy like a fox.

RADIO IS BETTER WITH *BATTERY* POWER

cells make the Layerbilt last longest of all
EVEREADYS

This is the Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste space or materials between the cells; the longest lasting of all Evereadys.

UNTIL the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery was invented, the one-and-one-half-volt cylindrical flashlight dry cell was the unit of construction. Fifteen of these cells connected in series and sealed in a package make a 22½-volt "B" Battery, and 30 of them make a 45-volt battery.

The only way these cylindrical cells can be assembled in a box is to stand them side by side, connecting them electrically by soldered wires. This assembly unavoidably leaves open spaces between the cells. To hold the cells in place and prevent breaking the connecting wires, the spaces customarily are filled with pitch. Fully one-half of the cubic contents of such a battery is waste space.

To avoid these disadvantages of the cylindrical cell type of construction the Eveready Layerbilt was designed. In place of the round cell we invented and perfected a square-cornered, flat cell. Such cells packed tightly together make the Eveready Layerbilt solid as a brick, no wires to break. Moreover, the flat cells are more efficient—active materials produce more current when in the flat shape than the same quantity of materials produce in a cylindrical cell.

Illustrated at the right is the cylindrical cell type of "B" battery construction. Note the waste space between the cells.

For modern sets, use the Eveready Layerbilt, which contains these highly efficient, patented cells. This is the longest-lasting, most economical and convenient Eveready "B" Battery ever produced. Like all other Eveready Radio Batteries, it provides Battery Power, which is pure Direct Current, silent, uniform, the only kind of current that gets the best out of a radio set. The remarkable Eveready invention of the flat dry cell enables the Eveready Layerbilt to give you Battery Power for the longest time. When buying batteries, insist on the Eveready Layerbilt.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night
East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

On the Pacific Coast
8 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
-they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

Are you seeing the best pictures of 1928?

YOU *are*, if you are making it a point to see Paramount Pictures whenever you can. You *should*—leisure hours are much too precious to use on anything but the best in motion picture entertainment—and today Paramount Pictures are greater than ever before. As examples, we list below six outstanding titles. They belong on your "must" list and your Theatre Manager will be glad to tell you when you can see them. *"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town".*

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.

By Anita Loos. Hector Turnbull Production, directed by Malcolm St. Clair.

Starring Emil Jannings, with Evelyn Brent, William Powell. Josef von Sternberg Production. Story by Lajos Biro.

James Cruze Prod., with Wallace Beery, Geo. Bancroft, Chas. Farrell, Esther Ralston. By Laurence Stallings.

Al Christie-Edward Sutherland Production, with W. C. Fields, Chester Conklin, Louise Fazenda.

With Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. William Wellman Production, story by John Monk Saunders.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, *Pres.*

PARAMOUNT BUILDING
New York City

The Trade Mark Pictures of Romance

GREEN RAGS

(Continued from Page 9

an' you've put up time cards instead of wall paper. You'll be buyin' yourself a toy train for a Christmas present next."

"Ye've been misinformed," said Old Mac with dignity. "My Eleanore is a lassie an' 'tis an eddication an' a joy to her. 'Tis her one contack wi' the outside world. A farm is a lonely place, Mr. Patchbolt."

"Jimmie Ledbetter's kid?" asked T. P.

"The same," answered the old man.

"I was ridin' with him when it happened," said T. P. "He was a fine one. How old is she now?"

Old Mac started off. He got his tonnage under way and it was five minutes before T. P. could shut him off.

"I'd like to see her," said the master mechanic.

"She'll be here at twelve noon if she holds to her schedule," said Old Mac. "'Twill be all right wi' me should you see her," he added, as one bestows a tremendous favor.

"Well," said T. P., "if she's in the office at noon I'll probably see her. You wait here if you want to. I've got to go out in the house. Even on Sundays these engineers don't give you no peace."

"I'll go with you," said Old Mac determinedly. "I might catch a roondhoose man at work."

"Why, all right," agreed the master mechanic.

They went out in the house. Old Mac made a bee line for a stall far down the line. T. P. looked after the figure vanishing around the curve of the pilots.

"Well," he remarked aloud, "now who would ever have thought it of that old hard-nose?"

The fat man finished his business and returned to the office. Twenty minutes later in marched Old Mac with a grim look on his face.

"You treat my engine rotten," he declared angrily.

"What?" asked T. P., half amused, half angry.

"My engine," went on Mac; "the left front wedge's all the way down."

"What engine you talkin' about?" demanded T. P., nearly laughing.

"My engine!" stated Mac. "My old engine—the 904—her front wedge's all the way down."

"That's George Truitt's engine," said T. P. "We haven't had a chance at her yet. We gotta couple hot shots ahead of her. Soon's we get 'em on the table I'll see that they get that wedge."

"You see if George Truitt wrote that wedge up," insisted Mac. "If he missed it I'll write one up for you."

T. P. laughed.

"You can't fill out a work report," he answered; "you're not in service now."

The old man began to sputter angrily.

T. P. hastened to add: "Now don't worry about that wedge. I'll see that they get it pulled up. Let's see if Truitt didn't report it." He took a handful of yellow work reports off the hook, ran through them rapidly. "Here you are: 'Engine 904, left front wedge pounding, nuts stripped, will not hold.' See?" He handed the work slip to Mac. "I'll see that they do a job on it; put on a new bolt if she needs it."

"This all he turned in on her?" demanded Mac, waving the work slip.

"I hope that's all," retorted the fat man.

"I noted," began Old Mac heavily, "from a verra casual inspection a telltale hole what was leakin', a windowpane what was busted out on the right-hand side, an' from ma experience I come to the conclusion that the valve-stem packin' was a-blowin' on the left side. I hae nae doubt in me mind but what she needs a washout. Gimme a work slip."

"Now listen, Mr. McIntosh," said T. P. reasonably, "if Truitt had wanted any other work done he would have shown it, and if he missed anything the inspector here will get it. That water boiler isn't due out of here for four hours; we'll get all that. Now forget about it."

"Mr. Patchbolt," said Old Mac majestically, "I come here today at much sacrifice, an' ye should bear in mind that Mr. Truitt is too young a man to know the proper treatment of a engine. A engine is a delicate piece of machinery. Ye're younger than me; ye should be ——"

"Now, see here," interrupted the fat man, "you know better than to ask to fill out a work slip. You know as well as I do that the only man that can fill out an engineer's work report is the engineer in charge of the engine. Hell's bells, man, George Truitt would turn fifteen handsprings if you turned in work on the 904!"

"'Tis most unreasonable!" declared Old Mac angrily. "Dinna ye realize he has carelessly overlooked yon defects?"

"See here, Mac!" protested T. P. "You know that if you were George Truitt you'd raise hell if another engineer turned in work on your hog. It's an insult. You lay off that engine."

Mac was glowering.

"Look here," went on the fat man, rising, "I'll show you my heart's in the right place. You come with me an' we'll go out to the 904, and whatever we find wrong I'll see to it personally that it gets fixed." He decided mentally, did T. P., that undoubtedly he must be losing his mind in humoring this old fool.

"I hae more trust in the written word," said Old Mac sullenly.

T. P. reassured him. The two men went out in the house. Mac showed the master mechanic the white mark under the telltale hole, the broken window in the cab, the marks made by the steam blowing on the motion work. T. P. agreed to make the necessary repairs. He promised faithfully to wash out the boiler.

Both men were in the geometrical and argumentative center of a wrangle over the proper use of boiler compound when a helper approached and said that Miss Eleanore was waiting for her father in the office. The two proceeded toward the office, squabbling.

As they entered the office Old Mac said: "Yer ignorance is appallin', man. . . . Hello, lassie. . . . Ye have no conception of yer ignorance. Ye sit in yer swivel chair an' tell a experienced engineer how to care for his water. Ye're fit to tutor a man in the use of a hammer an' chisel, an' ye should devote yer time to yer proper channels. Ye make for confusion."

"Daddy," said Eleanore meekly, "it's one o'clock and I'm nearly starved."

"This Jim's girl?" asked T. P.

"Aye," said Old Mac disagreeably.

T. P. extended a fat hand; Eleanore took it gravely.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he asked.

"But I do," answered the girl. "You were with daddy in the hospital." There was no sign of tears; just the statement that she remembered.

"I knew your father well," said T. P. "He was a fine man."

There was a pause. Old Mac cleared his throat vigorously. "Ye were speakin' of a snack, lassie," he growled. "We'd best be movin'."

"You come with us," said the young girl unexpectedly, laying her hand on T. P.'s arm.

The fat man shook with suppressed laughter. His little blue eyes were bright.

"Would you make that unanimous?" he asked pointedly of Mac.

The old engineer glowered. "I hae no objections," he growled.

"Of course I'll come," said T. P to Eleanore, "but you'll have to eat on me. I eat," he added caustically, "and I like cream in my coffee."

"You can have anything you want," declared Eleanore generously. "Can't he, daddy?"

"Hold thy tongue, lass," warned Old Mac. "You hae nae seen him eat yet."

"I'll buy the food, you old Indian," answered the fat man, reaching for his hat.

The three passed out the door, Old Mac protesting very feebly that he wanted to pay for the dinner. Eleanore was in the middle, a hand on each hardshell's arm. Whenever Old Mac would quit protesting about paying for the dinner, she would squeeze his arm. They came to the station.

"Let's eat here," said T. P.

"I've never eaten here," said Eleanore as though interested.

"That settles it," declared T. P.

They found a table and a bill of fare with dollar marks all over it. T. P. ordered like a combination glutton and heir to the Kimberley diamond mines; Mac promptly ceased his protests about paying the check. After they had eaten they sat around the table and talked until traintime. T. P. smoked the world's worst cigar and Old Mac a pipe that had been broken in with soft coal. When they parted, T. P. told Mac that he must come in whenever possible, and that he, T. P. Patchbolt himself, would see that the 904 remained the classiest hog on the division.

"Don't come," said T. P. in closing, "unless you bring my girl here along with you."

Eleanore thought T. P. was a knock-out.

"Don't you ever ride the local?" she asked.

"Not when I can get out of it," grinned the fat man.

"If you ever do," said the girl, "you stop off at Lodi and have dinner with us. We'll be so glad to see you, won't we, daddy?"

"Ye can come sometime," said Old Mac gruffly. Eleanore made a grab for his hand. "Ye must come sometime," said Old Mac, yielding.

In the months that followed, Old Mac emerged still further from the boiler-steel chrysalis that incased him, until he was not the same man at all. Eleanore was responsible—wholly responsible. She was a wonder for a fifteen-year-old kid. Every Sunday, rain or shine, Old Mac and the girl flagged the milk train; every Sunday he and T. P. squabbled over things that make for horse races and keep railroad men contented, and every Sunday at one o'clock T. P. bought the fodder. One Sunday about five months later, T. P. remarked that he was coming up to Lodi and collect a few free meals from Old Mac.

"I'll see that you're fed," said Old Mac.

"I don't want to be fed," retorted the master mechanic; "I want to eat."

"You can have all you want," promised Eleanore.

"My vacation starts Tuesday," declared T. P. "I'll pay you a week's visit if you'll promise me some fishin'."

"You'll never catch all the fish in our creek," boasted Eleanore. "You don't know what a good creek it is. Mr. Brady's the only man that's ever fished there except engineers and firemen. Daddy won't let anyone fish there except engineers and firemen and Mr. Brady."

"You gonna let me fish there?" demanded T. P.

"A-well," said Old Mac, "I mind it'll matter not at all. Ye'll not catch anything."

"Ho!" cried T. P. "I'll drain your lake, old man! I'll leave you nothin' but minnows. I'm a fisherman, I am. I got uh whole bathtub full uh tackle up to my room; every bait I got's been tested. I'll show you fishin' what's fishin'."

"Have ye ever caught a fishie?" asked Old Mac.

On Tuesday, T. P. arrived with two grips, six collapsible poles, four straight bamboo poles, nine miles of fishing line, and a gunny sack full of artificial lure. It took the conductor, the brakeman, the porter and a ten-minute delay to unload him.

(Continued on Page 51)

"The hot mass poured over my arm . ."

"I was working in a candy factory at Asbury Park. A large vat of hot candy, such as is used for making candied apples, was spilled over my hands and arms. I was rushed to a drug store nearby. The druggist applied Unguentine heavily. In an hour the pain was gone. A week or so later I removed the bandages. The burns were quite healed. I may add, *not a scar is left!*"

INDOORS or out, in town or country—at any moment the need may come: take no chances with even the slightest burn!

You can do as physicians do. At once, spread on Unguentine. Liberally. The pain stops. The tissues are protected, *terrible infection is prevented.* Healing is normal, quick—almost invariably without even a scar!

For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

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The standard surgical dressing in American hospitals

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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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SEDAN F.O.B. DETROIT

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

EVERYONE who sees The Victory is astonished at the price.

It seems inconceivable, even today, that an automobile possessing the luxurious charm and mechanical fineness of The Victory Six can be purchased at a price so moderate.

The car is superbly individual. There is nothing like it in the world, either in appearance or design.

It introduces more features that are new, and original and important, than any car since the early years of the industry.

The construction of the body and chassis as a unit—the elimination of body sills and body overhang, thus lowering the all-important center of gravity—the elimination of 330 parts and 175 needless pounds, are Victory features that even the non-mechanical recognize as vital and revolutionary.

Speed The Victory over clods and cobbles and compare its smoothness with the costliest.

Turn a sharp corner and note the astonishing absence of side-sway and skidding!

Press The Victory accelerator and experience a new sensation!

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

Continued from Page 49.

Said Old Mac, "If ye put all yer tricks an' foolers in the water simultaneously ye might catch a fishie."

T. P. devoted what remained of Tuesday to the tucking away of food and telling of his exploits with a rod and tackle. By all accounts the only two things that swam that he hadn't caught were whales and Gertrude Ederle. Old Mac and Eleanore and T. P. were to rise early Wednesday morning and walk over to the creek. Old Mac told Mrs. Mac to fix a steak for Wednesday-night supper.

They left before the sun was up, all three weighted down with tackle.

"When I fish," said T. P., "I fish."

They came to the creek and started operations on a grand scale. Half the hooks they set out were loaded with worms, half of them with the tested, artificial bait belonging to Mr. Patchbolt. At any rate, T. P. said they were tested.

"When I buy a lure," he explained, "I take it out and test it—I fish with it. If it catches a fish it's tested bait; if it don't catch no fish I throw it away. I didn't bring nothin' this time but tested bait; we'll need a wagon to get the fish home."

Old Mac had brought two straight poles. He took one, Eleanore took the other. T. P. finally got all his paraphernalia together, he set all his poles in a row about a foot apart.

"I'll either make a big haul," he said, "or I won't get nothin'."

Old Mac caught five fish; pulled them out one after another. T. P. hadn't even had a nibble. The fat man lit a cigar and leaned back and rested.

"When I fish," he explained, "I never let 'em know it."

Eleanore scrambled about, putting her pole down first one place, then another. She finally climbed a tree that slanted out over the water.

"Better be careful, lassie," called Old Mac.

Eleanore became bolder, went out on an overhanging limb. Directly beneath her was a great fallen trunk, half submerged, jagged with broken limbs, slimy and hard.

"I can see the fish from up here, daddy!" she called. "I see a big one. I think he's going to bite."

T. P. was across the bank from the girl, he saw the cork go under with a rush, he heard the girl's delighted squeal. Then the sound of a breaking branch, a choked cry of fear, a terrified shout from Old Mac. He saw the body of the girl falling, saw her strike the half-submerged tree trunk, heard the ugly sound that came when flesh and bone met hard and slimy wood.

The fat man hit the water like a falling bridge pier. He handed her out to Old Mac and they laid her in a cleared space. She moaned feebly. Old Mac was almost gibbering.

Said T. P.: "We can't help her here, Mac. We'd best take her to the house. You go ahead and get a doctor. I'll carry her in as easy as I can."

At the house the country doctor failed to revive the girl. He muttered of internal injuries—of serious injuries. He put a frightful name to it. She was bleeding internally, besides. If they were to save her she must be taken to the city—to Dallas, to the great clinic there. When was the next train, asked the doctor.

Mrs. Mac was not a flighty woman.

"Number 2's been on the passing track here for over an hour," she said. "They say something went wrong with the engine."

T. P. was out the door and running for the station. There she was all right, pulled down below the station on the passing track. A sixteen-car train—Number 2 all right. What in the name of sense could have happened to lay Number 2 out? He ran down the main line, passed the coaches, came to the engine—the 904.

The fireman was a young buck, the engineer was off the extra board—a promoted fireman.

"Where's Truitt?" demanded T. P. as he came up the gangway.

"Made his mileage on that detour last week," said the young engineer. "Fred and I were first off the board. I wish to God I'd been last!"

"What happened?"

"Stoker failed," said the engineer briefly, "and a flue opened up." He kicked the fire door open. "See."

"Flue bad?" asked T. P., peering into the fire box. The furnace was full of steam; you couldn't see the end of the fire box on account of the mist.

"Just the one," said the engineer. "second row, down near the fire, left side," and cursed.

T. P. looked at the steam gauge—less than sixty pounds. He looked at the water—less than a gauge. He looked in the fire box again, studied the fire. It was still a good fire. T. P. suddenly grabbed the fireman by the arm.

"Now listen to me, Fred!" he snarled. "I'm gonna plug that flue, see. Don't stare at me! I'm gonna plug it! Until I get back you and your buddy here are gonna keep a fire in her. You build that fire up! Get me! And you get some more water in her! Get me!" The engineer and fireman stared at each other. "You remember that!" shouted T. P. from the gangway. "Keep water in her and get her hot!"

He ran back toward the station, headed for the farmhouse. Mrs. Mac appeared at the door.

"Where d'ya keep your ax?" shouted T. P. He found the ax inside the door of the barn. He made for the double farm wagon that Old Mac owned, and with several stout strokes cut the tongue off close to the wagon. He said to Mrs. Mac, who had followed him:

"Tell Mac to bring Eleanore down to the first baggage car on Number 2. Tell him we'll take her in on 2, see? Tell him that when he gets there to come on up to the cab."

T. P. shouldered the wagon tongue, caught the ax in his right hand, started back for the train. A brakeman met him at the station, helped him with the load.

"Where to?" asked the shack.

"Up in the cab," said T. P.

They came to the 904.

"Give us a hand!" shouted T. P. To the brakeman he said, "Send the skipper up here."

They shoved the wagon tongue up the gangway and the engine crew pushed it back over the end of the tank. T. P. followed it up the gangway; the brakeman went after the conductor.

"What you gonna do with that thing?" demanded the engineer of the fat man.

"Now," said T. P., "if you do what you're told we'll have an even break here. You"—to the engineer—"sharpen that wagon tongue on the end so it'll enter the flue—taper it, see? You"—to the fireman—"go cut us loose from the second baggage car. Pull the pin."

The fireman stared at him. "G'wan!" shouted T. P.

The fireman slid down the gangway hastily. T. P. looked at the fire, grunted. He opened a gauge cock, grunted. He looked at the steam gauge, grunted for the third time. He opened the blower carefully, just a little; he threw in some coal very carefully.

"You boys didn't do a hell of a lot," he growled at the engineer.

"You were only gone a few minutes," he retorted. "What is all this about?"

The fireman came up the gangway, followed by the conductor.

T. P. explained hurriedly. The conductor was to ask permission to cut off the 904 and the first baggage car.

"We don't want no passengers on this trip," said T. P.

The conductor departed.

"Is she bad hurt?" asked the fireman.

"May die," said T. P. "Now listen. We're gonna plug this flue, savvy? We drive this wagon tongue into that flue; it'll burn off right now, see, but the end that plugs it will stay so wet from the leak that

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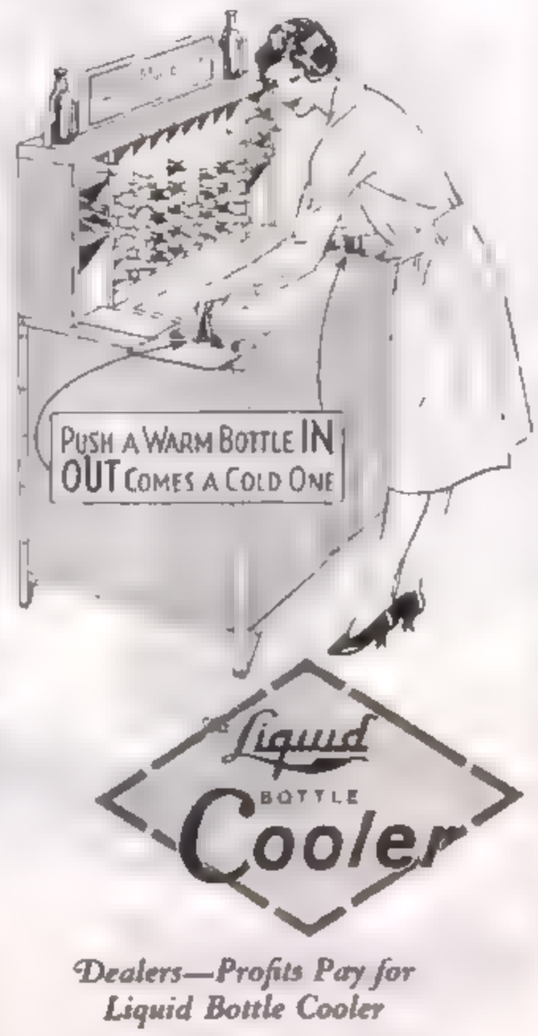

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it won't burn for a long time. We've got to do it. Help me run it up against the flue sheet; we'll see if it's long enough."

They ran the wagon tongue through the fire door; it failed to reach the flues. Apparently it was about a foot short.

"Here's hell!" said T. P. They pulled the wagon tongue out, shut off the blower. T. P. went to the gangway, called the brakeman: "Listen, old-timer!" he shouted. "Get some help and bring some old ties or planks or anything wood you can lay a hand to. Get some of these passengers; tell 'em it's an emergency.

"Now," said T. P. to the two men in the cab, "there's only one thing to do. I'm goin' in that fire box. We'll throw green coal up around the door sheet an' lay boards on top of it to stand on. You'll have to pull me out. Reckon you're man enough?"

"You're crazy," declared the fireman.

"Maybe," said T. P., squinting into the fire box.

"The devil himself wouldn't get in that fire box, Mr. Patchbolt," declared the engineer. "Let's dump the fire first."

"Haven't the time," answered the fat man.

Some boards and old ties came clattering up the gangway, lit on the apron. More followed. The fireman and the engineer talked in low voices as T. P. spread green coal up near the fire door.

"Mr. Patchbolt," said the engineer, "if somebody's got to go in there, it won't be you. We had the local last summer, Fred an' me, see? We know Eleanore too. We're young, you're old. It'll be one of us, not you."

"Who's old, you damn water heater?" demanded T. P. passionately.

"You are!" answered the engineer. "I think you're crazy besides, but if that hunk of wood will plug that flue we're the boys to put it there." He turned to the fireman. "You and me, Fred," he observed. "You call it."

The coin spun. "Tails!" cried the fireman.

The coin hit the wooden deck, spun, rolled, lay head up.

The engineer stuck the coin in his pocket.

"Gimme the line-up, Mr. Patchbolt," said the fireman.

"Give you hell!" said T. P. angrily.

"Just keep your shirt buttoned," said the engineer. "This is my engine, Mr. Patchbolt."

Old Mac had been in the cab for the past few minutes. T. P. turned to him.

"Did you ever see such a hoghead?" he complained bitterly.

"You're an old fool," said Mac.

T. P. was speechless from this last treachery. Finally he said: "All right—all right, have it your own way. Now listen. You"—speaking to the fireman—"soak your clothes in water. Tie a wet handkerchief over your face, tie wet rags—here's my shirt. . . . Give him yours, Mr. Engineer—around your feet. I'll be at the door here to help you. We'll lay these boards and old ties close up to the door for you to stand on, over the green coal. You fix your clothes; I'll lay these boards for you."

They shoved the heavy pieces of wood through the fire door. A hasty search brought forth a short-handled sledge. They cut four more feet off the unsharpened end of the wagon tongue to give the fireman a chance to sledge, to give him room to swing.

"When we open the blower," said T. P., "those boards are going to catch from the draft, and the coal, too, and you'll have to work fast as hell. If the fire box is cleared of steam so you can see the busted flue, you'll have a chance, but if she stays foggy, come on out. We'll try to move her and give her a little more draft. I think she'll move a little." They had about eighty pounds of steam now and almost a third of a gauge of water.

A locomotive fire box is exactly what the name signifies: A box with fire in it. In a roundhouse, in emergency cases, boiler makers—the hot men—sometimes enter them to calk a leak while the engine is hot. The word "hot" here means hot. To do this, the fire is dumped, the steam pressure is blown down to fifty or sixty pounds, planks are laid over the grates to stand on, and in they go. Also, gentle reader, out they come. They linger not at all.

In this instance, what T. P. wanted to do amounted not to an emergency action but to desperation. He wouldn't dump the fire; he didn't have time to dump the fire and build it up again. The man that went into that fire box went, not literally, but distinctively, into an inferno. The fire door was the gate to hell.

With the blower on and with the engine working steam, the draft created made the feat possible. Primarily because this draft cleared the fire box of smoke and steam and mist, and a man could see the flue sheet and the leaky flue. Then, too, the draft brought cold air through the fire door directly on the man inside. It must not be misunderstood; the job was not practicable, it was only possible. If the fireman slipped on the green coal he would make the fire burn a little brighter; he certainly wouldn't come out the way he went in. If he passed out from the heat all the locomotives in the Chicago Belt couldn't get him out alive. The fireman knew all this.

It was a job that took seconds, yet lasted an eternity. No boiler maker would ever admit that it could be done, yet this fireman, this tallow pot, this water heater, slid through the fire door with the steam rising in a stink from his clothing; he stood inside the inferno with one foot on an oak tie and the other on a pine board while the shirting that incased his feet turned to ashes; he took the wagon tongue that slid through the rim of the fire door and as methodically as if it were the run of the day's work, he fitted the end of that tongue in the broken flue; he held the end of the tongue steady with one hand while he reached behind him to grasp the sledge; he tapped the tongue lightly to start it and to hold it; and then, to the tune of a weak and muffled exhaust, he drove the peg home with six smashing, double-handed blows.

He should have dropped the sledge then and jumped for the fire door. What if the steel should melt and clog the grates? A boiler maker, a machinist, a shoemaker—anyone on earth except a good fireman—would have dropped the sledge. This man turned and pitched the sledge at the fire door, T. P. caught it and pulled it through. The green coal slid beneath the fireman's feet, the tie turned, he stumbled, fell against the door sheet. There was a stink of burning clothing and of something worse than clothing—a cloud of ashes and steam—two gloved hands on the rim of the fire door.

T. P. went half through the door, reaching down. He caught the fireman by the hair with one hand, by the overalls with the other. The hair and the overalls held. The man came snaking out through the opening, out of the inferno, as a log comes down the flume. The two men sprawled on the deck.

The engineer shoved the throttle shut, jumped down. T. P. rose quickly, the fireman lay still. They picked him up, made him as comfortable as possible on the left-hand side.

"See if he's bad hurt," said T. P. to the engineer and Old Mac. He threw the sledge atop the tank, grabbed the scoop, shielded his eyes with the shovel as he peered into the fire box.

"She's plugged!" he shouted. He built his fire up carefully, shouted to the engineer to back her up. "We'll get orders an' pick up the connie!" he yelled.

They backed up toward the train, stopped. T. P. went after the conductor. The skipper ran to meet him.

"You own the railroad," said the conductor. "Dispatcher says leave the rest of the train here and run for it. You'll meet Extra 619 at Lildare, you'll meet extra 708 at Hallsville—that's the relief engine. They'll clear for you. Give these to the engineer." He shoved the green orders into T. P.'s hands.

(Continued on Page 84)

THERE AND BACK ON TIRES BY

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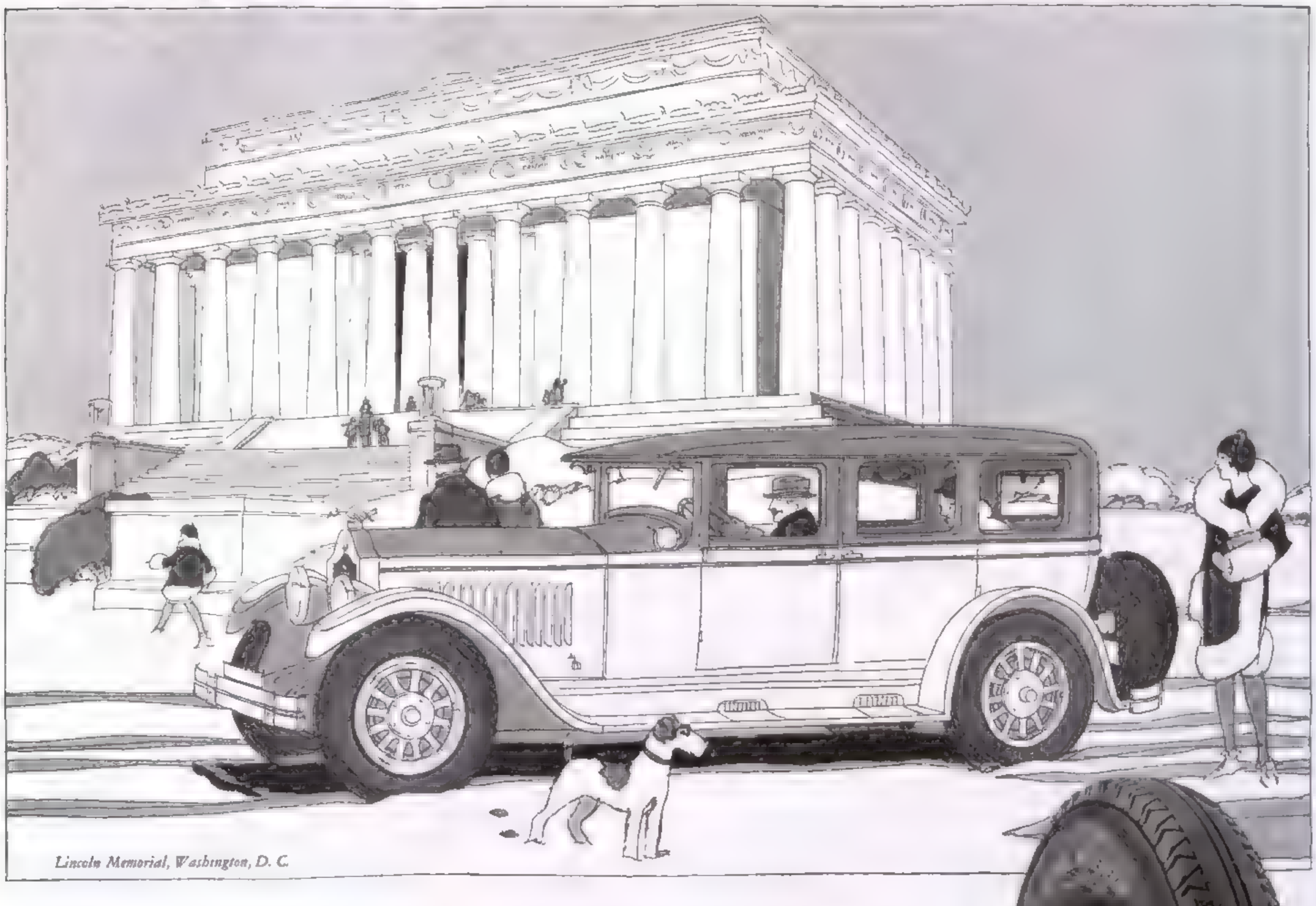

Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

In February we pay tribute to two great Americans—Washington and Lincoln. What they did was an expression of what they were. Fearless, high principled, unselfish, they fought for the right because right insures permanence and happiness.

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Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.

COST NO MORE TO BUY – MUCH LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 52)

"You've got a head on you," said T. P. as he turned and ran for the cab.

"Eleanore in the baggage?" he called to Mac. Mac sat on the right-hand-seat box; the engineer—Tom was his name—was on the deck with the scoop in his hand, looking into the fire. The fireman who had plugged the flue was nowhere to be seen. "Where's Fred?" demanded the fat one.

"Gimme them orders," said Old Mac testily.

Tom answered. They had put Fred in the baggage car; the doctor who was there with Eleanore would be of help to him. He was pretty badly burned.

"Highball!" shouted T. P.

Old Mac pulled on the whistle. They moved off slowly; they'd have to take it easy while they built up their fire. They had nearly a gauge of water now, and better than one hundred pounds of steam pressure. Mac handed Tom the orders. Tom shouted them aloud to Old Mac. Mac took them and shouted them aloud to Tom. The brakeman, at the suggestion of the conductor, had gone on down to the switch. He let them out on the main line; they didn't stop to pick him up.

They worked wonders with their fire. The steam-gauge needle rose. T. P. coaxed an injector to do things for them. The water rose in the glass.

"Widen her out!" shouted T. P. to Old Mac. "Whatcha waitin' on?"

Mac set the throttle against the stop pin at the end of the arc; he hooked her up till the exhaust blended in a constant volley. They were going down the railroad. T. P. went over to the right-hand side.

"Better let me handle her!" he shouted.

Mac looked at him a moment.

"Ye're worse than a hog!" he declared.

T. P. went over to the left-hand side and sat down.

They came down on the extra at Lildare as though shot out of a gun—a smashing, clattering roar as they passed seventy freight cars that fused into a single line. Old Mac bawled at Tom as soon as they had passed

"Are we on a branch? Have ye no time card?"

Tom grinned, produced the time card. The old man gave him a cold look. He consulted the schedule—he knew it by heart—consulted his watch. He replaced his watch with an air of authority, folded the time card with an air of finality. He sat down, blinked a few times. He shouted at Tom again.

"How much water have we?" he demanded.

Tom grinned sheepishly. "Ye'll look an' see!" shouted Mac.

Tom departed with a grin. T. P. was grinning between scoopfuls. Old Mac was sour as a green apple. Tom clambered back over the bunker, atop the long twelve thousand gallon tank, opened the manhole and looked inside. He returned. They were going, according to the speedometer, seventy miles an hour.

"Better than half full," reported Tom. "We'll make it in all right."

The old man grunted. Five minutes later he squalled again.

"Is there a conductor behind?" he demanded.

Tom was pretty sure that there wasn't. T. P. said emphatically and profanely that there wasn't. What difference did it make? What good would a conductor do them?

"We should have one," retorted Old Mac. "The regulations requires it"

"All right," said T. P. "We'll have one. I'll play conductor. I've got more sense than most of 'em. I got enough sense not to be one."

"Ye talk foolishness," said Old Mac angrily. "We should have a conductor. Ye know it as well as I." He tried to open the throttle wider and couldn't. He stuck his head out the window and the wind promptly blew his hat off. He looked around angrily. T. P. and Tom devoted themselves exclusively to the fire. Suddenly the old man let out a squall like a stuck pig. T. P. rushed to the right-hand gangway, Tom to the left. Both were ready to join the birds, to unload. There was a clear track before them.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded T. P. angrily.

The old man rose explosively. He pulled up the cover of the seat box, drew forth two green flags. He shook them vigorously.

"Are we not First Number 2?" he demanded; he shouted, "Are we not?"

Tom leaned up against the cab wall. "We are." He grinned his relief.

The old man threw the rags at his feet. "Then put these in the marker brackets," he dictated, and sat down.

Tom looked at T. P., T. P. looked at Tom.

"The wind," observed Tom, "is stout enough to blow the clothes off your back. God knows how fast we're goin'!"

"It's your funeral," grinned T. P

"Slow him down," said Tom. "I'll have to chin myself on the stack light to get these rags in."

T. P. looked over at Mac. "You slow him down," he suggested.

"I'll put one on my side," said Tom a little hastily, "you put one on his side. That's fair enough."

"I'll watch the fire," said T. P., picking up the scoop.

So Tom went out on the running board in the face of a just Providence and an eighty-mile breeze, and clambered up on the smoke box, on the front end of a man-made meteor, and stuck green rags in the marker brackets so that the railroad world would know they were the first section of Number 2. The flags straightened out as though ironed. As Tom fought his way back to the cab the doctor came over the coal pile from the baggage. He told them that if they could get the girl to town by three P.M., he believed an operation would save her.

"Later than that," said the man of medicine, "may easily result fatally."

Old Mac looked at his watch. "'Tis two hours an' forty minutes to arrival," he said grimly.

"That the schedule?" asked T. P.

"An' ye boastin' of yerself as a conductor," sneered Mac.

There was a pause; the world flung by them in a blur. The thrum of the fire box, the smash as springs and equalizers overcame the crush of nearly half a million pounds, the staccato, even volley of the working steam, the rattle of the oil cans above the fire door, the clatter of the apron, the buckle of the cab floor, and resistless, overpowering motion. Old Mac sat in his pew as though set in concrete, the movement of his eyes, the vibration of his hand on the polished throttle the only signs of life.

"I think we'll make it!" shouted T. P. to the doc.

The fireman was better, shouted the doctor. Had two very serious burns, had almost had his brains knocked out, but he'd come through.

"He musta hit his head on the sledge when I pulled him through the door!" yelled the fat man.

Very probably, agreed the doctor. Had the man really gone into that furnace?

"He sure did," declared the master mechanic.

Tom stopped bailing in coal long enough for the doctor to take a good look. The doc shook his head.

"It's hard to believe," was his remark.

The doc finally summoned up the courage to try to return to the baggage car. T. P. grinned as he watched him depart.

They came down on Marshall with their smoke white and flat as a tie plate over the cab roof, with a long streamer from the engine whistle as they screamed down on the yard board. The block dropped to caution. Old Mac shouted to Tom and shoved the throttle back for the first time since he had cocked her back. Tom slipped down the gangway to get the message.

The operator stood on the graveled platform, hoop in hand, message held high toward the cab. They drifted down on him at better than fifty miles an hour. Tom shoved his arm out toward the light hoop, caught it, pulled the slips of green paper from the clip, threw the hoop overboard. The old man widened out again. The exhaust matched the rhythm of the rail joints, the fire box blinked and blubbered.

Tom shouted the orders to Mac, T. P. bailed in the coal.

"First Number 2, Engine 904, has rights over all trains Marshall to Dallas until 3:00 P.M. August 24th. Meet Extra 1283 Eastbound at Big Branch 1:05 P.M.; meet 67 Deeville 1:40 P.M. REACH, SUPERINTENDENT.

Old Mac then read them, shouting them to Tom.

There was a slow order between M. P. 88 and 89; they hit the two torpedoes and the old man shut her off. They bumped slowly over the bad track while the section men yelled to them and waved their shovels; they came to the green disk, or marker, that showed good track ahead. Old Mac yanked the throttle back and hooked her up again. They picked up speed as though all the devils in hell were riding their tail.

"She's a cat!" shouted Tom.

From Mile Post 89 to the terminal at Dallas stretched one hundred and ten pound rail on a crushed-rock-ballasted roadbed, smooth as a ballroom floor. All trains on the main line were required to clear for them exactly as though they were on the money, and the first section of Number 2 had left Lodi one hour and forty minutes late. The 904 had eighty-inch drivers; she could do eighty miles an hour and never hurt herself. Pushed—and Old Mac certainly pushed her—she could put out fifteen miles over that speed.

"We won't hold any of 'em long!" shouted T. P. to Tom, steadying himself by holding to the cab frame.

Wide open, hooked up, skyrocketing down the railroad; Old Mac a figure come to judge the universe, rocklike on the seat box, grim and implacable. T. P. and Tom two shirtless toilers stoking the fires of hell.

"I've heard of Casey Jones," shouted T. P. as a low joint pitched him into Tom, "but I never thought I'd ride with him!"

A shout from Old Mac. "Can ye no smell it?" he screamed.

T. P. moved to the right-hand gangway, stuck his head around the edge of the cab. He swung as far out as he dared, clinging to the right handrail. He came back in the cab.

"Hard to tell!" he shouted. "I think it's an engine-truck box! You keep her movin'! I'll go up ahead an' see!"

He squeezed his big body through the narrow door on the left-hand side, fought his way forward against the hurricane that faced him. He came to the steps leading down to the pilot, descended them, crossed over to the right-hand side, plastered against the front end. Under, but to the right of the right-hand cylinder, facing toward the cab, were the wheels that led the engine—the engine-truck wheels. T. P. wedged himself into the opening above them, as close to these wheels as he could get

He could smell the burning oil and waste; the rotten, strangling smoke drifted up through the opening and didn't make him feel any better. He was down—head down—over the engine truck, his left hand holding to the lower ring of the smoke box, his right hand feeling for what his eyes could not see. He had brought a can of valve oil with him; he held this between his knees.

A waste box—a packing box—on the engine truck of a locomotive is generally a sliding affair. It slips in under the axle; the oily waste is pressed up against the journal, and as the axle turns, the journal is lubricated. To fill it, to oil it, to inspect it, you must slide this box out. The engine is put over a pit; a man works from underneath. They are not made to be taken out by a man working from above.

The box is held in place by a bolt or pin. On one end of this pin is a head, on the other is a flat cotter key. T. P. had to get that flat cotter key out before he could get the bolt out; then he had to get the bolt out; then he had to get the box halfway out and pour in fresh oil. To add to the interesting detail that the box was made to be removed by a man working from the bottom and that T. P. had to work from the top, and stand on his head to boot, there was the interesting little item that they were moving at an insane rate of speed, that every little irregularity in the track produced a smash comparable only to a full-stroke slam from a steam hammer.

Only one hand to work with, upside down and black in the face, a smash every so often that seemed nearly to tear the smoke box loose from its moorings, strangling from the filthy smoke—it was a job for a crazy man. He found an old nut lying on the cylinder saddle; he used it to tap the key straight so he could pull it out. He got the key out somehow.

How he got the bolt out, T. P. was never able to explain. The weight of the box and the waste was heavy enough to jam the bolt, and T. P. had only his fingers to work with, plus the little help he got from the inch-and-a-quarter nut. But the bolt came out too.

The box was now free, ready to slide out. Also the axle was revolving at a rate of speed that locomotive axles do not customarily revolve at, setting up a friction that held the box in place as a magnet would hold a piece of iron. T. P. used the bolt as a pry and worked the box out. He took the oil can, poured in some oil. If a trapeze performer had seen the evolutions he performed, said performer would have died of jealousy. When the journal was heavy with fresh oil, T. P. tried to work the box all the way out.

The reason he wanted the box out, you understand, was because it was running hot. "Hot" here also means hot. The waste inside the box was smoldering, the box itself was the next thing to an open flame. If T. P. could get the box all the way out, he could probably repack what remained of the old waste so it would stand up against the journal when replaced, and thus lubricate said journal. T. P. worked and worried that box out of the slot, upside down with the smoke in his face and eyes; every time he touched the metal he burned himself. He not only touched it, he picked it out of the slot, drew it up through the opening, set it on the cylinder saddle and repacked it barehanded. He had to work fast, for what oil there was on the journal wouldn't keep the bearing from melting away.

He soaked the box in oil, picked it up again, and worked and worried that box back into the slot, back under the journal. He worked and worried the bolt back into place; he even replaced the cotter key. T. P. was not only a mechanic, he was a master mechanic. Then he fought his way back to the cab, but he didn't spell Tom with the scoop any more. You can't shovel coal when you have only one hand you can use.

The 904 swung into the terminal, groaned and ground to a stop on Track 8. The green rags hung limp from the marker brackets. The hour and the minute hands on Old Mac's watch were square on the mark of three.

T. P. and Mac and Tom were at the door of the baggage car. They were lifting Eleanore and Fred out; they were sliding the white-faced Eleanore into the ambulance. Old Mac gave T. P. a belt in the ribs with his elbow.

"Ye'll admit," he hissed, "a mechanic could nae hae done it."

The two old men, T. P. and Mac, were seated just outside the operating room. A nurse had just told them that Eleanore was out of danger, that Fred was demanding his clothes.

"Ye an' yere knob-knockers at the roondhoose," said Old Mac, "well-nigh ruined a good run!"

"You mean," retorted T. P. viciously, "that a flat-headed engine crew let a flue sheet get cold."

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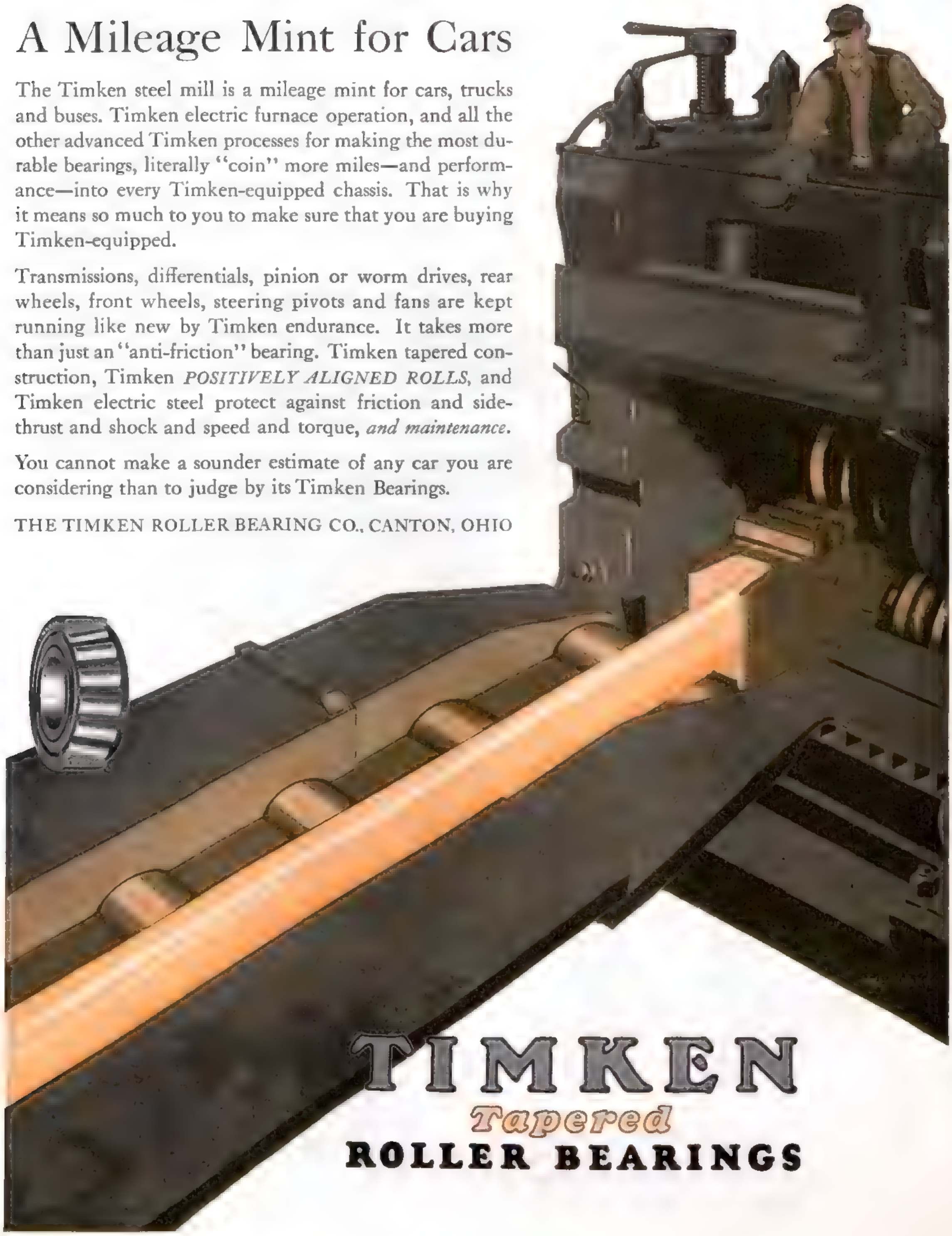
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



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CADILLAC	LOCOMOBILE
DURANT 75	ELCAR-8
GARDNER SERIES 85	YELLOW TAXICAB
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REO WOLVERINE	YELLOW COACH
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YOUR automobile dealer or any Control Branch or Authorized Lovejoy Distributor of United Motors Service will install a set of 4 Delco-Remy Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers on your present car, quickly and inexpensively.

Hydraulics give you *permanent Riding Comfort*

One of the most notable automotive developments of recent years has been the widespread adoption of Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

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Lovejoys are simple in design, with but few moving parts—all enclosed and operated in oil. Dirt, sand or grit cannot work their way inside to cause wear or to interfere with efficient operation. No straps or cables subjected to friction whip; no friction surfaces on which effective operation depends. Lovejoys are so long-lived that, in seven years, no Lovejoy on record has ever worn out. Once installed on your car, Lovejoys can be forgotten except for the comfort they provide.

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Lovejoys are simple in design, with but few working parts—all enclosed and operating in oil. The body of the shock absorber, being bolted to the frame, moves down and up in direct proportion to the spring action—the length and resulting speed of spring-travel depending upon the violence of the shock. The force of the spring rebound creates hydraulic pressure in the cylinder. This pressure is gradually released as the piston forces the oil through a patented relief valve, thus gently returning the car body to its normal position. This variable relief valve is the big feature of the Delco-Remy Lovejoy.

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THERMOFILL *can be used to insulate any type of new or old building. Your building supply dealer sells* THERMOFILL *or write to its manufacturer* United States Gypsum Company *Dept. 1030, 300 W. Adams St., Chicago*

SLEEPING COLD

(Continued from Page 13)

"Well, don't tear your shirt," the lieutenant said. "Because in just a little while now we'll have a change. We'll be shagging up into the line, and up there you'll find dugouts so deep no wind can touch you."

The lieutenant, he grinned. But so far as most of the rest of the outfit was concerned, it would have been absolutely jake if this bird, this Hickman, had pulled his freight. Because they were all ready to swear now that he was just a beefer and wasn't worth a hoot in Helen Annie. And they kept on feeling that way. Because Hickman kept on beefing. He was still beefing about sleeping cold when the outfit went up.

At that, he had some cause. Because in all the time he'd been in France the sun hadn't been out for an hour. And the day they started up, the clouds were lower than ever, and a sort of snowy rain was coming down and the road was a good three inches deep in soupy mud. It was tough going even by daylight. After dark it got tougher. And when they finally swung off the road and cut across some fields and slid along a communication trench, it was even worse.

"I'll bet all the lieutenant's gab about a nice warm dugout was a lousy lie," Hickman said. "Nobody can tell me a nice warm dugout'll be at the end of a hike like this."

After a while a guide led the lieutenant's platoon off through another trench. It was as dark as a bear's cave, and nobody could help making a clatter. The outfit that was being relieved kept saying "What th' hell! What's the idea of the noise? Give us a chance to get out before you tell the Heinies you're here." Finally the relief was over and the guys who had to stand the first trick were leaning up against the front wall of the trench, trying to act as if they knew what it was all about. Hickman was one of the guys who didn't have to stand the first trick. Right away he began looking for his bunk.

"Where do we sleep?" Hickman said. "And how about some extra covers?"

"Are you here again?" the lieutenant said. He pointed to a blanket over a hole in the back wall of the trench. "Behind that you'll find a swell handmade staircase," he said. "Be careful not to scratch the mahogany as you go down. At the bottom," he said, "you'll find a swell bunk reserved just for you—and a couple more. If any extra covers are laying around, you can have 'em."

Everybody got a laugh out of that. And they looked Hickman over as if they thought he wasn't worth ten cents to the dozen. Hickman, though, didn't seem to notice.

"What's the idea of wasting a blanket on that hole?" he said. "I could wrap me up in that." But he stumbled down.

It was the next afternoon before the lieutenant thought to ask him how he'd slept. As a matter of fact, though, he didn't need to ask. Because Hickman was shivering so hard nobody could stand within a foot of him without getting an elbow in the ribs.

"It's a tough world, ain't it?" the lieutenant said.

"Listen, lieutenant!" Hickman said when he could stop his teeth from clicking. "Camp Grant was cold, and that tub we came over on was colder, and that dinky burg back of Bar-le-Duc was colder yet. But I'm here to tell the lieutenant this dugout is the lousy limit."

The lieutenant grinned. So did everybody else.

And somebody said "The poor darling needs a nurse."

"You're unreasonable," the lieutenant said. "Here we've brought you six thousand miles, just about, straight east, into the sun, trying to find a place where you wouldn't sleep cold. I don't see how we can go any farther. At least, not for a while."

"That's all right," Hickman said. "The lieutenant can kid me if he wants to. But lemme tell the lieutenant something—I'm sleeping cold."

"Well," the lieutenant said, "if you're sleeping cold, maybe you won't mind staying up tonight to help me with a little job I've gotta do. There's a machine-gun nest out there" —and he waved his hand toward the two-three hundred yards of shell holes, tree stumps, mud, tin cans and what have you that separated his trench line from the Heinies. "I've got orders to put it out of business. How'd you like to go along?"

The guys standing around got a laugh out of that. It sounded like the best kidding the lieutenant had done.

"That's an idea," one of them said. "Maybe you can find a sleeping bag. You'd sleep warm in a sleeping bag."

"Wha'd' yuh mean—sleeping bag?" Hickman said.

"I mean sleeping bag, dummy!" the guy said. They'd come to have so little use for Hickman they called him dummy when they were half his size. "They say the Germans have got a lot of 'em. The other day I seen one that a bozo took off a sniper. It certainly was one swell wrinkle. You crawl into it and pull it up around your bean. And, sweet daddy, you couldn't sleep cold!"

"The Germans have got things like that?" Hickman said. "You ain't kidding, are you?"

"I hope to die," the guy said.

"Let's get down to business," the lieutenant said. "We have to get that machine-gun nest, no foolin'. And we can't begin figuring too early. I'll take you, Smorn," he said to the bozo who'd been kidding Hickman. "And you, Jones; and you, Goober; and you, Flood."

"What?" Smorn said. And everybody else quit laughing too. It wasn't a joke, after all!

"Listen! What kind of a war is this?" one guy said. "Hell! The outfits on either side of us have had lots more practice. Why don't they go after this machine-gun nest?"

"There's a mouthful," Smorn said.

"Aw," Hickman said, "we might just as well do it. We can't sleep."

They all looked at him. Dumb as ever, they told one another.

"I'd rather be here and not able to sleep," Smorn said, "than give some super a chance to bump me along to the supply sergeant who passes out harps."

"What I want to know," another guy said, "is how we get through all this barbed wire in the dark."

"On our bellies," another guy said. "There's a snake path through it."

"Sure!" Smorn said. "A bird in the company we relieved told me. We get through the wire, and just outside is a shell hole. We get into that while the looey counts noses, and then, after we make sure no Heinies are around, he leads us out."

"Out?" said another guy.

"Out!" Smorn said. "We crawl around till we're in back of the nest and then—zowie!"

"A swell dish!" the other guy said. "You crawl around in the dark and any minute you're just as apt as not to scratch your ribs on a bayonet."

"Some swell dish!" they all said.

Well, it got to be chow time and everybody filled up, because maybe they'd never have another chance. And then it got dark. It got good and dark, good and early. And of course it was raining—the same old snow and sleet. Cold? Sweet daddy! It was cold enough to freeze the tail off of a brass monkey. This bird, this Hickman, was shivering like a sentry in Siberia.

"Here, you guys!" the lieutenant said, and he rounded up his hand-picked gang. "Lemme see if you've got the right jewelry. Trench knife! Pistol! Grenades!" He checked them all, up to Hickman. "Suffering snowbirds!" he said. "What've you got?"

What Hickman had got was a rifle and a club. The club looked like the leg off a table from a Frog wine room back in the little burg by Bar-le-Duc. And the truth is it was just that.

"I got some of them iron lemons," Hickman said. "But this club beats a trench knife all hollow. And I can hit anything in the dark as far as I can see with this rifle, so why take a pistol?" he said.

Well, there was sense to that, sort of. Anyway, the lieutenant didn't have time to argue. He took a drag at a pill and scratched his back. The cooties were thick in that sector.

"You'll have the damn rifle full of mud in two minutes," he said, "but I guess the club'll get you through. Let's go!"

He threw away his pill and slid over the top as smooth as an angleworm out of a bait can, and the gang followed him. And after they'd hooked their ears and elbows on the barbed wire, they finally bunched in the shell hole outside. They couldn't see as far ahead as you could throw a bale of hay. But they couldn't hear anything either. So the lieutenant decided no Heinies were hanging around, and he said they'd better get going.

"One thing I want you to remember when we get to that machine-gun nest," he said. "We've got to bring a prisoner back for the intelligence officer."

"Tie that!" Smorn said. "We ain't only got to get that gun but we've got to do it so nice and gentle we don't hurt anybody. W'at th' hell! If the intelligence officer wants a prisoner, why don't he go and get one?"

"It's his birthday," the lieutenant said. "I'm making him a present. Close your trap and come on."

So off they crawled—crawled is right. They never got high enough to scrape the hair off a dachshund's hip. In ten minutes they were soaking wet and mud from top to toe, and colder than boarding-house potatoes. Because the sleet and rain were still coming down. And when they weren't sliding over slippery clay they were slipping into mud holes up to their necks. They couldn't see to dodge a thing. It was darker than a crêpe sheet.

It was all darned new to the lieutenant, and he went pretty slow. Smorn kept wondering if he knew where he was going. It turned out he didn't—absolutely. Because after they'd crawled for what seemed like a million years, all of a sudden, up by the lieutenant, there was a "Ting!" It hardly hit their ears before the signal came back to lay low.

They hardly got flattened out when a couple of flares went up. And no wonder—they'd bumped into the German wire. It made them all feel pretty good to see they'd had the luck to be in a shallow hole. Things got quiet. They began to think about crawling away. But more flares went up.

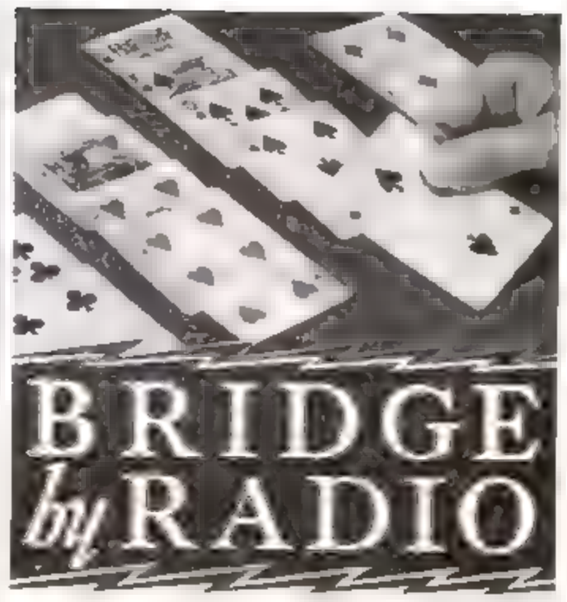
When those flares died they heard noises off to one side. The lieutenant doped it out in a jiffy. The Heinies were sending out a bunch to see who was monkeying around.

"Lay still!" he whispered. "Maybe they'll miss us." Because he wasn't looking for a scrap. What he wanted was one machine-gun nest, German, and one prisoner, same. Then he would be ready to go home.

After a bit they heard noises between them and their own trenches. Then more noises off on a flank. The lieutenant knew then he'd have to stir. It was easy to dope out what was up. The Germans were making a circle to drag in whatever had hit their wire.

"Grenades!" he whispered. "When I throw, you all throw, too, at the bunch out in front. Then we'll rush 'em and risk getting through before the bunch on the flank can come up."

But he knew it was a thin chance. Because, from the sounds, they could tell at



Week of February 27th

South bids one Spade. West and North pass. What should East do? West finally wins the bid at No Trump. Which Spade does North lead? Which does South play? West? Can West make game? Learn by Radio how to handle this situation.

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—
Spades ..... K, Q, 10, 9, 6
Hearts ..... J, 9, 3
Diamonds ..... Q, 8, 6
Clubs ..... A, 6

H. A. Lorick, Atlanta, Ga., West—
Spades ..... A, J, 7, 5
Hearts 7
Diamonds 10, 9, 4
Clubs ..... Q, 9, 7, 3, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, North—
Spades 4, 3, 2
Hearts ..... A, 6, 5, 4
Diamonds 7, 3, 2
Clubs ..... J, 10, 4

Edward D. Finley, New Orleans, East—
Spades 8
Hearts ..... K, Q, 10, 8, 2
Diamonds ..... A, K, J, 5
Clubs ..... K, 8, 5

Tues., Feb. 28, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WEAR, WGAL, WFI, WJAS, WJR, WGY, WJAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tues., Feb. 28, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. ..... Phoenix
KLZ Cooley Mt. Highway ..... Colorado Springs
KLVR Hawkins-Meyer ..... Bismarck
KOBX Beaver-Hall Tire Co. ..... St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA General Electric Co. ..... Denver
KOB Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts ..... State College, N. M.
KPRC Post Dispatch ..... Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. ..... Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel ..... Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. ..... Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA City of Pensacola ..... Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp. ..... Fargo
WDOD Broadcasting Co. ..... Chattanooga
WIAA Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck ..... Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co. ..... Indianapolis
WHEC Hickson Electric Company ..... Rochester
WIOD Carl G. Fisher Co. ..... Miami, Fla.
WJAX Municipal Station ..... Jacksonville
WJBO Times-Picayune ..... New Orleans
WKY Radiophone Co. ..... Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co. ..... Knoxville
WPG Municipal Station ..... Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. ..... Richmond, Va.
WSAZ McKellar Elec. Co. ..... Huntington, W. Va.
WSUN Municipal Station ..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
WWNC Chamber of Commerce ..... Asheville, N. C.
CFAC Herald ..... Calgary, Can.
CFLC Radio Ass'n ..... Prince Albert, Can.
CFQC [illegible] ..... Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS Northern Elec. Co. ..... Halifax, Can.
CJCA Journal ..... Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press ..... London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons ..... Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse ..... Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province ..... Vancouver, Can.
CKCL [illegible] ..... Toronto, Can.
CKCO Radio Ass'n ..... Ottawa, Can.
CKNC [illegible] ..... Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System ..... Winnipeg, Can.

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Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York

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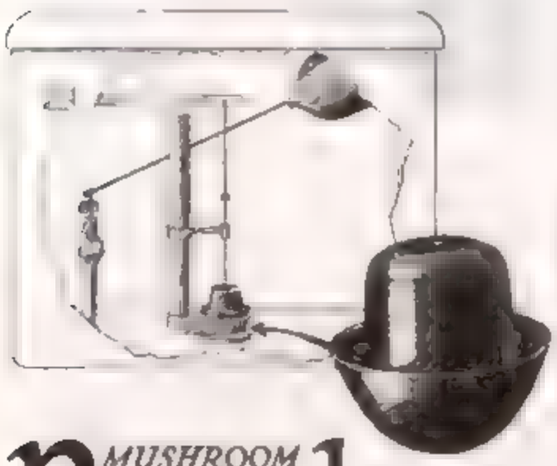

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Woodward-Wanger Co.
Philadelphia
Oakland, California *Chicago, Illinois*

least four times five Germans were out in front. Still, what else could he do?

So he got set and he threw, and everybody threw. The lieutenant led the rush. Just as he got up, he saw out of a corner of one eye that the bunch on the flank had spotted his gang and was rushing too. He thought then that it was all up.

"This way!" he hollered. He didn't see any reason for quiet, because the Germans couldn't shoot without hitting their own guys, and he sailed into the bunch forward.

There was shooting though. Thwuck! Thwuck! Thwuck! Thwuck! Thwuck! Five shots—a full clip. And then another full clip. Somebody back of him was popping off.

That made him go faster. He led his gang into the Germans like Red Grange going through a high-school team, and he made it. And then he stumbled down a slope and dropped and hollered "Here!" And he felt guys tumbling all over him.

It was as dark as a coal cellar when the guys tumbled all over him. But the next second he could of read a copy of the Stars and Stripes if he'd happened to think to bring one along.

It was noisy too. It certainly was. Because all along that Front, for as far as you could see, both sides were putting up flares and opening out with everything. A double barrage began to churn up the mud. Trench mortars in the support area began to lob trouble over. The little one-pounders got going. Machine guns began to stutter. About a million rifles cracked. Grenades bonged off thicker than firecrackers on a Chinese New Year.

But nobody came tumbling into the shell hole to stir up a fuss. So after a couple of minutes the lieutenant took a look at his wrist watch. It said ten minutes after ten. And he'd started out just about nine—just a little more than an hour ago. Jumping juries, what an hour it had been!

He called the roll: "Jones! Goober! Flood! Smorn!" They all whispered. Then he said, "Where's Hickman?" Nobody answered. "Where's Hickman?" he said again. Not that he expected an answer this time. He said it just because he couldn't help saying it. The words jumped right out of him.

For maybe a couple of minutes nobody answered. They were too busy thinking to answer. They all had a mental picture of that great, big, slow, stubborn dummy, getting to his feet about as fast as a one-legged elephant, just fast enough to get spilled by the rush of the Germans who'd been over on the flank.

"You know," Smorn said then, "I kind of liked the big stiff."

"I hope he took a couple of 'em along with him," another guy said.

"It's a lousy war," another guy said.

They all got quiet for a little.

"He's through sleeping cold," the lieutenant said.

The hullabaloo had kept up all the time they were talking. Stuff was dropping around them every two seconds. If they hadn't been worrying about this bird, this Hickman, they probably would of been good and scairt.

For maybe an hour they had to keep down. Finally the racket died away. Everybody seemed satisfied. No more flares went up to bother them. "I guess we can go home," the lieutenant said. But he hadn't got half out of the hole before he stopped. "To hell with that!" he said. "If they got Hickman, we'll get their machine-gun nest."

"I got a grenade I don't want to carry around," Smorn said. "Let's go!" So they swung off at right angles.

It was just as dark as ever, and still sleeting, and cold as a coffin. But they crawled along.

The only thing wrong with the party was they couldn't find the machine gun. They made tracks around No Man's Land until you'd of thought it was a rabbits' race track. But they couldn't find that gun.

"I'd swear I've been on the spot a dozen times," the lieutenant said. He looked into the east. Daylight wasn't far off. "We'll have to give it up," he said.

So they started back. And one sour gang they were. They were sour because they'd missed the machine gun. But they were a lot sourer about Hickman.

"You know," Smorn whispered to the guy next to him, "I kind of liked the big stiff."

It was still plenty dark. But they managed to get back to the snake path and into their own trench.

The captain was waiting for them. So was the intelligence officer.

"How'd you make out?" the captain said.

"Where's my prisoner?" the intelligence officer said.

"To hell with you and your prisoner!" the lieutenant said. The intelligence officer was a captain too. But the lieutenant didn't care. "Hickman got bumped off," he said to the captain. It was the first guy the outfit had lost. In a month they were losing thirteen to the dozen every night and never caring a hoot. But every outfit takes the first one hard.

For a minute they all stood around saying nothing.

"There's some hot coffee for you," the captain said then.

The coffee came up and they downed it. No sugar. No cream. But it certainly went down smooth.

"Better hit the hay," the captain said.

Just then, outside the wire, they heard a "Ting!" Someone was there.

"Germans!" the captain said.

"Get me a prisoner!" the intelligence officer said.

"Don't shoot!" somebody outside the wire said.

And they all knew that voice. The trouble was, they couldn't believe their ears. They waited. Somebody came along the snake path, grunting like four big pigs. A head came out of the path onto the parapet.

"Hickman!" the lieutenant said. And all of a sudden he got sore. "You big dummy!" he said. "Where've you been? What do you mean, cutting out of the scrap? Here I've had you on my mind for three-four hours, and you were sitting around some shell hole, sucking your thumb."

Hickman slid down into the trench. He was mud from head to foot. But he had his rifle with him, and his club. And imagine! That rifle didn't have hardly a speck of dirt on it!

"I couldn't find you anywhere, lieutenant," he said.

"You didn't have any business ever losing us," the lieutenant said.

"Well," Hickman said, "I thought you wouldn't care if I stayed behind to stop them birds coming up on the flank; so I did. I used up two clips, and I think I didn't miss more than two or three."

"What!" the lieutenant said.

But Hickman didn't answer. He was reaching over the parapet and pulling something. They all saw that what he was pulling was a rope. There was something on the end of the rope. They all stood with their mouths open. Hickman pulled until a big long bundle slid over the parapet.

"Sleeping bag!" he said. "No more sleeping cold for me, lieutenant."

"Sleeping bag!" the captain said. The lieutenant, he couldn't talk.

"Say," Smorn said, "he's got more than a sleeping bag."

"Oh, yeh!" Hickman said. "I forgot." He pulled the mouth of the sleeping bag open and turned it upside down. A German fell out—fell is the word, because he was tied up so tight he couldn't do anything but just fall.

"I found this baby at the machine-gun nest," Hickman said. "After I lost you, lieutenant, I hunted up the machine-gun nest, figuring you'd be there."

Well, you'd of thought the whole bunch had been struck dumb. Their eyes bunged out. Their mouths dropped open. They looked less than half-witted.

"Can I go down and take a snooze, captain?" Hickman said. "I could use some sleep. I've had a warm sleep coming for three months and more. And I think I can get one in this sleeping bag."

The lieutenant came to life. "Get out of the soldier's way, dummies!" he said. He shoved the gang and the intelligence officer away from the hole that led down into the dugout. "Didn't you hear him say he wanted to sleep?"

Hickman dragged his bag to the door of the dugout.

"Watch me sleep now!" he said.

"Sleep your head off, soldier," the captain said. Then he looked around at the rest of the crowd. "And if any of you birds so much as rustle a piece of paper I'll skin him alive."

They watched Hickman go down into the dugout.

"The stubborn son of a sea cook!" the lieutenant said. "I wish I had a whole platoon just like him."

"Didn't I say I always kind of liked the big stiff?" Smorn said.

"Lemme have that prisoner," the intelligence officer said.

McCarthy: "I Didn't Catch That Outlaw, Chief."
Captain: "What! Don't You Know the Northwest Mounted Always Gets Its Man?"
McCarthy (in Disgust): "Yes, Sir, But He Was a Flapper Bandit From the States"

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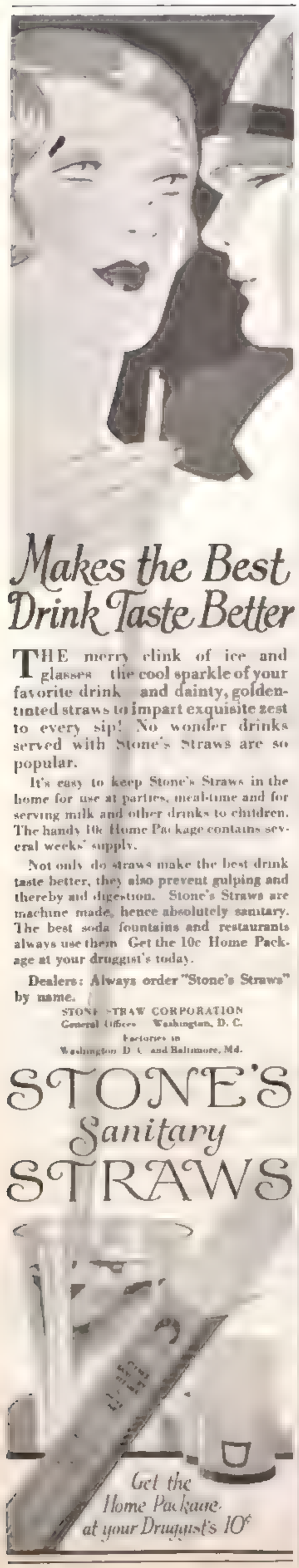

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STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

THE WHEELBARROW

(Continued from Page 21)

beautiful stepdaughter and a proper watch-dog for her, but Amory felt that he was no friend to this house, to this girl. No well-wisher could have tried to commit a murder there—one for which the onus might possibly rest on a son with one foot already in the mire.

Amory had felt that Yonne had doubted lest he might prove something in the nature of a nuisance if unduly encouraged.

But now she seemed sincerely glad to see him, and he had not missed the little shadow across her face when he had told her that he was only of passage and must soon be off.

To test this out a little, he said frankly, "I'd have planned to stay longer, but felt that you were so busy with your work that you might find me a bother."

"So I did at the time," Yonne answered with equal candor. "The first instinct of the worker is to shelter the work—the way a bird hides its nest. But sometimes, when one thinks it over, there comes the idea that it's not so good to hide and watch a friend go by."

This, Amory felt, was truth and the equivalent of an encouragement.

He said slowly, "I'd never met a girl that appealed to me so much as yourself. But you made me feel entirely out of your class."

"I don't think you're the rank outsider we both fancied," Yonne said. "I've learned a lot more about you."

Amory asked impulsively, "Do you really want me to stay?"

"Yes," Yonne answered.

"Why?"

"Because there's no man, so far, that I like more than another, and maybe you'll change that." She laughed.

"That," said Amory, "was precisely my own feeling about yourself. So, to continue laying down our cards face upward, our attitude is this: That we might miss a lot by not knowing each other a great deal better."

"Why, yes," Yonne agreed. "So far we haven't much to lose and there might be a good deal to gain."

"I'll stay," said Amory, "and at the first sign on your part that you feel that you may have made a mistake, I'll up anchor and out."

"And at the first symptom on yours that you might better have said '*Bon jour et au revoir*,' I'll tell you to make sail," Yonne said, and rose. "Then there are a few minutes to spare for me to put on some real clothes. I'd forgotten that I was putting this old flimsy on the stretch. It didn't seem to matter when you told me that you had merely sailed down to look us over and be off again. I'll now do you the honor to dress up for you a little."

"But you're going to a party with Jenny—what's her name?"

"Gale. . . . So are you. It's informal. A beach corroboree, then up to the Reading Room to dance. We'll go in our launch. Tell your captain to shift about a hundred yards east of where you lie and you'll swing clear of everything."

Amory also had risen, and as Yonne moved toward the stairs he stepped in front of her.

"May I call you Yonne?"

"Of course—Amory."

"If I'm to be a friend on probation until I can qualify as dear friend, I want an *honoraire*." Yonne gave him a quick, questioning look. Amory guessed instantly what was in her mind. He shook his head. "No, I'm not that sort of fast worker. I want you to trust me and, if you can manage it, to confide in me a little tell me things about yourself."

"What sort of things?"

"Any that disturb you. There's something on your mind. Twice you've seemed to be listening and several times you've looked back through the window I can't help but feel some sort of apprehension in you. I don't think, either, that your evident pleasure in finding me here was all friendship. A little of it was relief."

"You're very keen, Amory."

"Well, what is it then?"

"Nothing serious—a mere annoyance. I'll tell you later if you like. You gave me a shock just now. I thought you were going to be "

"Fresh?"

"Call it modern."

Amory shook his head. "You did me an injustice the very first thing. That's not the way to start."

"I know it," Yonne admitted. "But, all the same, it wasn't so far away from your mind."

"I can't entirely control my thoughts when looking at a girl like you. But whatever I felt was good."

"I know that, too," Yonne said. "So you shall have your *honoraire*, and a little more besides."

Amory leaned forward and kissed her the way one would kiss a confiding little girl who is suddenly moved by a rush, a swift childish liking that is appealing and sweet.

This brief contact was punctuated by a sudden angry rumbling from the crouching dog. Amory looked round, startled at what he took to be this canine chaperonage. But he discovered instantly that the angry growl was not directed toward himself. The big Airedale had risen stiffly and was glaring at the front door left open by Yonne. The sun had dropped lower behind the thick growth of spruce that flanked the mill on the west side and the place was flooded in warm violet shadow.

"Sandy," Yonne said to the dog.

The animal walked to the door, stopped on the threshold and gave a challenging bark that was partly bay. Amory looked into Yonne's face, which had whitened.

"Is that part of it?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. He scarcely ever does that."

"There must be some stranger about. I'm more glad than ever that I'm staying, and just this moment I was very glad of that."

He kissed her again, this time taking her briefly in his arms. She slipped out of them and ran up the stairs; then, on the landing, looked back and shook her head.

"You mustn't go too fast, Amory. That was impulse of mine, and impulse is an order based on no authority. It isn't always to be obeyed."

"That one was," he answered—"a confidence that was not misplaced."

He turned quickly to look again at the door. Sandy was standing at a spread, short tail erect, head up, ears pricked. Amory went to the door and looked out. As he did so there came from somewhere over in the spruces the sound of a whistle. It was not a vocal one, but made with a metallic instrument—that of a policeman or, as Amory's memory went back, the watch officer on the bridge.

VIII

THE shrilling note from the woods on the gentle slope where the shadows were purpling appeared to find its proper place in this jig-saw puzzle offered to Amory's examination.

A Coast Guard party was beating out the whole tract of woods on this expanded peninsula where one of their number who had landed the day before had disappeared. The whistle might be to announce a clew discovered, or possibly a recall, as it would be getting dusky in the woods so that there was danger of their overlooking something.

Also this reconnoitering line was probably drawn straight across the promontory—a close cordon, or better, a comb to scrape each yard of it straight down to the extremity, about a quarter of a mile beyond Tide Mill Cove.

Capt. Sol Whittemore had been aware of this, Amory reflected, and the lobster man had deemed it imperative to his safety that this yachtsman who had blundered into the affair should not be questioned. Amory remembered having told him that he had been on his way to Tide Mill Cove when turned round in the woods before getting his tumble down the side of the ledge.

It looked now, in view of what Yonne had said, as if the man had kept the schooner in sight, either following at a distance in his boat or skirting the shore afoot. Sol was probably aware that Yonne had driven her father and brothers to Rockland and he had hoped that Amory, finding nobody at home, might continue on his way. Then, having seen him land and enter the house, he had decided to try to scare him off before the arrival of the search party and the rigid questioning that might ensue.

A bad egg, Sol, Amory reflected—a sort of rotten, poisonous sea-gull egg with fatal explosive qualities. But Amory desired to avoid examination almost as much as Sol might wish to keep him from such. He wanted, now, to get out of that place before the arrival of the search party, and if he were to accomplish this, there was no time to lose.

Amory was fairly certain that his first finding was correct—that Paul Deforest was badly involved, probably with Sol's implication; that Jane Doe was in love with Paul and had battled to cover his retreat and secure the evidence against him, and that Yonne was so far in ignorance of what had happened. As Yonne had left early that morning, the chances were she had not heard about the disappearance of the Coast Guard officer, with the rumor of foul play.

He looked toward his yacht and saw that she had swung out with the ebbing tide. Then he discovered his mate to be taking a sounding over the stern. The man looked then in Amory's direction, and catching sight of him, made a beckoning gesture. Amory waved an answer, guessing what was the fact—that there was scant water under the stern as the vessel lay.

He called up to Yonne, whose studio was directly above him, as he perceived from the big north window. She looked out, bare shoulders just above the canvas screen that drew upward.

"I've got to shift immediately, Yonne. My mate is signaling me. Are you nearly ready?"

"Coming"

"Since we're going across the bay, why not make one job of it and come with me on the schooner? There's a good anchorage over there."

"I was to call for Jenny with the launch in about an hour."

"We can do that in my gig—simplify matters"

"All right, I'm coming."

She came down a moment later, having made her change in the fashion of a lightning impersonator—from that of Joséphine on Martinique to a modern girl in the latest sports model, designed half a bowshot from the Tuileries Gardens.

"I could see from my end window that your new toy is in danger of sitting on a bad shelf. The ledge is right under her stern. We'd better hurry."

The mate and a hand were heaving on the windlass to shorten the scope and haul ahead as Amory and Yonne went down to the landing where he had left his gig. The distance to the yacht being so short, Amory paddled out with an oar.

"Start the engine," he ordered. "We'll pick up and go across the bay. Heave your hook home."

The powerful engines were purring softly as they went aboard.

"Anchor away, sir!" called the mate from forward.

Amory took the wheel. "You can pilot us out," he said to Yonne. "We're drawing close to nine feet." He knew that deep water lay against the west shore, then

(Continued on Page 65)

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[All prices slightly higher in Canada]

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Tiny gems stud the white solid gold case of this unfailing ELGIN *movement. $150*

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Sore throat while you wait

Working in stuffy quarters, sleeping in overheated homes, mingling with crowds and using appliances that others constantly use, people run an almost constant risk of a cold or sore throat—or worse.

At the first sign of either, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, full strength. Gargle with it repeatedly. Rinse your mouth with it. Employ it occasionally as a nasal douche.

This simple precaution may be the means of sparing you a trying and—possibly—a costly and painful siege of illness. In thousands of homes it has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

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LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 62)

crossed to the other side, passed between it and another ledge, which could be distinguished just beneath the surface, after which they might pass between a small rocky island and the promontory's tip. He preferred, however, to go out round this island rather than risk being hailed from the shore.

The yacht swung sharply, turning on her heel.

"I feel," said Amory, "as if this vessel's complement was at last complete. I'd like to lay a course for Havre and keep right on going."

"So would I," said Yonne. "I haven't seen my native land since I was ten. Sometimes I get homesick."

"Once aboard the lugger ——" Amory murmured. "And the beauty of it is we're all set to go. Water, stores, fuel and—now that you're aboard—everything. I wonder what would happen if I were to hold right on and damn the consequences."

"So far as I'm concerned," said Yonne, "they would be just that."

"Damned?"

"Naturally. But," she added naïvely, "it might save me a lot of wear and tear in other ways."

"Such as?"

"Purveying to the needs of three temperamental artists with their ups and downs. Daddy is that, for all that he's a college president. Once an artist, always an artist."

Amory could not resist asking, "What about your youngest brother—Paul, isn't it?"

He was watching her face and did not miss the shadow that crossed it or the darkening of the light-green eyes that were not pale but of a soft shade with a little blue in it—a dash of light gray, perhaps, which, mixed with pale green, gives an atmospheric color like the summer haze over the Camden hills.

"Paul's off on a cruise somewhere," she answered briefly.

"With whom?"

"I really don't know. His last letter was not explicit. Paul's not like the other boys—flightier. He craves action. Louis and Robert are content enough with the respectable poverty of their professions and now and then a splash of commercial success. But Paul was always irked by the chronic low ebb of the family war chest. I suspect him of having taken a job that he's shy about our knowing."

"What sort?" Amory gave the wheel a couple of spokes.

"You seem to know these waters as well as I do," Yonne evaded.

"I studied the chart closely on coming in. . . . What's to hinder Paul's taking a job?"

"Nothing, if it's clean and honest."

"Why shouldn't it be? From what I know of his family, I'd say you needn't worry about that."

"Well, he might have described it. Paul's a combination of Don Quixote and Lafitte, or Dixie Bull, who used to operate in these waters, if you can imagine such a mixture of chivalry and pride and outlawry. I can't see him actually a pirate though. He's clean as a hound's tooth."

This statement would have been more convincing to Amory had he not previously heard the same lips describe Capt. Sol Whittemore as an individual of saturnine but solid worth, though having the appearance of a pirate chief or slaver skipper. He thought of the sketch of Sol in bandanna, gold-ringed ears, hairy of throat, bony forearms crossed, with a flintlock pistol in each set of gaunt talons. Yonne's visual image of the man had been more exact than her mental one.

"What I think is," Yonne said, "that Paul's got himself a billet aboard a yacht and that he's ashamed to tell us. Mate or sailing master or pilot or something."

"Nothing to be ashamed of," Amory said. "Might be a lot worse."

"Well, it's not quite in line with what we stand for," Yonne said.

"I'm sailing master and navigator of this yacht," Amory said.

"Yes—your own."

"Well, it saves me a couple of hundred a month. If my father hadn't cut down such an awful lot of woods, I shouldn't hesitate to take a pay job of the same sort—might be a little proud if I were able to qualify for it."

"Paul can do that," Yonne said quickly. "He knows this coast inside out from Fundy mouth to Key West—especially this part of it."

"Then why shouldn't he turn that knowledge to account?"

"No reason—if it's a clean account."

"That sounds to me," Amory said slowly, "as if you had some reason for fearing it might not be. Have you?"

Yonne's lithe body twisted itself at the waist as if, while sitting with its upper part turned away from him, he had said something to startle and anger her. Amory discovered for the first time how intense her vital face could be under swift emotion.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Your doubt. One might almost think that you suspected your brother of running booze or dope or Chinks or something."

"That," said Yonne, "is precisely what I am afraid of. If true, it would break our hearts."

There was a tremor in her voice. It gave Amory a sinking feeling.

He said quietly, "That accounts for what I felt about you from the moment you got out of your car—that you had something on your mind."

"I don't see how you guessed that. . . . Keep off a little. You're getting too close in to shore."

He gave the wheel a spoke. "Everybody has their keynote, and what impressed me previously as yours was your serenity. I noticed its absence today. That's why I asked for an *honoraire* in the shape of your confidence. You've been in my thoughts more than you know."

"You're intuitive, Amory. You make it easy for me to go on and say that I'm not only afraid of Paul's being in this rotten business but of his carrying on not so very far away."

"Why?"

"I think he's been near the mill. Yesterday afternoon I was sketching up the brook. Sandy was with me. Suddenly he pricked up his ears and dashed off into the woods and I heard him give a couple of yaps such as he makes when I come home after being all day away."

"Did you investigate?"

"No. I merely thought it odd. Paul is Sandy's favorite."

Amory was silent for a few moments, then said, "If what you fear is true, you must try to get in touch with Paul and tell him you know what he's up to and ask him to chuck it for the love of what he holds most dear. Do you think you can manage that?"

"Yes, I think so, if it's true that he's hereabouts."

"How?"

"He's very fond of the girl I told you of a little while ago."

"Jenny Gale?"

"Yes."

"And she?"

"I don't know. She's ambitious. She says frankly that when she marries, it's got to be a lot of money."

"I'd call that avaricious," Amory said.

"Not exactly. She wants position."

"I see. Social bee in her bonnet."

"You can't blame her. What she wants is no more than she's entitled to. Her father's family was prominent in this state three generations ago. Some of them stayed here, while others went out and won high places politically and in finance and in the service of the country. She feels that she belongs to the best."

Amory nodded. "I understand. Since childhood she's watched the rich and fashionable crowd across the bay and felt she belonged there instead of in the cottage of a lobster man."

"Well, so she does. She's a hundred per cent American of the best Colonial stock that the country can boast. It's apt to be that way down here. Any fisherman or lobster man or woodchopper might be first cousin to a cabinet officer or railroad president. But he wouldn't tell you so unless you asked him, and then the chances are he'd say, 'Yes, some kin o' mine, I reckon.'"

Amory switched back to the original topic.

"Well, then, if you can get in touch with Paul, bring him aboard. I want to talk to him."

"Why?"

"Because if what you fear is true, he's got to be dragged out of it. I'll give him a job."

"Where?"

"Here aboard the schooner. I really need a sailing master. I may have to leave her and want her to meet me somewhere. My mate's a good seaman, but not a navigator."

Yonne did not answer. She looked at Amory a moment. Her eyes were misty. Then she looked away again. The spell of her was growing on him rapidly, and it was a better spell than the one cast on him that morning by Jane Doe. Poison and antidote grew here in the woods together, and possibly both contained a little of the active principle to stimulate Amory as he now watched Yonne.

They cleared the end of the little island off the point, when he put the wheel over and headed across the bay for the cove of that exclusive colony known for about twenty years past as the Chimney Corner. This was another expanded promontory, joined to the mainland by a narrow neck, the whole of its several hundred acres controlled by a syndicate that apportioned building sites and a member of which was admittedly of the socially elect.

Amory remembered now that he knew several of these colonists—Calvert Lanier, the playwright, about whose admission some years before there had been a good deal of a row, his dramatic affiliations counterweighing in the eyes of some few members—notably a Mrs. Wilmerding—Lanier's talents and distinguished Virginia family. Amory knew also Lanier's brother-in-law, Ravenel O'Sullivan, and one or two others—Harold and Hermione Applebo—all of an older set than his own, but one that had retained its cohesive properties in that place.

As they glided smoothly out into the bay, Yonne said, "That's Captain Sol Whittemore's cottage and lobster pound over on the shore."

Amory saw this property; then, as they opened up the bight, he saw a little more—a good deal more, it looked to him. A small vessel in man-of-war gray was lying at anchor close in. It did not need the United States Customs flag, with its vertical bars of red and white, to announce her as C. G. No. —— whatever this might be.

The sight disturbed Amory, though it neither surprised nor alarmed him. The only two persons who could be in any way aware of his fortuitous clashes of that morning and afternoon were Jane Doe and Sol Whittemore; and the efforts of each, especially the latter, had been and might still be most strenuously directed to keeping him out of it—temporarily on Jane's part and permanently on Sol's. He could not perceive, now, any reason for his being questioned.

Yonne also discovered the C. G. boat, and Amory, watching her face, noticed its sudden paling and the dilatation of her pupils.

She said briefly, "There's a Coast Guard boat anchored in Captain Sol's cove."

"I see her. Has Sol a side line to lobsters, do you think?"

"Not for one second. He loathes the whole dirty business."

"'One may smile, and smile, and be a villain,'" Amory quoted.

"Yes, and a man may scowl and scowl and still be honest," Yonne retorted. "I've known Captain Sol since I was a little girl. He'd be absolutely ruthless to an enemy, and I think he'd kill anybody that he thought threatened Jenny's welfare, and without the slightest compunction. But nobody would ever find it out."

"Do your father and brothers share your confidence and liking of Sol?"

"Yes. He's always been kind and helpful in his harsh, laconic way. When the boys were struggling to make over the mill, Sol stalked over and watched them for a while, then said, 'You derned young loons, when you got all the power you want right under your hands, why the heck don't you make use of it?'"

"He didn't say heck," Amory objected.

"He did. That word came from the big sticks before it found its way into the schools and colleges. Then he showed them how to gear the big mill wheel, which was still working, so as to haul and hoist the stones and timbers. He worked in his spare time helping them and would never take a cent."

Amory reflected silently on this neighborly trait as compared with selling lobsters at twenty dollars apiece less a cash discount to a rich visiting yachtsman, then applying all his frontier craft to feeding that same yachtsman to these crustaceans out in the deep water. These actions did not seem to check.

Yonne had fallen silent. Amory could guess that the presence of the C. G. boat off Sol's place had struck a chill in her—one of foreboding. He wondered if she were holding something back, merely telling him enough to prepare his mind for any dénouement that might happen to her brother Paul.

They crossed the three-mile stretch of water, approached the Chimney Corner, glided by not far off its pretty Casino, or Reading Room, where, according to the old story, Calvert Lanier, in resentment at what he considered the bad faith shown him in the matter of his membership, had anchored his huge studio barge. On the side of this was painted in six-foot lettering: The Broken Word. No law of land or sea had been able to oust him from this offensively strategic position.

Passing on round into the sheltered bight, Amory picked out a good berth clear of the several small yachts moored there and let go his anchor. It was by this time nearly six—the time when Yonne had promised to call for her friend Jenny Gale.

It occurred to him then that it might be better to send Yonne over to fetch her friend with the quartermaster than to go himself and risk any chance of questioning by the Coast Guard or a *contretemps* with Sol. And if, as he suspected, the persons of Jenny Gale and Jane Doe were identical, anybody, to see them together, was apt to notice the coincidence of two faces similarly scored by a great many fine scratches and abrasions—these scarcely noticeable, but suggesting a passage through thick spiny underbrush and the fine brittle twigs of the dead branches at the foot of spruce trees. The small abrasions had come from the coarse gravel bank in the middle of the brook where they had threshed and wallowed like a pair of sportive otters. Other minute etchings, scarcely perceptible to any but keen, observant eyes, came from the contact of their faces with the deep bed of spruce and balsam needles that had served as a wrestling mat and saved them more serious contusions.

He was therefore about to put the little cedar dinghy with the outboard motor, dignified as the gig, at Yonne's disposal, excusing himself on the pretext of some letters for the morning mail, when she saved him the trouble by saying:

"If you've anything you want to do, Amory, don't bother to come with me to fetch Jenny. And I don't need anybody to run that back-kicker. We've got one of the same model and I know its whole box of tricks."

This was even better. But it struck Amory that Yonne did not entirely hide an eagerness to go alone, and that this desire

(Continued on Page 69)

The New HUDSON

As the Super-Sixes have achieved and led the mechanical possibilities of the day, so in these new models they achieve and lead a new mode in beauty and fine car appointment.

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HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY · 209 WASHINGTON STREET · BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 65)

was due to the discovery of the C. G. boat at the lobster pound

"Just as you like," he said. "This one of mine's on a stretch of good behavior. There are a couple of letters I ought to get off."

He ordered the boat that had been towing astern hauled alongside. Yonne got aboard, deftly wound up its music box and started off. Amory watched her for a moment, then went below. He examined his face in the glass. It looked rather as if he had shaved hurriedly with a badly set safety razor, and Yonne, who had brothers, might have ascribed the small crosshatchings to such a process.

Jane Doe could not offer the same alibi, but in her case there would be recourse to pigment and powder. At any rate he hoped that in their close clinches he had avoided grinding her map against that of Maine as ruthlessly as she had served his own. He was wiping his face skillfully with a tampon of cold cream, preparatory to the application of a little shaving powder, when, through the porthole he had unclamped for the sake of air, he heard the sucking gurgle of water just outside—that fluid swish made by the paddle of a canoe.

Glancing out, he saw a slim green coracle he recognized, and in it the girl whose personality had been so forcefully stamped upon him; though now she appeared in different guise from the girl in drab camp rig that had been torn to rags in their struggle or in the pretty bathing suit that had revealed her as a mauled but splendid water nymph.

Evidently, for reasons of her own, she had chosen not to wait for Yonne to call for her in the launch, but had dressed for the clambake de luxe and paddled across the bay. She must, in fact, have watched the yacht come in from the shore, discovered Amory and Yonne in the cockpit, then, as soon as Yonne had buzzed off like a bright water beetle, got in her canoe and paddled out to compare notes with Amory. This struck him as a little rash, as there were people on the broad verandas of the Reading Room and on the tennis courts that flanked it. So it appeared as if Jane Doe, or Jenny Gale, must have invented some previous acquaintanceship between the owner of this smart sea bird and herself.

The canoe slipped up to the ladder as he watched, and he heard her brisk voice say to the quartermaster, "Please ask Mr. Payne to come on deck for a moment."

Amory gave his face a cat's wipe and went up. True to the rôle of old acquaintance he fancied her to have explained him, he stepped to the side and said cheerfully, "Well, look who's here! Come aboard!"

She glanced over her shoulder, then thrust the canoe astern with a strong stroke.

"Hello, Amory! What a peach of a boat! I'll come aboard later. Just paddled out to say howdy."

She had glided back under the stern. Amory dropped down on the low rail so that they were separated by only a few feet.

"Yonne's just gone over to fetch you," he said.

Jane Doe received this news in some surprise.

"To fetch me?"

"Why, yes. She was to call for you, wasn't she—to bring you to the clambake? She's bringing me too."

"Fine!" The tawny eyes seemed to Amory to hold a tinge of mockery. "You've kept your promise?"

"Of course. Fixed habit of mine. She told me a little though."

"What about?"

"Her brother Paul. I think she's afraid of something."

"Have you seen anybody else?"

"Yes—your stepfather."

"What?"

Jane Doe's eyebrows, darker than her hair, and thick for conventions of beauty, drew a straight line over eyes that now looked amber in the bright yellow light. It was after six, but in that high latitude at that season the sun puts up a valiant, orderly and lingering retreat.

"Yes, your stepfather. He set me aboard my yacht."

"Really? That's curious."

"I popped out of the woods and plumped onto him close in to the shore in his boat."

Jane Doe's wide mobile mouth twisted up on one side.

"Did my stepfather ask if a wildcat had dropped down on you back there in the woods?"

"No; he merely offered to sell me a mess of eight lobsters at twenty per, or one hundred and fifty for the lot."

The straight brows lifted. "Indeed? Of course you didn't fall for any such graft?"

"I did just that thing. Nobody was witness to the transaction and nobody saw me come aboard in my clawed-up condition. All hands were at mess. You seem to have policed your own premises pretty well."

"A little paint makes a lot of difference," Jane Doe said. "How did you guess the identity of my stepfather?"

"First, deduction from what Yonne told me about her friend Jenny Gale, then the nail clinched by a character study she's made of your stepfather in his proper pirate rôle."

Jane Doe looked down at her paddle, which was on the far side of the canoe, sculling gently to keep it in position under the stern. Then she looked back up at Amory and said:

"I see. It's wonderful to have an analytic mind. Well, I just paddled out to ask if you'd seen anybody or been questioned or otherwise spilled any beans. This thing is getting serious. Have you heard the rumor that's going round?"

"That a C. G. officer's been done in and made way with? That's pretty bad, Jane."

"The worst," Jane said, "is still to come."

"I think," said Amory, "that to be prepared for that you had better tell me all you know about the rotten business." He stooped lower, and looking intently into her eyes, asked in a low voice, "What did that man have in that wheelbarrow?"

Jane Doe met his gaze with one as level.

"I don't know."

"Was the man wheeling it Paul Deforest?"

"I don't know."

Amory frowned.

"Why did you put up such a knock-down-and-drag-out to get that watch?"

Again he caught the mocking look.

"Where's your deduction now?"

"In a safe place, so far as you're concerned. But I think you're giving me a rum deal."

"Why didn't you choke the truth out of me while you had the chance?"

"I wish I had. This I-don't-know stuff is unfair to me, and what's a lot worse, it's unfair to Yonne, your dearest friend."

She gave him a veiled look in which the mockery was more than ever apparent. Amory felt his anger rising. Something in the girl's face, her tawny leonine eyes and the supple strength so lightly masked as he looked down on her beautiful shoulders and remembered the power in them, again roused his first impressions. But most of all, he was kindled by the provocative expression of her features, in which there seemed to lurk a fresh challenge, whether to a similar contest or one more subtle. She had freely admitted that he had mastered her that morning, but her whole bearing seemed to offer challenge for a return event. Amory felt instinctively that his affair with this girl was far from finished and that, in one way or another, they were destined to go to the mat again. Her closeness blotted out the softer and more tender accord arrived at between himself and Yonne.

He said, in a low tone of hot impatience and resentment: "Here are the facts as is: Hiking through the woods to the Deforests', I stopped on the edge of a clearing, and from behind a clump of laurel I saw a young man who answers the general description of Paul Deforest shoving a heavy loaded wheelbarrow through the scrub."

"Describe him," Jane Doe said.

"Bareheaded, glistening with sweat, sleeveless sport shirt, tweed trousers—couldn't see his shoes. He acted as if expecting himself to be followed, listening for a moment and plowing off into the woods."

"What about his face?"

"Can't describe that. There was foliage in the way. Tanned, though."

She looked relieved. Then she said, "Well, go on."

Amory continued with a cut in his voice:

"I back-tracked him to where he crossed the brook, and found the wrist watch he must have dropped off, in an inch or so of water. Then while examining the initials P. R. D. on the back of it, you slammed in and demanded it. When I refused to give it up, you tackled me like a panther. Tried to drown me in the pool—at least enough to get the watch. I broke away and swarmed up the bank, with you hot after me, and we came to grips again at the top. You ripped me ragged ——"

The color blazed into her face.

"Never mind the intimate details. Skip to where you meet my stepfather."

Amory continued without interruption to where he entered Tide Mill House, then, as he described the shot fired at him from the far bank, he got the reaction on which he had counted.

"Who was it?"

"Your stepfather, Sol Whittemore." Amory went on to describe what immediately followed—the stealthy passage of Sol through the flume and his more sinister waiting plastered against the wall, then his slinking, furtive flight at the sound of the car approaching.

He watched Jane Doe's face closely as he talked and was a little puzzled to notice that, although her tense look persisted still, it was mingled with relief. Logically, she should have looked aghast at learning of her stepfather's villainy. When he came to the point of Yonne's arrival on the scene, her absorption grew.

But to Amory's surprise, her mind strayed from the more crucial point of his narrative.

"Are you in love with Yonne?" she asked abruptly.

"I don't know. It's too soon to tell." He added slowly: "Strange as it may sound, I was beginning to believe, up to the moment of greeting Yonne, that I had fallen in love with you."

She blinked, then stared inscrutably.

"Why?"

"Because," Amory said slowly, "you are so strong and beautiful and wild—and I tamed you."

Again the hot flame of color.

"You call that love?"

"One sort. Enough to start with, isn't it? If it had been followed up by any sweetness on your part, I'd have been a goner."

"In spite of my stepfather?"

"That might have helped. I'd have wanted to get you clear of the brute."

He expected a flash of resentment, even anger, at this statement, after what Yonne had told him about Sol's grim devotion to the girl. But instead Jane Doe said a little listlessly:

"You had a lucky escape. Yonne's twice the girl I am. She's got talent—genius, perhaps—sweetness and everything that's worth while. She's a lot better to look at. But when you come down to brass tacks, you'd probably find that she'd be quite as hard to handle in spite of her willowy looks. I've seen her haul a fisherman's dory clear of the water with one hand. Come to think of it, she's precisely the wife for you, Amory Payne—if she'll have you. Best you can do is to carry on for all you're worth."

"We're getting away from the subject matter," Amory said impatiently. "Are you going to give me any inside dope on this rotten business, or are you not?"

"Not. Then if you're questioned under oath, you won't have to do any finished perjury."

"Have it your own way," Amory said vexedly. "I promised you to say nothing about our whirl over in the woods and I'll keep my word. But that doesn't cover your stepfather's blackmail and attempt to shoot me."

"Oh, blight my stepfather!" Jane Doe burst out. "How long are you going to stick around here?"

"As long as I feel like it. It looks as if Yonne might be going to need some help. I think she's scared stiff about her brother. . . . Listen!" Amory looked over his shoulder and saw the gig not far away, heading back for the yacht. "Here she comes now."

"Quick trip," Jane Doe said, with an indifference that roused Amory's ire.

"You might have saved her the bother. Didn't you see her as we came in?"

"I thought she was the girl with you, but couldn't be sure. You take a chance to barge gayly in here with a pretty unchaperoned companion. This Chimney Corner is one of the last outlying garrisons of early American decency. Mrs. Wilmerding lays down the laws of conduct here, ably backed by Mr. Phelps, the president and patriarch of this exalted order of rich Colonial snobs."

"That," said Amory, "is probably the reason you declined to come aboard."

"You've said it. They've got your number as an eligible for their cold-storage plant, if ever you wish to wed and settle here. Since the early historic and lamentable episode of Calvert Lanier, bachelors who have no family footing in the Corner are strictly barred as resident members. Our slogan is: We Are Like One Big Family Here. All That Are With Us Are Of Us."

"*Our* slogan?" Amory queried. It struck him that this high-powered and alluring stepdaughter of a local lobster profiteer had edged over a little.

Before Jane Doe could answer, the dinghy shot its final staccato volley close under the stern, ceased firing, rounded up and came gliding alongside.

Amory stared. Jane Doe laughed. There were two girls in the dinghy—Yonne steering and opposite her another pretty girl, with the peach-and-cream complexion that is a gift of the sea fog of that coast.

Yonne called cheerfully, "Hello, Sabine. Jenny, do you blame me for getting lured away aboard a boat that looks like this? Stand by, Amory, to pipe Miss Jenifer Gale over the side. She's a great-granddaughter of an admiral."

IX

AS AMORY helped aboard Miss Jenifer Gale, he found his mind to be on that task—which is to say, on Jenifer Gale. The error of his conclusions in placing Jane Doe in the wrong camp and expatiating to her on the ill deeds of her stepfather, Capt. Sol Whittemore, did not bother him at all. His interest in the third girl encountered on this first day of his romantic quest was immediate and unsettling. Even as he took her small round wrists—for the boat ladder was not of the accommodation sort with a staging—Jenny turned on him her battery of soft gray eyes, screened in black-fringed embrasures, and no carronades ever took a quarter-deck more quickly.

The daughters of Maine, Amory reflected, native, foster or adopted, were exceeding fair, and so far as he had got in his girl collecting on those rugged shores, the species ran true to type. These three girls had physical traits in common, were much alike in size and shape and coloring and in that soft, tender, vivid bloom that is worn by the sweetest wild flower to grow in the roughest and most harsh surroundings—the eglantine.

The features they had in common were not like those shared by members of the same family, but rather the sort to be found in the members of a group carefully selected for uniformity of general size and appearance—a group of dancing nymphs, or mermaids in a scenic spectacle, or some athletic event for which the requirements are similar. In swimming suits, they would have appeared like the three final candidates in a beauty contest in which the judges were unanimous in their preference

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Murphy Fine Finishes

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for size and strength combined with grace. The first beauty contest of which history has record must have left the embarrassed single judge, Paris, in the same perplexity.

This last entry now drew and held Amory's distinguished consideration, and Jenifer Gale, as if she felt instinctively that she had scored, stood before him on the snowy deck in an attitude that betokened a demure self-consciousness or else was an admirable imitation of that maidenly pose. Her charming personality was a distinct departure from the militant Sabine and the talented Yonne. The mythological patroness from whom she had her gifts was immediately apparent in the nature of these. A student of Hellenic pantheology would have said without a moment's hesitation that Venus had the most to do with keeping fresh her image in Jenny. Athletic she might be, as Yonne had described her, but then all the pagan goddesses had their background in the symmetry of strength. Yet physical vigor was not the keynote of Jenny as she stood for a moment with her weight on one hip in the fashion to accentuate this curve, the knee of the other leg slightly flexed, an exquisite line at the waist, and the reverse curve carried up to the droop of one shoulder. Her chin was slightly raised as her gray eyes looked at Amory with a sort of pleading in them, but that might have been the consummate art of the born coquette.

It rattled him a little, because the look of appeal suggested instantly to his mind that the girl knew something about his contact with her stepfather, and that she viewed him as a source of possible danger to this fatal old fish crow who might yet be dear to her. Amory's first impression of the girl was diametrically opposed to his mental image of her as drawn from Yonne's description. He had expected to find Jenny a sort of cool, calculating climber of a girl, guarded, both of herself and others, half propitiating, half defiant, and in his mistake of identity he had invested Sabine with these properties. But now, forced suddenly to reconstruct his ideas, the personality of the supposed Jenifer Gale required a complete revamping, as did also that of Sabine—whatever might be her last name.

Sabine, he recognized instantly, must be herself a member of this precious colony of perpetuators of Colonial American decorum, her family one of the elect which, in that exclusive place, used a social measuring stick standardized in Boston a good many years ago.

This more or less obsolete metric system as applied to the whole country would be still the only one recognized in the Chimney Corner, Amory thought. And if so, then Sabine must be a rank insurgent. The beautiful silvered *ondulé* hair of its charming duenna, Mrs. Wilmerding, to whom he had once been presented, would straighten out could she have been an appalled spectator of one brief round in his rough-and-tumble with Sabine, while the finish of that event might have deprived that august lady of her sanity.

Meanwhile Jenny was standing demurely and with a light that was not entirely bashfulness in her soft gray eyes. Amory had to say something, and, being far from dumb when confronted with a crisis of any sort, he said it:

"I'd have run into your cove with the schooner, Miss Gale, but was afraid I might land on a ledge and stick indefinitely. That dread has now become an ambition."

Yonne laughed. "You start in on high, don't you, Amory? Isn't it rough on the gears?"

Sabine said mockingly: "'Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead.' That's the effect Jenny has on the male youth of our delightful colony, so why not on the visiting stranger at our gates?" And she added, with an edge of malice that was lost on the two other girls: "If he overplays his hand and gets shot at, he can up stick and out of here."

Amory cursed inwardly his folly in having told this Sabine girl all the happenings under the silly misconception that she was Jenny Gale.

As they now stood, Sabine, he reflected, had the low-down on all his stuff, while he was in total ignorance of hers.

Jenny changed her pose to one of equal grace, and said in a soft liquid voice, "You can say things on the deck of a ship that you can't in the Chimney Corner."

"Thank you," Amory said. He returned Sabine's look of malice. "I should say that when the narrow confines of the Chimney Corner get a bit oppressive, its members paddle across the bay to find an outlet for their energies."

"Which says what?" Yonne asked, reaching for the ladder. Amory stepped past Jenny to haul Yonne aboard in turn, but she evaded his grip. Her long eyes had not missed Amory's moment of stark admiration of Jenny.

Sabine, watching all three and missing no detail, said in her throaty voice, "Tie up that sampan, Yonne, and leave those two to get better acquainted, and we'll paddle over and find out just when and where this precious clam fight is to be pulled off."

"You're on!" Yonne backed down the ladder and stepped into the canoe.

The quartermaster took the painter of the dinghy and hauled it out to the boat boom.

"Hold on!" Jenny said. "Aren't you letting me in for censorship by the colony?"

"Oh, you're safe enough so long as you keep in sight," Sabine said. "It's an even bet that the eyes of our official chaperon are even now following your slightest gesture—through binoculars. Ten years ago it wouldn't have done, but we've changed all that. The old ingle has got as broad as the edge of a plank."

Amory led his guest to the cockpit, where there were cushions.

"I think," he said, "that at one time—or several—Jane Doe has collided with the colony's M. P."

"Jane Doe? Why do you call Sabine Phelps that?"

"It's her alias when A. W. O. L." Amory disguised the shock given him by the august name of Phelps—that of the colony's charter-member president, whose proud office had continued unchallenged to the present day. So that old fraud of a Phelps was Sabine's stepfather. Amory remembered the Phelps-Parker wedding just after the war, and had heard that Mrs. Parker's daughter had taken the name of Phelps at the urgent desire of her stepfather, who had made her coheiress with his son Howard to his many millions. He chuckled inwardly at the jolt he must have given Sabine at his reference to her stepfather as a blackmailer and lobster thief and sincere potential assassin.

He became instantly serious on reflecting that Capt. Sol Whittemore stood in such relationship to this lovely girl for whose comfort he arranged the cushions. There was an appeal to Jenny that had penetrated him as suddenly and deeply as might have done the bullet from her stepfather's old .45 not long before. And for some reason he felt that Jenny knew something if not all about his contact with Capt. Sol Whittemore.

She said now, in answer to his observation:

"Sabine is out of her element in this place. She can't stand the unwritten law of mind-your-step. She's always in hot water with Mrs. Wilmerding. Every so often she jumps the reservation."

"Where to?" Amory asked.

"Across the bay. She drops in on the Deforests or me."

"But you both have been duly passed and approved by Mrs. Wilmerding."

"Oh, yes—the Deforests because they are good family and full of talent, with a college president to offer, and I because my father's family has furnished a few celebrities. Mother's family had a Colonial governor and an admiral or two. My stepfather"—she looked a little challengingly at Amory—"seems to be accepted as an interesting local type."

"He looks it," Amory said. "Yonne showed me her sketch of him."

"That's a caricature," Jenny said quickly. "He's not the pirate she made him out."

"That's an awful lot," Amory admitted, reflecting that Mrs. Wilmerding must be less of a snob than she had been, perhaps unjustly, represented. He added then: "You and Yonne must be lucky safety valves for Sabine."

"We are. She came over this morning in a smothered rage about something and borrowed an old camping suit of mine, then took my canoe and said she was going to work off her grouch. She came back all scratched up from where she had slipped and fallen off a ledge into a patch of raspberries."

"Had she left her grouch in them?" Amory asked.

"Yes, she seemed back to normal."

"'Jumped into another bush, and scratched 'em in again,'" Amory quoted.

"Mr. Phelps is as bad as Mrs. Wilmerding, but with the difference that he's a good deal of an old fraud. Breaks the Volstead Law and that of Mrs. Wilmerding every afternoon at four o'clock."

Jenny rippled along in a half-nervous, half-humorous way. If Amory had been giving her his strict attention, he might have guessed that she had something on her mind and was maneuvering to approach it presently. But what she had just told him about Sabine's visit now occupied his thought.

It suggested a startling hypothesis—one possibly to explain Sol's deadly malevolence in his direction.

Sabine and Jenny bore in size and coloring a resemblance to each other. What if Sol, out in his boat on the bay hauling lobster pots, had seen from the distance what he mistook for his stepdaughter in her canoe, paddling along the shore to enter the deep little bight? What if, in curiosity about her errand or because he was interested in something that might be happening in the woods, he had, with the frontier stealth of which Amory had been given evidence, followed the girl? And what then if, from a covert far enough removed for the positive identification of the girl, he had witnessed in whole or in part Amory's struggle with Sabine?

The blood poured up Amory's neck and into his face at the thought of such espionage and what might have been Sol's interpretation of it. Sol could scarcely have understood that the dispute was about the wrist watch.

In that case Amory surely would not be sitting there in his cockpit talking to Jenny. Sol would have strode in and killed him out of hand. Yonne had said she believed Sol capable of killing any man who threatened Jenny's welfare, but that nobody would ever find it out.

From behind a tree trunk, Sol might have watched the struggle to its end and refrained from interference, trusting partly in his knowledge of Jenny's strength, staying the lethal hand that she be not involved in a dreadful scandal that must ruin her social prospects.

But the innate ferocity of the man, the deadly venom, would have resolved him to make an end of the man who had thus manhandled his loved stepdaughter, and to do this in such a way that none would be the wiser. Sol might have been waiting for Amory to come out on the shore, determined to kill him if opportunity offered.

But such opportunity did not offer. Amory had been in sight of the yacht if anyone had happened to come out on deck. Sol therefore had bided his time, kept watch of Amory's movements, made his stealthy attack with homicidal intent on seeing Amory enter what he knew to be the empty Tide Mill House. Yonne's arrival and the approach of the searching Coast Guards had postponed the attempt.

As all this swept through Amory's mind, two considerations presented themselves instantly. One was that if this were the true explanation of Sol's conduct, then he had nothing to do with the man wheeling the barrow. The other was that the sooner Sol was made aware of the true facts, the better it would be for Amory.

His train of thought was interrupted by observing that Jenny was looking at him accusingly.

His eyes met hers, and she said, "You haven't been listening to a word that I've said."

"I beg your pardon, but that's the truth," Amory answered. "I was thinking of something so dreadful that I hate to tell you what it was, and yet I believe you ought to know."

Jenny's face had that bloom to be found on the complexions of young women who are natives of a coast where the prevailing climate is cool and for a large part of the year drenched with sea fog and salty mist. This keeps the rich blood just under the surface of the skin.

At Amory's words every vestige of this color faded, to leave her that pearly pallor that is seen on the inside of a sea shell.

"Tell me," she whispered. "I've been afraid you knew."

"About two hours ago," Amory said slowly, "your stepfather tried to shoot me from ambush."

Jenny raised both hands quickly to her temples. The sudden horror in her misty gray eyes made them look black.

"Are you sure it was he?"

"I saw him, revolver in hand, not twenty feet away. He'd already shot at me. This morning he had set me aboard my boat, so there could be no mistake. Afterward Yonne showed me her sketch of him."

"Do you know why he tried to kill you?" Jenny asked.

"I thought at the time that it had something to do with the disappearance of the Coast Guard officer—that he had reason to believe I suspected him of having a hand in it. But now, after what you have just told me, I think it was something else."

"What?"

"I can't tell you that. I'm pledged to keep my mouth shut."

"Pledged to whom? Yonne, of course."

"Why Yonne?"

"Oh, what's the use of asking me that?" She flung out her arms with a gesture of despair. "You know. I've suspected all the time. It's made me so horribly frightened that I'm sick."

"Then you yourself suspect that your stepfather is *particeps criminis?*" Amory asked.

"You've got no right to ask me that. I shan't answer—that is, unless you tell me what you know."

Here, it looked to Amory, was a stalemate—one of a most exasperating and dangerous sort. Jenny knew something—or at least she had reason to suspect something—about the ugly business. She was willing to exchange information with Amory and between them they might have probed far into the mystery, or at least far enough to establish some definite course of action. And now here was Amory bound by his promise to Sabine Phelps.

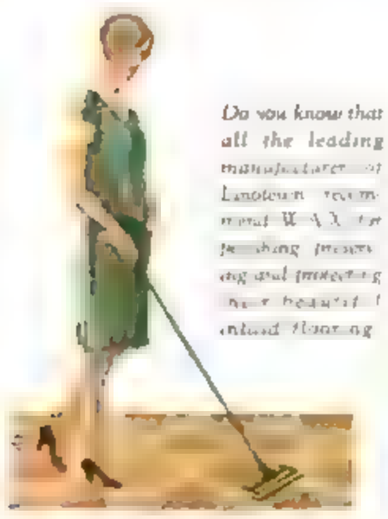
He believed Sabine to be in love with Paul Deforest and to suspect Paul's involvement in a crime and ready to shield him at any cost to anybody. Jenny, Amory believed to be desperately anxious about her stepfather, Capt. Sol Whittemore, who might after all be a ruthless but not a criminal man. Amory had lived in the woods, knew Sol's relentless frontier type and its method of secretly administering its own affairs—judging, convicting, passing sentence and acting as executioner—all these functions securely locked in one chest, one fatal mind, and the accomplishment of the fell purpose carried out with fearful efficiency.

Indeed, Amory could not help but sympathize with it a good deal. He had his own strains of pioneer blood, which runs the same on impulse and action whether it occurs in the woods, on the littoral of the sea or has been transplanted to mountains and prairies.

(Continued on Page 77)

This POLISH

CLEANS · BEAUTIFIES · PROTECTS



Johnson's Polishing Wax keeps your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum permanently young. It helps to keep you young, too, because it cuts your hours of housework materially.

Without a doubt, it is the easiest polish you have ever used—and the most gratifying to your very natural pride in a beautiful well-kept home.

Johnson's Polishing Wax removes every trace of grime and dirt—and does a wonderful job of polishing besides—all in one quick and simple operation. The lustrous sheen, produced so easily, adds a final touch of perfection to the beauty of your home. No wonder so many women prefer this remarkable polish!

There's no danger of mars from hot dishes and spilled liquids when your dining table is protected with Johnson's Polishing Wax. You may use doily service without fear of disaster on this hard, dry, gleaming film of wax. Like an invisible glass covering it preserves the beauty and protects the fine finish on all your furniture.

This polish never becomes soft or greasy, no matter what the weather. It does not attract dust and lint. Finger-prints leave no embarrassing trace on its glistening, immaculate surface.

Use Johnson's Polishing Wax everywhere a polish is needed. It's fine for shoes and all leather goods—to keep them new-looking, and to prevent scars.

Out in the garage there's another important use for Johnson's Polishing Wax. Nothing is better to preserve the glossy newness of fine lacquered automobile finish and to protect it from wear and weather.

The man of the house will thoroughly approve of Johnson's Polishing Wax because it puts such a beautiful, lasting polish on the family car. It carries the recommendation of leading automobile and body manufacturers.

Almost any grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store can supply you with Johnson's Paste and Liquid Polishing Wax. You'll find it a most valuable aid to easier housekeeping and to increased beauty for every room in your home.

Some women prefer the Paste form of Johnson's Polishing Wax—others the Liquid—so we put it up both ways

JOHNSON'S

PASTE OR LIQUID · · · ·

rent

this Electric Polisher
by the day or half-day

Why not have the supreme satisfaction and labor-saving comfort of wax-polished floors throughout your entire home?

With the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher it is easy—whether your floors are varnished, shellacked, waxed or painted. Use this wax treatment on all your floors, old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It will heighten their charm, add years of extra service, and decrease the hours and expense of floor care.

It's all done in just a short time—without stooping or kneeling—without messy rags and pails—without even soiling your hands. Simply apply a coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax to any floor. This cleans as well as waxes. The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher does *all the work* of polishing—you merely guide it over the surface.

How proud you'll be of the result—gleaming floors that add new life and a welcoming warmth to every room and make costly refinishing a thing of the past.

Your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store will gladly rent you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. The rate is very low. Or, you will find it a real economy and convenience to buy one for your own home since the price has just been reduced from $42.50 to **only $29.50.**

Wax-polished floors, besides being more beautiful, cut your hours of floor care almost in two. Heel-prints do not show on them—dust and dirt do not cling—their charm is quickly and easily restored.

S. C. Johnson & Son "*The Floor Finishing Authorities*" Racine, Wis. (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

POLISHING WAX

CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS

Where Every Bed is a Marvel of Luxurious Comfort

Note the resilient double-cone springs. Eyed ends prevent piercing or wear of fabric. Patented anchoring holds each spring permanently upright and in place. Guaranteed not to tip, sag, hump or mesh. Springs cannot "click" or develop noise.

NACHMAN *Spring-Filled* MATTRESSES

More Sleep Per Hour

The splendid institutions pictured above are but a few of the many, offering every possible luxury and comfort, that use Nachman Spring-Filled Mattresses exclusively—the most beautiful, sanitary and comfortable mattress you can ever hope to own. In thousands of the finest homes, too, these Nachman Spring-Filled Mattresses are inducing the deep, restful slumber so essential to physical and mental efficiency.

Here is the most satisfying, the most lasting comfort ever built into a mattress. The Nachman Spring-Filled construction is a tremendous step forward—a scientific triumph—giving years of perfect service that mean real economy to everyone who believes in a good sleep every night—the first law of health for young and old.

Under the fluffy white cotton are numerous, buoyant, double-cone springs held securely upright by a top and bottom anchoring arrangement—an exclusive, patented feature. Only licensed mattress manufacturers use this Nachman construction. The first thing to look for on your next mattress is the red and black "Comfort First" label—your guarantee of genuine Nachman Spring Units—the springs that never tumble over, sag, buckle, bulge, mesh, snarl or lose their sensitive resiliency. Self-ventilation is still another advantage No back-porch airing, no turning or renovating necessary as with ordinary mattresses.

Of all the things everyone needs and uses—bed comfort comes first. And it costs so little when you purchase the years of perfect comfort a Nachman Spring-Filled Mattress can give.

A full-size Nachman Spring-Filled Mattress costs only $39.50. Denver and West, $41.50. Hair Upholstered, $60 to $100. At all good Department and Furniture stores.

Look for This Label

Nachman Spring-Filled Mattresses are made only by licensed local manufacturers, and have the Red and Black "Comfort First" label sewed on the ticking. Also all furniture using genuine Nachman Spring Units is identified by this label. Look for it. Insist upon it—it's your guarantee of what's inside.

NACHMAN
SPRING-FILLED CO.
Chicago, Ill.

NACHMAN Comfort First Spring-Filled

(Continued from Page 73)

Sol did not intend that any rich young scamp of the cities should so treat his little girl and live, even though for some reason his heart had failed him in final villainy. The indignity alone merited, in Sol's eyes, capital punishment.

It now looked to Amory as if this was at least a part of the truth of the business. It would have looked to him like the whole truth if it had not been for Jenny's clearly indicated suspicion of her stepfather's culpability.

Looking at her now, deeply sympathetic for her distress, Amory silently cursed the impulse that had led him to cross the neck on foot rather than risk displeasing Yonne by parade. But more than all he cursed his folly in passing his word for secrecy to that wild, willful and thoroughly spoiled beauty who was Sabine Phelps. Suddenly Jenny covered her eyes, bowed her head and began to cry bitterly but silently, with an intensity of anguish to be found in a little girl. Amory glanced over at the Reading Room about three hundred yards away. It would not look so well for Jenny nor reflect any distinguished credit on himself if the girl's abandonment of sobbing was to be observed by the Argus-eyes Puritan relicts over there. For a young solitary yachtsman to sail in and anchor his smart vessel under their patrician noses, then promptly assemble to himself the three loveliest girls in that neighborhood was bad enough. But for two of them to paddle off, leaving the third to be bullied into tears, was infinitely worse, inexplicably bad.

On his own account the Chimney Corner verdict of Amory's position, intrusion, behavior and all the rest of it was of less importance than a slight smear from a gas boat on the fresh-painted side of his schooner Griselda. He had known about the Chimney Corner for a good many years, frequently heard it referred to, by rank outsiders who had been its guests, with a mixture of ridicule and awe. Others less punctilious of social obligations sometimes attacked their late hosts *en masse* and ferociously. When held down to facts, however, by some partisan of what had become a lone isolated gesture in perpetuation of the old régime, they could not state one single snub, slight, sneer or other unkindliness received. On the contrary, the Chimney Cornerites competed with one another to show friendly attention to the guest of any of their members. Introductions were as superfluous there as they would be in heaven—to which the Boston members considered the Chimney Corner as a sort of suburb so far as concerned its population.

But the mere idea of such a smug coterie gathered together on this *presqu'île* from which all aliens were barred, themselves one of the few handfuls of *soi-disant* Colonial aristocracy making a last stand in its scattered outposts against the onward march of standardized vulgarity, was irritating to Amory. There were thousands of families summering in New England just as good as these self-anointed, and with a lot more Christian forbearance, broader humanity.

This was the sort of stiff-necked, high-hatted, upstage outfit that needed a hard shaking down, Amory thought, and it would be a pleasure to administer it as, years before, Calvert Lanier had done. But it would not do to draw down the lightnings on the pretty head of Jenny. She was not sufficiently insulated, stood to gain a lot in position to which she was entitled but might never attain without the colony as godmother.

Amory was therefore relieved that the schooner had swung at anchor in such a way that she rode head on to the Reading Room, which was set out on the brim of a little rocky point. In this position Jenny and himself were screened from observation by the yacht's low trunk cabin, spars, rigging and other gear, yet visible enough in sketchy fashion to be present and accounted for on deck. Fragmentary glimpses of his blue coat and Jenny's striped blazer were to be had by the guardians of the colony's proprieties ashore and within what they considered to be their exclusive mooring limits, though the United States Government might not recognize their legal claim to such, as they had once discovered to their humiliation. It would have been as impossible for their queen bee, Mrs. Wilmerding, to discover the juxtaposition of Jenny and Amory, and that the girl was weeping silently and bitterly, as difficult for her to perceive Amory's efforts to console her, should he attempt to do so, as for Mrs. Wilmerding's keen eyes to discover the contents of his cabin. Fortunately, he reflected as he peered over the top of the trunk cabin, there was not yet any apparatus for the projection of television, like a searchlight mounted on a universal joint.

Jenny dropped her hands abruptly, clasping in each that sector of knee visible under the hem of her corn-colored jersey skirt. She stared at Amory with eyes that suggested a light summer fog through which a shower has just passed.

"If Sol"—she called her bleak stepfather by his current name in the quaint provincial custom of that region—"is mixed up in this horrid business, it's all on my account, and if anything were to happen to him it would break my heart."

"Nothing's going to happen to him through anything I'll do or say," Amory assured her.

This statement appeared to bring Jenny deep relief. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Payne!" She reached out her hand impulsively—a firm, pretty, shapely hand that was small and strong and that showed no evidence of manual toil. Amory, a responsive young man, took it and held it firmly.

"More than that," he said, leaning down and toward her a little, so that the white plane of his captain's cap might be eclipsed by the cabin top, "you may depend on me to render you any service that comes within my reach."

The fog melted in Jenny's eyes. A thin ray of sunshine got through to them.

"You are more than kind—kind and generous—especially after he shot at you."

"To save any future attempt of that sort," Amory said, "you had better tell him as soon as possible that you saw me for the first time over here this afternoon, when Yonne brought you across the bay."

Jenny looked puzzled.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. Unless I'm wrong," Amory said, "I've reason to believe that your stepfather acted on the wrong conviction that I had been disturbing your peace in some way."

"But how could that be after he had set you aboard your yacht? He must have known that you weren't ——" She checked herself suddenly.

"That I wasn't mixed up in any unlawful business that may interest him?" Jenny's slip had given Amory a clew. "He knew that well enough."

"But why should he suspect you of bothering me?"

"There were other incidents that I'm pledged not to mention," Amory said. "If you'll do as I say, I'm sure that so far as I'm concerned your stepfather will lay off. But you'll have to convince him of my alibi where you're concerned. If you can manage that, it will put me in a better position to be of service to you in other ways."

"But how?" Jenny persisted.

"Chiefly by keeping my mouth shut as tight as a clam. Even more, by lying like a gentleman if questioned."

Her eyes opened wide. She looked like a good little girl shocked by the unethical behavior of one for whom she has conceived a sudden and profound respect and liking. This infantile effect was enhanced by her parted lips and a nose that had not outgrown its baby tilt—not turned up exactly, but with its cool, straight, chiseled shaping set at an angle that gave the same effect. It was a feature formed, as sometimes happens, in a fashion that invites and makes room for a caress immediately beneath it.

"I would do all that and more for you, Miss Gale," Amory said impressively—a little impetuously in fact. As he looked into the fresh eglantine face, the demoralizing influence of Sabine and the sweetly seductive one of Yonne retreated still farther into the arcades of Arcady. There was a demure, confiding quality about Jenny as disturbingly enticing as a cool, clear, moss-rimmed spring to a thirsty hunter lost in the woods.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I wish that I were free to tell you all that I know about this horrid business, but I'm in the same position as yourself—pledged to keep my mouth shut."

"Do you think," Amory asked, "that there has been any actual crime?"

"I don't know. I can tell you this much—that the Coast Guard officer is not the only one that has disappeared."

"Who else?"

"One of the boys from over here—Howard Phelps."

"Heck! Papa Phelps' son?"

"Yes."

"How long has he been A. W. O. L.?"

"Since last night. They're frightfully upset about it, but keeping it hushed up. That's the sort of thing this blessed colony can't stand—unpleasant notoriety. Some of the boys here sneak off sometimes and run a speed boat across the line after a load for home consumption."

"Is this known to the colony?"

"To some of them—the younger set. Probably it is suspected by a few of the older ones, but so far it has been a close-closeted family skeleton. Howard could get away with it, even if nabbed, because he's frightfully rich on his own account, and that makes him indifferent about what his father might do. But between you and me and that binnacle, the old gentleman says nothing and shaves ice when he finds a few bottles in his locker."

"A loose brick in the Chimney Corner," Amory said.

"Yes," Jenny agreed, and added with heat: "It's one thing for these anointed arbiters of elegance to blink at their own loose bricks and another to heave them at any of the rest of us if we make a false step. Sol hates the whole dirty business, and the only reason for which he could get mixed up in it would be on my account."

"Why yours?" Amory asked.

"Because I play round with this crowd and know what they're up to, and I'm acquainted with the Coast Guard officers based near by and know what they're up to."

A light began to dawn on Amory. It would appear then that this pretty girl had a foot in either camp. Yonne had suggested as much, but not precisely in this same connection. It was equally apparent that Jenny, thus straddled across the stream, one foot on a dry stone, the other on a slippery one, stood in grave danger of falling between the two and getting herself all wet in very deep and muddy water.

Catching the expression of Amory's face, her eyes filled again.

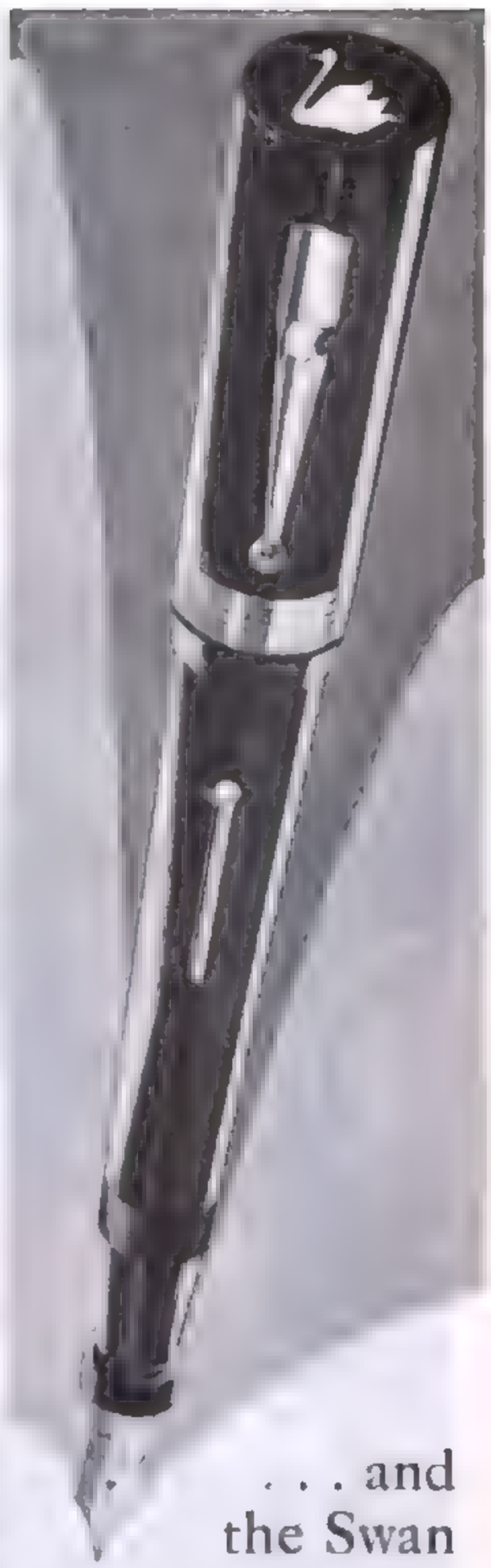
"Oh, I'm in a dreadful fix!" she wailed. "It was bad enough before, but now, if anything horrible's happened, then I'm sunk—finis."

"What," Amory asked, "could be done to get you out of it?"

"Only one thing that I can see—to fade away—to disappear myself until it all blows over or up. If I'm questioned, I'm sure to break down. Sabine could brazen it out and Yonne mix them up so that they wouldn't know whether they were going east or west. But when all's said and done, I'm just a silly country dumb-bell, for all my schooling and stylish friends."

She began to weep again. Amory, perplexed, sympathetic, desiring to help, could for the moment do nothing but watch this painful process. His silence seemed presently to accentuate it, as if the mere fact of his having nothing to suggest, no course of action to propose, convinced the frightened girl that her case must be desperate indeed. Perhaps, Amory reflected, she might be right, at that. It all looked pretty bad to

(Continued on Page 79)



. . . and the Swan just keeps on *writing*

SWAN meets the mode in styles and colors — but Swan *writing* qualities never change. Swan pens in daily use have given twenty, thirty, forty years of *writing* service. That's because they are handmade by jewelry craftsmen. Yet they cost only $5, $6 or $7. If your dealer doesn't handle Swan, please send his name to Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York City. 209 S. State St., Chicago.

Swan PENS

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CHEVROLET

Bigger and Better

Reduced Prices

The COACH **$585**

The Roadster	$495	*The* Imperial Landau	$715
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They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

A Sensational Achievement in Beauty and Performance

Marvelous new bodies by Fisher . . . longer, lower and roomier . . . and styled with all the artistry of world-famous designers! A 107-inch wheelbase . . . the longest ever offered in a low-priced automobile! An improved valve-in-head engine . . . smooth, powerful and swift in acceleration! Four semi-elliptic shock-absorber springs . . . permanent assurance of delightful riding ease! Non-locking four-wheel brakes . . . powerful, dependable and velvety in operation! That's what the Bigger and Better Chevrolet offers you—at prices so low that they are actually amazing! Small wonder that everyone calls it a sensational achievement in beauty and performance! Small wonder that it is everywhere hailed as the world's most luxurious low-priced car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 77)

him. Moreover, Jenny's last incautious words implied that Yonne and Sabine also were involved. He quickly visualized the situation as it might easily be.

Paul Deforest, off on his mysterious cruise, was very likely toting contraband to some point offshore, whither the olive branches of that temple to ultra conventionality which was the Chimney Corner went to fetch it when it might be secreted behind the temple's polished corners—its young and modern feminine members, of which Sabine was probably top kick. All very bad, natural and inevitable. The old order changeth. The stately old tree gets caterpillars or hidden rot, wet or dry, at its core. The ice by which the traditions of the Reading Room had been kept for so many years in a state of preservation was melting in the flame of youth. Here, Amory perceived, was a house divided against itself, though the rumor of this schism had not as yet reached the outer world.

He pursued these rapid reflections, his eyes resting absently on Jenny, whose silent lamentation steadily increased in force and volume, made more poignant by his very silence. Amory, thus pondering, failed to keep the alert lookout that was his wont. Mindful only that the yacht still rested immobile, her nose pointed at the Reading Room and thus screening the cockpit from observation, it did not occur to Amory that, as the porch and landing of that sanctum sanctorum was partly and wholly denied any scrutiny of Jenny and himself, so, conversely, the landing was totally eclipsed from himself by the bulk of his vessel.

His eyes failed therefore to note that the canoe containing those two charmers between whom his admiration had been divided until this third star of moist atmosphere had swung into his orbit was shoving off from the float to approach the yacht with the woodsman's silent stroke. He was, however, roused suddenly to the fact that Jenny's deplorable lamentations were less controlled than they had been. Her shoulders were heaving and her sobs becoming dangerously audible in that still, hushed evening air.

The paroxysm of grief was, he perceived with sudden alarm, in danger of getting out of hand, just as that morning in the woods when he had pinned Sabine to the ground her laughter had become hysterical and out of hand. This would not do. There is a carrying quality to such gaspings and a telephonic transmission across still waters. Jenny's demonstration must be checked, and instantly, or scandal ensue.

It occurred then to Amory—a young man of resource—that the treatment so successfully applied in Sabine's case might also serve in the present one—likewise an emotional crisis, if on the other side of the ledger. Acting on the impulse already discussed, he reached out suddenly, took Jenny's soft round wrists in both his hands, drew her toward him and said authoritatively:

"Stop crying! Somebody may hear you. Stop it!"

"I c-c-can't," Jenny wailed in a dangerous pitch. "It's—been—bottled up—so long."

"I know. Well, pull yourself together. Take a few deep breaths. We'll fix it somehow. Trust me."

"I d-d-do. Don't think I'm un-g-gugrateful."

"Then trust me to find a way out—even if I have to smuggle you aboard and out of here before you're quizzed."

She gave him a half-frightened, half-hopeful look. Here was the third time that Amory had offered his bright schooner as an escape from the consequences of crime. For the moment this daring idea seemed to catch and hold Jenny's startled attention. Then she suffered a relapse.

"Oh, dear," she wailed afresh, "it's all so so —"

Amory saw that she was skidding—about to leave the road again. The situation was one to demand strong and instant action. Still holding her wrists, he drew her closer, went halfway to meet her, and then a little more. Loosing one hand, he passed his arm round her shoulders and got a good working clasp on one of them. He then stamped her fresh lips, moist with tears, gently but firmly with the seal of sympathy that in such a case can scarcely help but bring its promise of protection.

It worked. More than that, for a few brief seconds it appeared to keep on working. Amory was conscious of a reciprocal flutter that indorsed his contract and approved it. There is, in fact, no telling to just what lengths this sky-blue assurance of chivalrous sympathy might have gone when a bone-dry, girlish voice said casually and, as it seemed to Amory, in his ear:

"Fast work for the stranger at our gates."

Amory spun round to see Sabine's tawny head sticking up over the rail. Then Yonne's popped up, and her sea-green eyes shone at him under a mop of hair several shades darker than Sabine's—about the difference in tint between a lion's body and its mane, though the comparison is poor, because Yonne's hair was lustrous, like rockweed when the tide leaves it—old gold with patches of umber.

"The man's a kisser," Yonne said. "That's his complex. It broke out on me before we'd been talking ten minutes."

"Why?" Sabine asked. "You haven't got a crying-out-loud complex. That always incites it."

Amory, sorely vexed, resisted the temptation to say, "Or a laughing one."

Yonne observed thoughtfully, "I've never been easy to kiss and I know a man takes an awful chance to try a mouthful of Jenny. What has he got, Sabine?"

"Nerve, I'd say."

Her golden eyes were resting on Amory with the look of anticipation with which a domesticated lioness watches her approaching meal. She was wishing, Amory perceived, that she had a strangle or neck-breaking hold on him at that moment. He glanced at Jenny and was surprised a little to observe no maidenly confusion on her face. She looked, he thought, strangely demure for a girl whose flood of passionate grief had been checked so abruptly by a perfect stranger, then the dam buttressed by the scorn of her close friends. Instead of embarrassment, she had rather the air of one waiting congratulations.

If so, she was disappointed. Yonne observed in a sparkling but extra dry voice:

"*Veni, vidi, vici.* You were wise to stick in your canoe, Sabine. Otherwise Chimney Corner history might be repeated."

"How?" Amory asked.

"There's a whispered legend that when Calvert Lanier barged in here *persona non grata* in his studio barge, the Broken Word, he led a landing party of one and kissed the three unkissables of the colony in three short but busy hours."

Amory looked maliciously at Sabine, whose face appeared to catch and hold the horizontal ruddy rays of the setting sun, this hot flush dyeing even her hair. Then, like that bright orb of day as it went to its watch below, the disk of her bright face sank behind the bulwarks. After all, Amory reflected, it was worth something to match a record, if Yonne's gossip was true. Lanier, a temperamental artist whose work was known to be broad and rapid, might actually have achieved this prodigy. Amory did not know upon what three Lanier had set his seal, but one thing was certain—the trio had been no prettier.

He said cheerfully to Jenny: "Don't mind their gibes. A promise is a promise. And don't forget to tell Captain Sol that you saw me for the first time here aboard my boat at about seven o'clock, Eastern Standard time."

As he spoke, he became aware of a slight commotion over on the veranda of the Reading Room. The low hum of conversation reached them, a sort of buzzing diapason such as one hears from a hive of bees when something has gone amiss and the fine thrumming strikes a higher note. Looking in that direction, he perceived a white-coated steward dealing out newspapers—an evening edition just received.

Yonne and Sabine, in the canoe, had caught it also and were plying their paddle in that direction. Oblivious for a moment of his guest, and with a presage of ill, Amory stood by the rail watching them.

A flanneled youth with a newspaper in his hand walked down the runway to meet them. There appeared to be a short conversation that even at the distance had an air of tension. Amory watched it, frowning, while Jenny, extracting a compact from somewhere, deftly erased the evidences of emotion.

Yonne and Sabine shoved off, sent the frail canoe foaming back toward the yacht. They glided up to the ladder and came aboard, refusing Amory's gesture of assistance. Both girls were a little pale, their expressions of ironic facetiousness evaporated.

"Here's heck to pay," Sabine said. "The clambake's off. The boys are organizing a search party to look for my misguided stepbrother."

Amory snatched the paper from Yonne's limp hands. A glance at its first column proclaimed the bolt that had riven the well-insulated Chimney Corner:

DISAPPEARANCE OF COAST GUARD OFFICER

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED

SON OF RETIRED MILLIONAIRE BANKER OF THIS CITY ALSO DISAPPEARS

Howard Phelps, well-known in fashionable and sporting circles, alleged to be involved. Last seen leaving Chimney Corner in sea sled. Exclusive colony denies rumor.

Amory glanced over the top of the paper at Yonne. Her face, beneath its wholesome tan, was the color of the creamy deck.

"When," he asked, "does the search start?"

"Right away. They're all running round in circles—no head and nobody knowing how or where to begin."

"It seems to me," Amory said, "that the four people most in the know are right here aboard. Let's get a bite to eat and organize a search party of our own."

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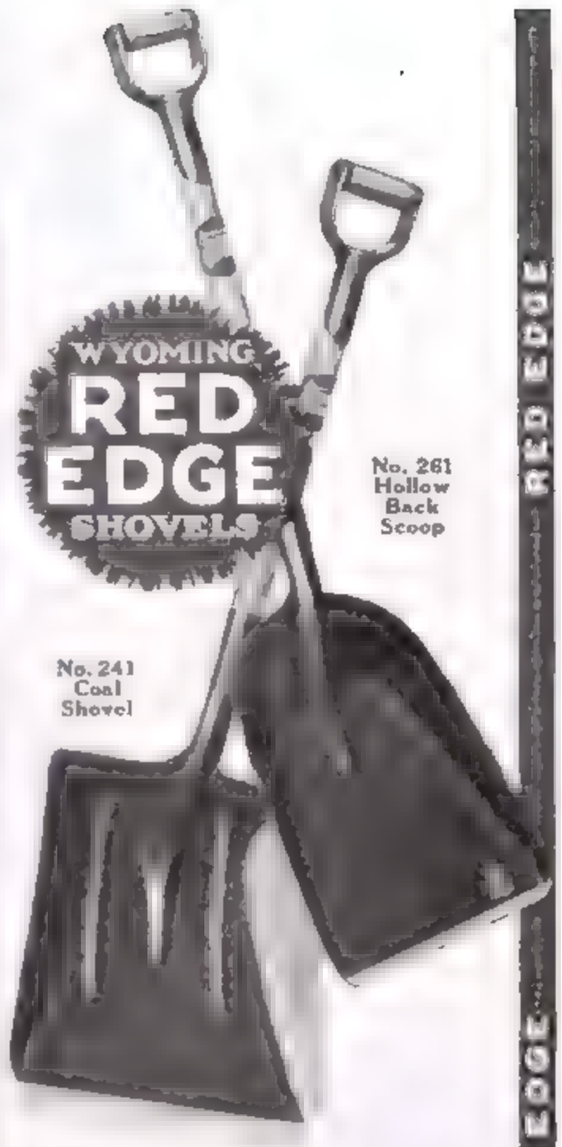

"A Dam Good Shovel is a Man's Best Friend"

To the Tune of "Casey Jones"

Digging in the trenches, happy as could be,
Along came a German and throwed a shell at me—
Shell says, "Buddy, if you want to save your hide
Keep on a-digging 'til you reach the other side

Red Edge Shovels—keep the dirt a-flying,
Red Edge Shovels—never curl or bend,
Red Edge Shovels—make a big load lighter—
A dam good shovel is a man's best friend

• • •

Sitting in the cab on a big engine,
Pulling number 20 on the Lackawanna line,
Steep grade ahead, and a mighty heavy load,
But we gotta make time on this man's road.

Red Edge Shovels—keep that coal a-moving,
Red Edge Shovels—never curl or bend,
Red Edge Shovels—swing 'em, bullies, swing 'em—
A dam good shovel is a man's best friend

• • •

Down in the coal mine underneath the ground—
Hello, Pay Day—when you coming round?
Load them cars and send 'em up the slope—
There goes another dollar in the old envelope.

Red Edge Shovels—keep them cars a rolling,
Red Edge Shovels—never curl or bend,
Red Edge Shovels—make a long day shorter—
A dam good shovel is a man's best friend

• • •

If you want a shovel that cuts the shovel bill, makes labor more productive, and hard work easier—ask any man, who knows shovels, to tell you about Red Edge

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
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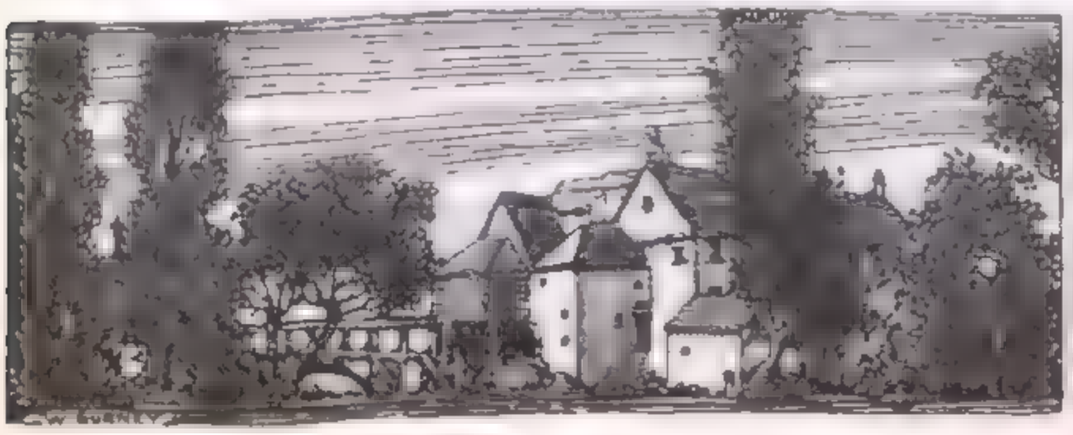
We Spent 80 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

RED EDGE



AN aristocratic car at a very modest price is the new Nash 4-Door Coupe for five. A charming car inside and out—a brilliant example of Nash coachcraft

Such details of dress and performance as inlaid walnut paneling; built in custom trunk for week-ending or touring; exquisite taupe mohair upholstery; Nash 7-bearing motor smoothness; and the exceptional travel comfort of Nash alloy steel springs plus shock absorbers, are mentioned to give you a slight idea of the luxurious satisfaction waiting for you in this Nash.

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THE FOUR-DOOR COUPE FOR FIVE $1445 F. O. B. FACTORY

NASH

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

PRAIRIE BLIZZARD

(Continued from Page 23)

have been completely revolutionized; which, to my notion, is responsible for the disparity between individual viewpoints of seventy-five years ago and those of today relative to the severity of prairie winters.

It all narrows down to the relative degree of shelter, and a little shelter may suffice where the lack of it would be fatal. Not so many years ago a friend and myself decided to engage upon a two weeks' trapping trip and we took our wives along. An old-time prairie blizzard caught us. It wasn't any sort of storm from which natives might date events, but it was the most severe that had been experienced in those parts for several years and was quite a rip-snorting session at that; probably quite as severe as the average prairie blizzard about which early travelers in those regions related such gruesome tales. Had that storm caught a band even of hardy plainsmen out in the center of the shelterless prairies there would have been great suffering and probably casualties. But a little shelter makes a vast difference. There, in what was once the very center of the great plains, modern camping equipment made it possible for two women to weather the storm in absolute comfort.

A Camouflage for Traps

We had intended to trap on the High Ranch on the Ninescah, where Mrs. Evarts and I had trapped during my vacation one winter a number of years before. On that trip we had found excellent trapping and also had encountered a bit of rough weather. But at that, one might say it was trapping *de luxe*, for every morning at daylight Carl High had set forth from the ranch house and made the trip to our tent with a pot of hot coffee, steaming oatmeal, rich cream, hot toast, bacon and eggs. It was my one and only experience of breakfasting in bed, so to speak, while on a trapping trip. When planning another trip, after a lapse of years, we thought first of the High Ranch, but when I investigated, it was only to discover that sooners had been at work weeks before the opening of the trapping season and that High's pastures and the Ninescah had been thoroughly stripped of fur. We therefore decided to try our luck at a point some forty miles from there in the Big Bend of the Arkansas where a ranchman friend assured us that there had been no sooning operations.

Our prospective camp site, among some scattering cottonwoods on the bank of the river, was reached about noon of a perfect bright winter day. It did not take long to erect the 12 by 14 tent and to stretch the storm fly above it. Seams were ripped in tent roof and fly near the rear end and a wire collar improvised to permit the erection of the stovepipe without danger of igniting the canvas. The little sheet-iron stove, weighing but a few pounds, was set up. The bottom of the tent was secured by a six-inch board on all sides. A half hour sufficed for trenching. A ten by three-quarter-inch board across a section of the rear of the tent supplied the outline of a double bunk. Into this frame a two-foot layer of fine prairie hay was spread upon the dry ground and the bedrolls were placed thereon. Camp chairs and table were set up and the camp was proof against almost any sort of weather that might occur. It was guyed so securely that no less than a young cyclone could have torn it from the moorings. The remaining time prior to the nightfall was utilized in working up a dry cottonwood tree into stove-wood lengths and piling it beneath the extended end of the fly.

Early the following morning, after breakfasting at sunup, the four of us started out, burdened with traps and equipment. Moore and I, attired in hip boots, took to the river, one on each side, to prospect for muskrat signs. Workings that seemed to indicate a thriving colony were apparent on my side of the river within a hundred yards of the camp and I made two sets, placing the traps under some four inches of water. An inch-thick willow sapling, the brush trimmed off save for that at the tip, was thrust through the ring of the trap chain, the butt shoved well back into the bank while the tip trailed out in the river. This manner of securing a trap serves a double purpose. When a muskrat or mink steps in the trap it immediately takes to the water. The ring slides easily over the length of the long smooth sapling until checked by the brush at the tip. The trapped animal is thus weighted down by the trap in deep water and is drowned immediately. The other purpose is that of concealment from the numerous gentry who practice fur thieving and trap lifting.

Any trapper visiting a muskrat colony will pick the most feasible set, and by the same token if bent upon pilfering, he will know where to look for another's set. It is not so bad to lose a bare trap, though sufficiently irritating, but it is a source of considerable chagrin to have made a successful set, only to lose trap, catch and all to some fur thief. A willow sapling extending out into the water among many others is not noticeable and a drowned fur bearer hanging at the end of a trap chain from its tip is out of sight in murky water. On several occasions I have visited a set made in this manner and have found a strange trap reposing there while my own trap, with a drowned muskrat in it, was suspended from the tip of one among many willows that trailed out into the water, having been overlooked by the trapper who had placed the other trap.

Only once, to my knowledge, have I been guilty of such an oversight myself and that once occurred on the first day out, within a mile of our tent. We had progressed perhaps half a mile up the river, Moore making rat sets along one bank while I was similarly occupied on the opposite shore, when evidence of a remarkably good colony greeted my gaze. After making one set, I pushed back among the willows at another point where a muskrat tunnel penetrated the bank at the water's edge. A trap reposed in four inches of water just before the entrance.

The Lost Colony

This was the work of some farm boy, it seemed. A professional trapper would have planted more than one trap in that 100-yard stretch of promising rat workings. Not wishing to interfere with the operations of some youngster, I pulled my trap and left that colony for his exclusive territory. The same thing occurred some distance up-river. The muskrat signs, though plentiful, did not appear to be excessively fresh in many spots. I picked a shallow bar and waded across to Moore's side, explaining that some farm youth had been operating on the far shore and that I would cut back again after reaching some point above his scene of activities.

We soon reached a spot where the high banks for a distance of 200 yards were literally honeycombed with rat workings, so we started putting out traps. I made one set in a particularly likely spot and looked about for a willow sapling for a drowning pole—one that might be secured without leaving a white-cut stump among the others for any passing trapper to read. A willow grew from the bank, its butt some six inches below water, and trailed out into the stream among others. Seizing this preparatory to cutting it beneath the water line, it gave way at my first tug, and there I stood holding the drowning pole of another trapper. Upon its tip being lifted, a drowned muskrat was revealed.

This was the work of an experienced trapper and it was clear that a sooner had been operating here. He had cleaned the muskrats from most of the colonies for a distance of five miles on both shores of the river, working under the banks so that his movements could not be easily observed. The reason why there were so few traps remaining was evident. About 90 per cent of the colonists had been trapped out long before the season opened and he had left but a few traps at the most likely sets, transferring his chief activities to other parts. We were to learn later something of the scope of his activities.

It was evident that trapping would be none too good in that vicinity and we were inclined to regret that we had not carried out our original intention of trapping at the High Ranch on the Ninescah. We were tempted to move camp, but finally decided to try it here for a few days. While moving up the river and locating a few good rat sets, we found in the mud the tracks of a mink and several coons and 'possums, so we shot a brace of fish ducks and made half a dozen sets in drift piles and beneath the roots of trees that grew at the water's edge. The Rattlesnake flows parallel to the big river at that point, emptying into it some miles below. Crossing to that stream, we worked back toward camp.

More and Better Furs

Our traps yielded eight or ten muskrats the next day and we extended the line somewhat, then repaired to the sand hills to prospect for dens. The sand hills should have yielded an abundant catch of 'possums, big prairie skunks and little spotted skunks, but the sooner had been at work there, too, and had made a thorough job of it. He had been digging out dens all over the sand hills. We tramped a dozen miles without locating a single den that had not been excavated and its inhabitants killed. It was evident that he had used a hound to locate dens for him. We learned later that he had been operating for six or eight weeks prior to the opening of the season and had netted some 500 pelts. Undoubtedly more than half of his catch was unprime. Some three weeks previously I had looked over twenty-odd skunk pelts that had been taken by a sooner, and they were almost black on the flesh side, worth less than half the price they would have commanded if caught a few weeks later. That is one reason why Kansas produces approximately $300,000 to $400,000 in fur annually, when with any sort of constructive fur-conservation program it should produce five times that much annually. Two-thirds of the present catch, taken only when fur was prime, would net the same cash return to the trapper, and the extra number of animals, left as breeders, would more than double the present fur output in two years without decreasing the present annual cash return.

Big strings of mallards winged down the river and wheeled about the country to prospect the prairie ponds throughout the day. Several wedges of geese drifted past. We flushed two coveys of quail—one along the river bank, the other in the sand hills—and we looked forward to a nice bag of game on the morrow. Our plans had been laid in expectation of dividing our time about equally between shooting and trapping.

A group of friends awaited us on our return to camp in the evening. The suddenness with which a storm blows up on occasion is evidenced by the fact that these friends lingered until round ten o'clock and that the night was still fair when they departed. Some two hours later I awakened to the sudden slatting of canvas in the wind. A rising gale shrieked through the leafless branches of the cottonwoods overhead and the shotlike rattle of wind-driven sleet against the taut canvas was increasing in volume. That is one of the worst features of being caught far from shelter in a prairie storm. More often than not it commences with a fine driving rain that drenches one,

The Bratwurstgloecklein—1313

600 Years of
Sauerkraut

The most famous restaurant in the world is the *Bratwurstgloecklein* in Nuremberg, Bavaria. It was founded in 1313, nearly 200 years before Columbus discovered America. And throughout all the centuries—as well as today—its bill-of-fare contained only two dishes and two beverages—Sauerkraut, sausage, beer, wine.

Its patrons include many of the world's immortals. Albrecht Durer, Hans Sachs, Peter Tischer, Adam Kraft, Heine, Goethe, Schiller and Bismarck have there eaten their vitamins and mineral salts in delicious Sauerkraut. And Emperors, Kings, Princes—the great and small of every country for 30 generations have sung its praises in the time-stained rooms.

Heinrich Bauer, the present owner, recently wrote: "The consumption of Sauerkraut, considering the size of *Bratwurstgloecklein* is very large, amounting to about 15 tons a year." Americans, too, have learned of the merits and health-giving qualities of Sauerkraut and are fast making it a national dish.

Emblem of First Quality Sauerkraut

To the millions of lovers of this delicious food, the Emblem shown opposite will be heartily welcomed. It is the mark of the National Kraut Packers' Association and now appears on all containers of Sauerkraut produced by members whose product and factory meet the requirements of the Association, and the U. S. Government Standard for Sauerkraut. Only these members are licensed to use it. The Emblem therefore means FIRST QUALITY Sauerkraut. Look for it when you buy.

Know more about Sauerkraut—its healthful qualities and delicious ways of preparing. Our FREE booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" quotes many authorities and gives 49 ways of serving. Send for it.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

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The right care prevents baldness

Why don't *women* become bald?

Women have always prized beautiful hair, and they have been trained to take much better care of their hair than men usually do.

Dermatologists say that is why women rarely become bald.

These specialists add that baldness is not a normal condition for men or women—that with *good care*, healthy, thick hair can usually be kept through old age.

This care need not be elaborate!

In place of the complicated dressings and treatments such as singeing, which used to be thought necessary to stop hair loss, modern science has substituted a very simple scalp treatment *which you can use yourself*—

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smooth—just the way you want it.

Begin this simple Pinaud treatment tomorrow!

You'll be surprised at the way dandruff (found in most cases of falling hair) disappears almost immediately! A strong, safe *antiseptic* in Pinaud's destroys the deadly dandruff germ.

And Pinaud's also contains rare *tonic* ingredients which stimulate scalp circulation to feed the hair.

Just 3 minutes a day, and (unless you're a most unusual case) Pinaud's will make your hair grow!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. The signature of Ed. Pinaud in red is on each bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

then freezes as the temperature drops. It seemed that we were in for a wild night, and the signs did not fail.

Within half an hour the rain and sleet turned to snow, and an old-fashioned blizzard was raging with a stiff gale of wind behind it. It was still snowing in the morning and the gale, instead of abating, increased hourly. The snow was scurrying in wind-lashed clouds across prairie and stubble field and piling up in huge drifts on the downwind side of straw stacks and plum thickets, sifting in deep accumulation in the heavy slough grass and willow jungles along the river. The river was frozen over. That meant that fifty-odd traps were frozen in the ice and snowed under, useless as sets, and they would remain useless until they had been laboriously extracted. Just how laborious that extracting process would be we did not realize at the time. There was small use to do much scouting round in that storm, so we played bridge in the tent.

Harry Hendricks, the ranchman on whose place we were camping, had had his hands full all day looking after his stock. When he returned in the evening it was with the expectation of finding that we had sought shelter at the house, perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the tent. Mrs. Hendricks was worried for fear our wives had been unable to get through the drifts and that we were all in dire straits on the river. Just at dusk Hendricks came floundering through the snow, bundled to the ears, his approach presaged by the arrival of several big wolfhounds. We invited him to remain for a hot dinner, which he did.

The little sheet-steel stove was of the variety commonly used in the Rockies, but perhaps the first to be used in that neighborhood. Moore is a good all-round camper and accustomed to making himself comfortable in a tent. A sheet-steel stove will heat a tent of that size to the point where it will drive the inmates outside to cool off. Of course a tent cools quickly the moment the fire dies out. The little stove was glowing cheerily and it was warm and cozy inside the tent while the storm whistled outside.

"I came down here expecting to find you all rolled up in blankets and near frozen to death," Hendricks said. "Instead you're as snug as if you were in a hotel. Soon as this storm lets up, I'd like to bring the wife and kids down here to let them see how comfortable a tent is."

A Coyote Hunt

Later we invited the family down for dinner. The storm continued throughout the night and well into the next afternoon. Then we set forth to dig out some of the nearest traps. It was immediately evident that the process of excavation would prove no easy task. No considerable depth of snow had fallen on the level—fourteen or fifteen inches at most—but the wind had piled it to the queen's taste. The willow thickets had been drifted to the tops in places, the snow packed from six to ten feet in depth. This mass had overflowed onto the ice of the river at many points. It was very difficult to place the exact location of a trap when it was frozen beneath the ice and when snow had drifted over the banks to a great depth, rendering all points the same in appearance. It required more than an hour to dig out each trap.

Badgers had been abroad in the pastures the following day, leaving their big tracks in the snow. We made several sets for badgers, digging up a fresh mound of earth and piling it upon the snow. Any badger passing that way during the night, apparently under the belief that the heap of earth indicated fresh gopher workings, would be sure to investigate. We bagged two badgers in this fashion in the next few days, meanwhile digging out frozen traps and making new sets at the few spots where it seemed feasible. Three mink came down the Rattlesnake, moving in and out of the big cracks where the drifts had leaned away from the banks. We made several bait sets in hope of their return.

The storm had put a crimp in our hunting plans also. Ducks and geese had scurried southward on the head end of that blizzard. The quail had vanished from their previous haunts. We were equipped with repeating .22 rifles and tried our hands at shooting running jack rabbits while making the rounds.

Then Hendricks and two friends appeared at camp early one morning with two extra saddle horses and extended an invitation to go on a coyote hunt. There were eight big wolfhounds in the pack. Each dog's collar was equipped with a steel ring two inches in diameter. One end of a long slender rope was tied to a saddle horn, the other thrust through the collar rings of four dogs, while the loose end was held by the horseman. The four dogs could thus range for twenty feet or more from the horse, but were restrained from starting in pursuit of any of the numerous jack rabbits that were jumped during the course of the ride. When a coyote was sighted the rider dropped the loose end of the rope and the collar rings of the surging dogs slipped over its end and they were off on the chase.

The Land of Jack Rabbits

We rode for six or eight miles without sighting a coyote, the dogs traveling in two groups of four each. No untoward incident occurred until one group of dogs, tired of such fruitless questing, made a sudden surge for a jack rabbit and succeeded in passing the lead rope under the horse's tail. The animal promptly clamped his tail down hard and the moving rope burned him nicely. Promptly he bucked all over the sand hills, the rider lost the loose end of the rope and the dogs set forth in hot pursuit of the jack. They were a speedy crew and the hare was downed within 200 yards and the dogs brought to rope again.

The snow had blown from many open stretches and the exposed tops of sand hills, so that tracking a coyote was too tedious a process to be practical. Eventually we sighted one and the dogs were loosed. The distance was great, however, and after running in his general direction for a couple of miles, they failed to sight him.

Each rider carried at his saddle horn a twelve-inch section of wagon spoke. Whenever a fence was encountered in the course of a chase, the first rider to reach it dismounted, thrust his spoke behind a wire and against the post. A single thrust snapped out the fence staple, and the three or four wires were pressed down by his foot until the others' horses had crossed.

In mid-afternoon a coyote jumped just ahead of me in a big area of tall grass. The two men with the dogs were well out on either side of me and before they caught my signals the coyote had disappeared in the half-mile patch of slough grass. The dogs were loosed and sent ahead into it. They strung out in pursuit, but lost him.

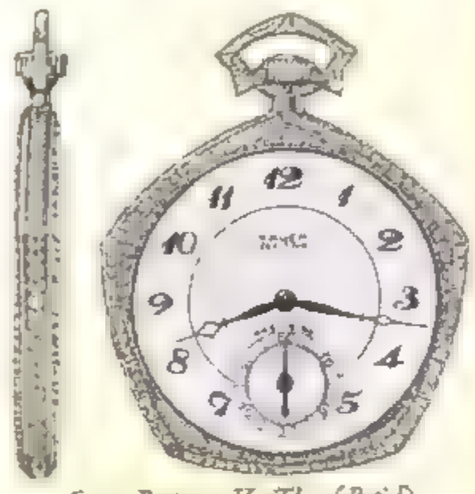
In the early evening I rode onto the top of the highest sand hill in the vicinity. Just at that moment the hunters decided to loose the dogs, to the end that they might kill their own suppers. Not infrequently jack rabbits will congregate in large numbers at some desirable spot after a storm. Usually it is some area where the winds have scoured away the snow and laid bare the feed. On one occasion I saw not less than 100 jacks in such a bare spot of but a few hundred yards in extent. A Western Kansas rancher once told me of spending the day at one stand where the winds had whipped the snow from a grassy ridge after a heavy three-day snow—the only bare spot for miles—and that he had killed 134 jack rabbits for the bounty with a .22 rifle.

There was no such great aggregation of jacks at this particular spot, but they had congregated there in considerable numbers. The dogs scattered, jacks sped in every direction, and almost at once there were eight individual chases in progress. From my point of vantage on the tip of that lofty sand hill I could see every move. That was a speedy aggregation of hounds. Each dog

Continued on Page 84

Modern Guild Craftsmanship

Gruen Cartouche, $35 and $37 50
14-kt. solid gold, $40
Set with diamonds, $60 and $75



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin (Pat'd)
PRECISION *movement, $75*
Other pocket watches $500 to $27.50

A New Gruen Cartouche
14-kt. solid gold case,
PRECISION *movement, $65*

THE CROWN-GUARD CASE
Symmetrical beauty is attained in this new watch and added protection is given the crown by setting it flush with the gold case

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14-kt. solid gold, $50
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Gruen Quadron, $50
17-jewel PRECISION, *$60*
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Some moderately priced examples to be found at your Gruen jeweler's

IT is by no means strange that many people are under the impression that a Gruen Watch is as costly a timepiece as money can buy.

The misunderstanding was inevitable and should perhaps have been foreseen.

We wish to correct this impression. Actually, a Gruen Watch costs no more than you would expect to pay for a good watch of any other make.

Those pictured here, for example. Note that they are all moderately priced. And each Gruen Watch is as great a value as can be obtained for the price asked.

If you are going to buy a watch, why not, therefore, make it a Gruen?

It will cost you no more. And you can wear it and show it to your friends with the added pride and satisfaction which naturally arise from the possession of a piece of exquisite modern guild craftsmanship.

For each Gruen Watch is the product of an art that is centuries old, carefully fashioned by a guild of craftsmen who have been brought together for the express purpose of upholding the fine traditions of that art in their purest form.

These men, with their inherited skill, and with the most advanced of modern methods and machinery at their disposal, have won for the Gruen name a prestige altogether without parallel in the history of fine watches in America.

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, CINCINNATI, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

GRUEN WATCHES

You will see this emblem only upon jewelry stores of character

Visit your nearest Gruen jeweler, one of the very best in your community, and ask him to show you his collection of Gruen Guild creations. He has them in great variety and at a wide range of prices. His store is marked by the Gruen Service Emblem shown above.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Guild Watches

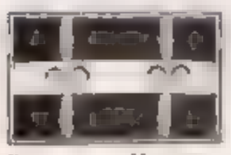
The Feathered Guest that kept a home together

When Betty married and left business she thought she was the happiest girl in the world. A home of her own, with the leisure to enjoy it had been the dream of her life. She confided to her friends that she was glad that her husband was bitterly opposed to the idea of a married woman continuing to work unless there was a necessity for it.

But after awhile she began to feel lonely and restless. The calm and peace of her little house irritated her. She missed the pleasant activity of the big office where she had been employed.

One night she said to her husband, "I'm afraid I'll have to go back to work. The days are too long and too lonesome." "It's companionship you need, not work," her husband said, anxiously casting about in his mind for some way to help her adjust herself to her new surroundings.

The next day as he passed a pet shop and saw the happy faces of the men and women who paused to watch the birds in the window, he had an inspiration. He picked out a lively songster, bought a colorful Hendryx home for it, and hurried home with his new prescription for domestic happiness.



One of the Hendryx "Nine Points of Perfection"

On all Hendryx brass cages cross rails are riveted to the wires, thus making it possible to use a harder, stronger form of brass than can be used in other common forms of construction.

"What a darling!" Betty exclaimed, "and his charming Chinese red house is just the dash of color that I needed in my living room window. Now I can't go back to work, for Dicky and I will have such fun together."

This was the beginning of happy, song-filled days for Betty. When she sewed, when she ran her vacuum sweeper, even when the clock struck, Dicky filled the air with joyous, care-free song. So a little bird sang away all thought of business and its worries.

Buy a Hendryx Home for your Feathered Guest

When you invite a bird to live in your home be sure to provide a Hendryx bird home. You will find a variety of charming designs, each one made with the care for every small detail that has distinguished Hendryx bird homes for more than half a century. Ask your dealer to point out the "Hendryx Nine Points of Perfection."

At pet shops, hardware, house furnishing or department stores, florists and seed stores you will find charming new Hendryx designs priced from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00. Look for the Hendryx name.

In the Bird Store

"Hear! hear! hear me!" gayly sang the Littlest Bird. "Now with whom are you flirting?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "That tired-looking man," chirped the Littlest Bird. "And he cheered right up when he heard me singing that life is good."

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1909

Free—This charming booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," the story of "Cheri", a little canary and what he taught people about "life, cheerfulness, happiness and love." Illustrated in colors, it makes an attractive gift to send to your bird-loving friends. A free copy will be sent to you and to any friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 82

ran so smoothly that it seemed effortless. A jack seldom traveled more than 200 yards ahead of a hound before a pair of long jaws closed upon him. A single snap and a toss, then a shake or two, and that chase had ended.

A jack, when not hard pressed, runs with long springy bounds, his tall, black-tipped ears erect. When a dog closes, however, the jack lays his ears and seems to skim close to the ground. A jack bounced along the side-hill fifty yards below me, a dog gaining swiftly. When the hare laid its ears it seemed to have the same effect as stepping upon the accelerator of an automobile. He put on a tremendous burst of speed, but the long, rangy wolfhound closed with him. Other chases were being terminated in similar fashion all over the landscape. Jacks were so numerous that no dog remained long at his kill, but started on another chase upon sighting a speeding jack.

The dog just below me started back round the side of the hill. Coming from the opposite direction, a jack rabbit sneaked cautiously. I watched the dénouement of that affair with interest. Not until they were within twenty yards of each other was either aware of the other's presence. The sighting was mutual. That chase was brief. It terminated in about fifty yards. Never have I witnessed a more perfect panorama of speed. Those eight dogs killed between fifteen and twenty jacks in a space of ten minutes, every chase in full view from my stand. The hunters gathered some of the hares and took them home for dog feed.

Being anxious to attend to our traps, we declined the invitation to hunt coyotes the following day. We heard the cheers of the hunters when the chase was on. The second coyote of the day was pulled down not far from camp and Hendricks rode to the tent with the two prairie wolves hanging from his saddle to show us what we had missed by not joining the hunt; also to report that he had located some sort of den in the center of a stretch of tall slough grass. We investigated this spot later and it yielded the pelts of three fine short-stripe prairie skunks.

The wind had served one purpose nicely. It had scoured most of the snow from the vicinity of the tent, so our dooryard was not so sloppy as was most of the countryside when there came two days of warm weather to thaw the drifts. Following us seven or eight miles a day through the deep wet drifts was no sinecure for our wives. Neither was it very exciting for them to remain all day in camp while we tinkered with the traps. Therefore at the end of the first week we induced Hendricks to take them to a railroad station some six miles from camp and they returned home by train.

Winter Sports for Rattlesnakes

It was almost impossible to do any water trapping for muskrats, even when rifts opened in the ice. The banks were still overhung by heavy drifts. Here and there we found a few likely sets and placed traps, meanwhile digging out such of our first sets as had not yet been recovered. The ice had broken away from one bank on the Rattlesnake for a considerable distance and the current was keeping it clear. A number of muskrats started working there and we made eight sets there. The open stretch promptly froze over again. Then that section of ice went out with a rush on the first day of the thaw, taking our traps with it. A similar occurrence at another point on the Arkansas deprived us of still another cluster of four traps. All told, we were not doing too well. But we were comfortably quartered, well-fed and were adding a pelt or two to our catch every day.

The thaw was of brief duration. The cold clamped down again, but the little sheet-steel camp stove kept the tent warm and cozy during such time as we spent in it. During that trip I saw one thing that was foreign to my previous experience. The snakes, which in that country are legion, had been in their underground quarters for months. One day Moore called to me and I moved over to where he stood regarding some object.

"What do you make of this?" he inquired.

There, on a snowdrift three feet deep, its crust solidly frozen, a rattlesnake was disporting itself. It was a bit sluggish but seemed ready to put up a fight if the occasion demanded. The only plausible explanation by which we could account for this violation of rattler custom was the probability that the sudden thaw of a few days past had flooded its winter quarters and forced it into the open. The subsequent freezing of the ground had made it impossible to find a new retreat. Why the snake was not frozen solidly still remains a mystery.

A few hundred yards from the habitat of the snow-prowling rattlesnake, we discovered that a badger had departed with one of our traps, taking with him the six-foot cottonwood pole that I had attached for a toggle. We tracked him for more than a mile to the point where he had tunneled into the side of a sand hill to the limit of the trap chain. No doubt he would have gone clear into the heart of the hill if the pole had chanced to start in end first. But it had lodged crosswise and checked his progress. The badger had blocked the tunnel behind him and it required a sizable job of excavation to unearth him.

Riding Out a Bad Storm

During the last few days of our stay the ducks began moving back from the south. Great strings of mallards followed the course of the river. We jumped two greenheads from a frozen pond beside a road and bagged them both. That was the extent of our shooting. Taking it all round, one could not label the trip a howling success as a hunting and trapping expedition. Nevertheless, I have enjoyed few trips more than that one. We stayed until the last day of Moore's two-week vacation before breaking camp. By persistent effort we had netted some thirty-five pelts and two mallards.

No, it doesn't seem likely that the climate has changed to any great extent in the past three-quarters of a century. On the whole the winter climate of Western Kansas and the Texas Panhandle is mild now, and no doubt it was then. Only the conditions have altered.

That storm was no history maker from which to date things. Train service was retarded for a few days and automobile traffic was tied up for a week or more. It was a bad storm, but four thin canvas walls and a glowing camp stove prevented our experiencing the least discomfort even when the gale was at its height. And our estimate of its severity would naturally be influenced by the degree of hardship we had experienced.

On the other hand, had that storm pounced upon us in the night when we were shelterless in the midst of a desolate prairie fifty miles from a house and without so much as a single scrub tree to break the velocity of the wind: had we been saturated first by a cold driving rain, peppered raw by hurtling sleet, and then forced to endure the rigors of a blinding blizzard for two days and nights – under such circumstances our report of the matter would have portrayed a storm that was a world beater. And it was under such conditions that the old-timers encountered prairie storms. Small wonder that they entertained a wholesome dread of being caught in a prairie blizzard when crossing the short-grass plains in the dead of winter. Despite the fact that the average winter of the plains is mild and open, it is probable that the tales of hardship endured by early travelers contain more truth than imagination. And their veracity does not in the least depend upon possible change of climate. It is the conditions that have changed. A storm is still a storm, but the prairies are no longer prairies. That is all.

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 31)

toward the close of my remarks I warned the women of America that soon the long lists of casualties would be flashing to them beneath the tides, spoke of the heart pains and the tragedies that were bound to come, and counseled them to clench their teeth and hold fast to the purpose of victory. This New York war rally in the Hippodrome was the grandest meeting I have ever addressed in my life. I shall never forget it. The papers published full reports and I was inundated with requests for speeches from all over the country.

Before leaving New York I was invited to speak outside the subtreasury on the occasion of a big Victory Bond demonstration. The chairman on that occasion was Vice President Marshall, if my memory serves me right, and we sold more than $500,000 worth of bonds in a few minutes. It was estimated that the crowd amounted to fully 200,000 people. The enthusiasm was so intense that my emotion got the better of me and I cried for very joy to think that this mighty nation was now with us in conflict. If at times I had begun to despair of the war being soon over, I now felt that complete victory could not long be denied the Allies, supported and encouraged by the soul and the endless resources of America. That great surging, cheering, high-spirited concourse in Wall Street did me more good than anything else for months. I was so affected that I had to go home to my hotel and lie down for an hour or two.

Of course not every town I visited responded so readily or so whole-heartedly as did the people of the vast commercial metropolis. Here and there my efforts were frowned upon. I was again told that I was not wanted in my capacity of British booster. Misunderstandings and criticisms met me at many turns. Even newspapers which had been marvelously kind to me as an artist were severe in their condemnations of my war speeches. But I felt like a soldier; I was carrying on for the sake of my country and my dead son.

With the Doughboys

Occasionally I was encouraged in a very difficult task by incidents which proved to me that, after all, America was really with the old country in sentiment and ideals and in her determination to put a stop to the bloody thing.

My theater work was interspersed daily with attendances at Rotary and Kiwanis Club meetings, with trips to United States training camps, or cantonments, as they were called, and with private functions all convened for the pursuit of war aims and movements. My Sundays were given up entirely to entertaining the troops in training.

Here I should like to say a word or two concerning the magnificent young manhood which represented the first fruits of the United States' war effort. These boys were simply wonderful. Every man jack of them was a study in physical and mental fitness. They filled me with intense admiration, reminding me of the early Scottish regiments that had marched away to battle three years before. And their spirit was as high as their bodies were clean and strong and handsome. With all the American soldiers I was a great favorite, I am glad to say, and they sang my choruses with lusty glee and vim. I wrote a song specially for the boys and taught them to sing it as well. It was entitled Marching With the President. It was sung in the camps in the States and also in France later on.

To see young America in training for the art and practice of war, as I saw her in these months of '17, was to realize something of the greatness of this robust, vital, energetic and pulsating nation. Probably no American citizen, with the exception of several in high places, had half the opportunities I had of seeing the flower of her young army. Here were, indeed, Lindberghs in the making—many of them. Clear-eyed, clean-mouthed, frank of face, heads held high; I was as proud of them as though they had been wearing the tartans of my own land. And when they went to France they fought with tremendous gallantry, as I knew they would. Never mind who won the war! If you really ask me that question, I will tell you. I was asked it once at a big social affair in New York two or three years ago and the answer I made then is the answer I shall give you now: "After long and serious consideration of the whole subject, I have come to the conclusion that the English and the French and the Belgians and the Americans all admirably assisted Scotland to win the war!"

The National Security League was a most important organization in the States during the war. It was my privilege frequently to coöperate with the league in its mass meetings. A lady who had much to do with its success was Mrs. Preston—formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland—whose work as secretary was tireless and indefatigable. She and I had many long cracks together about the league and its labors. Altogether I found America, during the latter months of 1917, in a grip of war fervor I had never thought, even dimly, possible. This fervor conscripted industry, intellect, wealth, time and devotion of men, women and children in a manner which amazed me then and has amazed me ever since. Happy shall I always be that I was able to lend a humble hand in this period in the history of the country. Hail, Columbia!

From First-Hand Knowledge

This tour took me from coast to coast. I also spent several weeks in Canada, going up to Montreal from Boston. I was now, as you may imagine, worked up to a white heat of enthusiasm and patriotism. I felt that it was now or never. I knew the situation at home. I had just come from the States, where a wave of war effort, tremendous and unparalleled in its own way, was sweeping everything before it. It had been arranged that I should address the Montreal Rotarians immediately on my arrival. I looked forward with immense delight to renewing my intimate and enjoyable relations with my Canadian friends. I had a lot to tell them, too, of the immortal bravery of their own Canadian troops at the Front—soldiers who had carved their names in letters of fire and death while serving with one or other of the British corps on the Somme, the Ancre or in Flanders.

It was common knowledge in Europe that the Canadians had proved among the very best and most gallant fighters in all the dramatic happenings of the past eighteen months. Britain was ringing with their exploits.

I had a long talk with President Woodrow Wilson during my '17 tour. He and Mrs. Wilson had attended the theater in Washington when I was playing there, and the two of them had joined enthusiastically in singing the chorus of my song Marching With the President. It was arranged that I should go and have tea with them at the White House before my tour ended. This I was very pleased to do.

As a matter of fact, I have been a pretty constant visitor to the White House for twenty years. I have met all the Presidents during that period and have had unique opportunities for forming first-hand impressions of the illustrious American statesmen who have ruled the destinies of the States from Theodore Roosevelt down to the present occupant of the presidential chair. With more than one of these remarkable men, I am proud to say, I have been on terms of friendship. It may not be considered presumptuous on my part, therefore, if I attempt a few very brief pen pictures of the various Presidents whom it

(Continued on Page 87)

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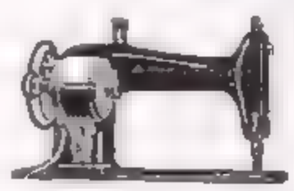

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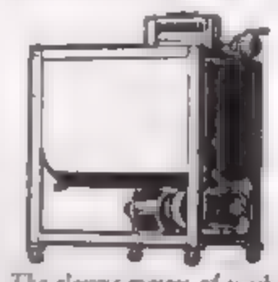

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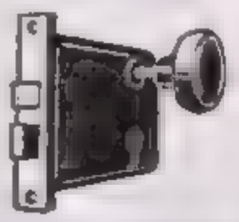

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(Continued from Page 85)

has been my privilege and honor to meet. I offer them in all humility and sincerity.

At the moment I have been referring to Woodrow Wilson. For this extraordinarily gifted man I conceived an almost perfervid admiration after the publication of his world message marking the entry of the United States into the war. Like all Scotsmen, I react very quickly either to oratory on the platform or eloquence in the written word. And I still remember the thrill which went through my being on reading this noble example of brilliant prose composition, backed as it was by lofty ideals and full of the most sublime moral thoughts. I almost worshiped President Wilson as a result of that, to me, immortal note. If, perhaps, I had reason in after years slightly to alter my opinion of President Wilson's claim to world greatness, let me say at once that I still regard him as an amazingly able man who just missed the chances given him of achieving deathless fame. I write as I feel. I am no master of the art of literary analysis; this requires gifts which I do not possess and learning which I have never acquired. But I do think my many and constant years of travel have enabled me to form rather shrewd, even if casual, judgments of the really prominent people I have been brought in contact with.

Woodrow Wilson looked to me exactly what he was—a schoolmaster. That long, clean-shaved face, the cold logic in his eyes, the lines about his mouth, in fact every outward aspect of the man, savored of the university classroom. If you had put on his head a mortarboard, underneath his arm a couple of books and in his right hand a cane, you would have got the perfect dominie. I am told that few people ever warmed to him. He certainly overawed me when I met him. When he shook hands with me, I thought he did it coldly and perfunctorily, but he allowed a beam of genuine enthusiasm to creep into his eyes as he thanked me for what I had done in the way of entertaining the American troops. While he spoke I thought what a remarkably well-groomed man he was. He was as neat and kenspeckle—Scots for dainty—as a new pin. He appeared to me to have devoted a good deal of attention to his personal presentment before leaving his bedroom that morning.

A Contrast in Presidents

We are too close to him to estimate Mr. Wilson's real worth either as an American or as a world statesman. It may be that he will only properly be appraised many years hence. Be that as it may, it seems to me that we can attribute to him some work that must live, some dreams of his that may come true. Should the League of Nations ever grow strong—as I, for one, sincerely hope it will—and become what Wilson thought it might, he will go down into history as the Father of the League. He will be remembered as a coiner of great phrases, many of them as electrifying as they were beautiful. He will be remembered as one of the most aloof, stern, stubborn men that ever occupied the White House, yet the possessor of one of the greatest brains America has produced. He will be remembered as the President who went abroad, animated by high principles and with only good in his heart, and came a sad purler when he pitted his abilities against the astuteness and the finesse of men like Clemenceau and David Lloyd George and other politicians trained in the wiles and subtleties of European intrigue.

I often wish that Woodrow Wilson had stayed in America at the end of the war. Many and many a time when I am ruminating on my wandering career and the famous men I have met, my mind goes back to Woodrow Wilson, and somehow or other I heave a sigh. I still think he was a very, very great man. And I know hundreds of Americans who think as I do.

What a difference between Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt! I had the joy of meeting Teddy more than once during his presidency. He looked for all the world what you would expect a man to look who wielded the Big Stick with crushing effect against all comers, whether these opponents chanced to be Spaniards in the blockhouses of San Juan Hill, an untamable bronco 'way out West, a lion in the African jungle, poisonous snakes in the fever-infested swamps along the River of Doubt, or a political opponent anywhere.

Roosevelt would clench his fist—this was my very first impression of him—and penetrate with his keen eye until there was left no glimmer of doubt as to the man's intense earnestness and his fixed purpose to see right through whatever job he undertook. His massive shoulders, his prominent teeth, the half squint in his eye, his rather unkempt mustache, all contributed to make him a formidable personality. But often there came into his face the light of full enjoyment of a humorous remark or situation. He could laugh as heartily as he fought doggedly. And whenever I shook hands with him I decided that here was a man of broad and kindly humanity. I loved him from the outset.

The Man With the Big Stick

Roosevelt was a magnificent figure in American life for many years. I read in a London newspaper the other day that a very eminent German biographer, Emil Ludwig, had made the pointed statement that "Bismarck and Roosevelt are the two outstanding figures of the past hundred years." I do not propose to examine this observation in any way, and quote it only to show how powerfully the redoubtable Teddy impressed himself upon the world. Surely he was the most many-sided President America has ever had. When I first went to the States I simply could not understand why he was either madly loved or violently hated. It was a complete enigma to me until I began to realize some of the forces Roosevelt was up against.

I was tremendously interested—and as keenly shocked—to come across some printed vilifications of the President the like of which we would never have tolerated in the press of Britain. I cut out some of these published tirades at the time and put them away beside my American souvenirs, from among which I have just retrieved them. They struck me then as being so terrible, applied to the President of the country, and yet so picturesque in phraseology, that I decided to keep them as curios. One political opponent referred to him as "this roaring, ring-tailed, buck-jumping prophet."

Roosevelt told me once that the one word he hated most was "can't." He taught his sons to hate it too. When they were wee lads their father used to construct what seemed the most impassable obstacles and tell them they must get through. They generally did get through, and the result is that these sons today are truly of the lion's brood. Teddy hit hard, but he hit square. I am doubtless partial in all that I have said about him because I liked him so much, but I am convinced that his old enemies will today concede that the elements were "so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

When I first met Big Bill Taft I thought he was the finest tonic against the blues in all broad America. We had a great game of golf together at Augusta, Georgia, and I took the liberty of beating the President by two holes. We must have cut a pretty comic figure on the links together, he with his tremendous bulk and me with my small stature. He may have improved his golf game since those days, but when we had our famous match he was most erratic. If he connected with the ball he swiped it a long distance, but my recollection is that oftener than not he shifted a large part of the links without propelling the pill very far. But he smiled all the time; in fact I don't think I have ever met a man with so dominating a smile. He simply exuded

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geniality. As Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he may have settled down to a more somber bearing, and in that case I shall not visit him while he is on duty on the bench, because I would not like my memories of him to be other than those of a great big fat laughing boy making the best of everything in this best of possible worlds.

The late Warren G. Harding was one of the handsomest Americans it has been my pleasure to meet. I had breakfasted with him on one occasion at the White House. The reception he gave me was cordial in the extreme. We spoke about many things over our eggs and bacon, but principally about the war and the condition in which it would leave Europe for many, many years to come. Mr. Harding was a homely man and a rare good booster for his native Ohio. When I told him that I knew Ohio very well, including his own town of Marion, he was as pleased as Punch, to quote an English phrase, and looking across the table, he remarked:

"Say, Harry, ain't Marion just one swell little town?"

I agreed and added that it would now be much more famous since his elevation to the presidency. After breakfast we motored out to the Congressional Golf Course and the President and I played two other fellows, one of whom was Mr. Eddie McLean, the proprietor of the Washington Post. We licked them by 3 up and 2 to go. On the course Mr. Harding was like a schoolboy, and he was, to use his own words, "just tickled to death" by the good form we displayed. Our caddies were overjoyed at the success of our side, because I think they had a gamble on with the other pair. At the finish I asked my boy what he had won and he told me two dollars.

"Then," said I, "you should hand over a buck to me, for I won most of the holes."

I suppose this story is told against me at the Congressional Course to this day.

In the Front Ranks

Warren Harding did not impress me as being in any way of the caliber of Roosevelt or Wilson. The biggest thing he did, in my opinion, during his term was to deliver that very fine speech at the Washington Disarmament Conference. It sank deep into the hearts of the delegates from all over the world and made easier the solutions of the intricate problems dealt with by the conference. I was sorry, indeed, to learn of the President's untimely end.

Calvin Coolidge I met first when he was governor of Massachusetts. It was either before or after the famous police strike—I forget now—but I was immensely interested in the man who gave this dictum to the United States and to the world:

"There is no right to strike against the public safety of anybody, anywhere, any time."

This remark, I have often since been told, had more to do than anything else with his being made Vice President as the nominee of the Republican Party. The death of President Harding gave Mr. Coolidge his chance, and in my opinion he not only accepted it with both hands but stepped right into the foreground of great Presidents.

Accident may have made him first citizen at the time, but ability has kept him there. I met him again soon after he took office and he gave me a very pleasant hour or two at the White House. Calvin Coolidge looks precisely as he ought to. He is a close-mouthed, close-fisted Yankee from granite lands and his personal appearance bears it out. He can speak all right when he feels inclined to; of that fact Lady Lauder and I had ample and charming proof. But there is no denying that the tight lines of his mouth give him an aspect of stony silence, almost of deep mystery. You can never tell what Mr. Coolidge is thinking. But my impression of him is that no matter what he is thinking, he is always thinking right. If I wrote, or tried to write, a column about America's present President, I am certain that I couldn't improve upon the preceding sentence.

I heard a very good story about Cal just as I was leaving New York a few months ago. It may have been published before, but it is worth repeating. A visitor to the White House with whom the Coolidges were on friendly terms took the liberty of a little jest with Mrs. Coolidge in her husband's presence.

"Say, Mrs. Coolidge," remarked the visitor, "you look talked to death."

The President did not wait for his wife to reply, but suddenly flashed out: "Mr. ——, I have always noticed that the remarks I don't make cause me the least trouble."

A Lot of Wasted Oratory

Another yarn I like about the President is as follows: Some time ago he gave a palpable propagandist an interview. This guy was a very fine talker—the sort that could sway big audiences off their feet and set them cheering. With Mr. Coolidge he put forth his best and most convincing efforts in the way of facts and phrasing. He felt sure that he was making good. When he had finished and was all alert to note the effect of his oratory, the President pointed to one of the White House pussy cats which was in the room and remarked:

"See that cat? She has walked round the table three times since you began talking!" And that was all. The interview ended.

In spite of all they say about Silent Cal and the difficulty of getting him to open his mouth, I have the idea that a notable change is coming over him. If I were asked to explain what I mean, I would say that success is going to his heart and not to his head. The hard lines about his mouth seem to be getting a wee bit softer. The sorrow of losing a son and a father is, after all, taking some of the coldness from that inscrutable face and putting a look of concern, even tenderness, into his eyes. For Mr. Coolidge has a fine soul. There is something great and there is something noble in a man who, immediately he is sworn in as President of the United States in an old Vermont farmhouse, does not dash on to Washington accompanied by a swarm of newspaper men, but walks out alone in the gray dawn to his mother's grave. I think I know what prayers he said there, what guidance he implored from God and from his mother.

British readers of my memoirs may be inclined to complain that I have dealt at too great length with my American experiences and impressions. But they must not forget that quite a large portion of my life has been spent in the United States and in the British dominions overseas. I have, indeed, been a persistent wanderer for more than twenty years, and it is difficult for me to tell anything like a comprehensive story of my life without these frequent incursions into other lands and among other peoples. Besides, my home supporters should remember also that there were always very substantial inducements of a financial nature dangling at the end of every other voyage across the foam. I could have remained and worked the British halls for nine or ten months in each year, earning enough to keep the wolf from the door. But I found that the oftener I went away for an extended period, the greater was my welcome back in London and the provinces. In London alone I used to play seasons of six or eight weeks in one theater, and all old professionals will tell you that this is a most comfortable and pleasant way of working if you are sufficiently popular to fill the house at every performance.

For another thing, the joy of getting home again after a long and arduous foreign tour has always been very real so far as I am concerned. The last day or two on the steamship plowing her way nearer and nearer Southampton or Liverpool have invariably seen me in a highly excited condition as in fancy I once again trod the heather hills of Argyllshire or strolled through the West End of dear old London. Yes, even such a trick as Blackwood played on me

recently at Waterloo Station could not dampen the wild enthusiasm with which I always return to my own country.

The incident I mention occurred just outside the station. There was a whole bunch of cameramen wanting to snap me, but for some curious reason they saved their ammunition until we got near a cab rank. The boys posed me right up against the front of a taxi and asked me to smile my broadest smile, at the same time pointing in the direction of a placard stuck on the front window of the cab. I did as I was told, never troubling to read the placard, and it was not until next morning that I discovered the real significance of the photograph prominently displayed in every London newspaper. There was Harry Lauder standing beside a taxicab and gleefully pointing to a notice, GREAT REDUCTION IN FARES.

In response to a request for something special from the press photographers, my friend Blackwood had hit upon this amusing idea, well knowing that it would go down with the public as a characteristic Lauder touch.

I had fairly long spells at home both in 1917 and 1918. There were many contracts waiting to be worked off in different towns all over the country, but I did manage to get an occasional spell at Dunoon or Glen Branter. Up till the time of John's death his mother and I were exceedingly fond of our Highland estate. It was a wild but a bonnie place. I had farms and moorland and hills, with fine stretches of fishing in the rivers and on Loch Eck. The house itself was large and comfortable, with every possible modern convenience, and Invernoaden, close by, had been put into thorough repair against the time when John and his bride would come home to it. John's death at the Front knocked all our schemes and our dreams on the head. The Glen became tenanted with ghosts. At every turn we were reminded of our dear lad; what might have been was ever uppermost in our thoughts.

No Luck as a Farmer

One spot we fondly loved in spite of the shattering of all our hopes. It was a beautiful knoll on the north side of the main road from Dunoon to Strachur. From its summit we could look right across the glen to the two houses, and the vista, no matter whether the sun smiled or the Highland mist was hanging low over the hills, always made a strong appeal to my wife and me. Here, we resolved, would be set up a monument to John's memory. And in due time a simple but striking red-stone monohth crowned the top of the grassy knoll. Inside the iron railings surrounding John's memorial we left sufficient room for a grave on either side—one for Nance and the other for myself.*

Frankly, I do not think that I was ever fated to settle down as a Highland laird. Certainly I was never meant to be a farmer; of that I am now convinced. But conviction only came after my experiences had cost me a tremendous amount of money. To begin with, I bought Glen Branter on the top of the market for properties of this description. It was so far from civilization—I merely use the phrase in its popular sense, for, make no mistake, the people of our Highland glens are among God's elect not only for kindliness of heart but in character and intellectual equipment—that building, alterations and improvements generally were on a very costly scale.

Moreover, my luck as an agriculturist always seemed to be dead out. If I bought 5000 sheep at four pounds a head, hoping they would soon be worth five, with a general food shortage prevalent all over Great Britain, I was to discover a few weeks later that the price had gone down instead of rising. If I purchased another 2000 at three pounds a head to level up, the next advice I had from my manager was that sheep values had dropped to ten bob a leg.

The Picture is All Wrong

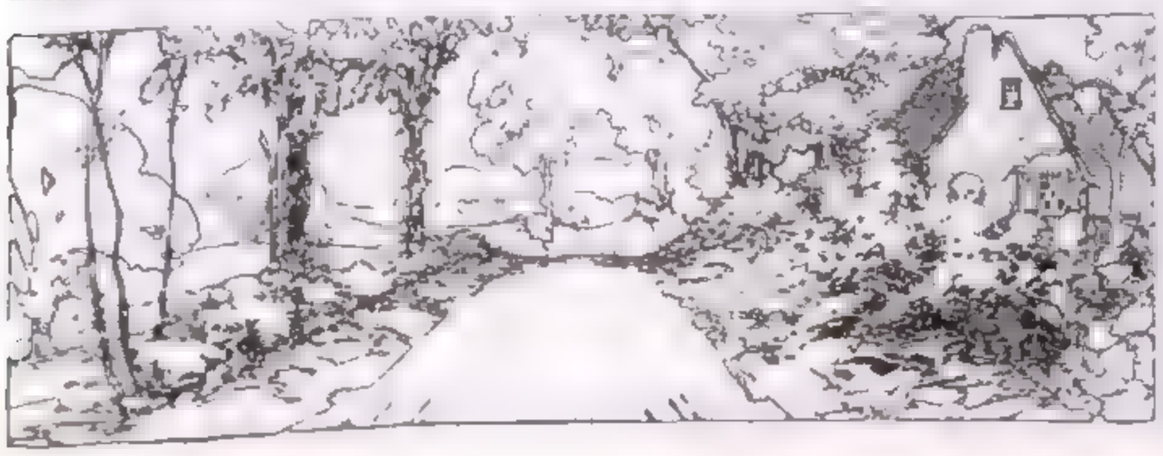
If I planted 10,000 young trees in the faith and hope that some day they would grow into valuable timber, or at least lend a picturesque aspect to an otherwise uninteresting piece of land, the ravenous deer came down from the hills overnight and devoured every shoot. If I built a dam across a stream to make a reservoir, the rain descended and the floods came, sweeping away the labor of months. If I paid £120 each for a pair of Clydesdales, I found they were only worth half the money a month or two later. Again, if I reared a pedigree foal of considerable potential value, it was sure to fall and break a leg; if I acquired half a dozen aristocratic milch cows at an aristocratic price, four of them, at least, were almost certain to die of some mysterious disease never before known in that part of Scotland. And if I set out, as I did, to build a few new roads through the estate, I very speedily discovered that it would have been cheaper to construct a couple of residential thoroughfares through the busiest parts of London.

All my life, right up to the time I became one myself, I had envied the landed gentleman, with his life of freedom in the open air, his horses, his cattle, his dogs, his fruitful fields—everything yielding its increase even while he slept. Don't you believe a word of it. The picture is all wrong. I know. I've had some. I was lucky to get out of Glen Branter with my leather leggings and a haunch of preserved venison. Fortunately the Forestry Commission of the British Government came along with an offer, soon after the war, to take over the Glen for afforestation purposes. With bankruptcy staring me in the face, or at least, shall I say, peering its ugly head round the corner, I accepted the offer. My farming and stock-breeding ambitions were dead. I might be a good-enough comedian, I told myself, but I had proved a rank failure as a prosperous country squire.

Joking apart, however, we would never have left the Glen had John lived. It is situated in one of the loveliest parts of Argyllshire, a county which I adore beyond all others in Scotland. It grows the finest larch trees and flowering shrubs in Great Britain. Its sweeping hills are populated by the blue hare, the fox, the raven, the black cock and the buzzard hawk. Bunny roams and multiplies everywhere in spite of the presence of its natural enemy, the "whutterit," to employ our old Scots word for the weasel and stoat. I still have my home in Dunoon, and when my time arrives to pass over I shall go to rest beside John's monument on the top of the little hill up the Glen.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Lauder. The eighth and last will appear next week

*Lady Lauder is buried on the right-hand side of the monument to the memory of her son. EDITOR.



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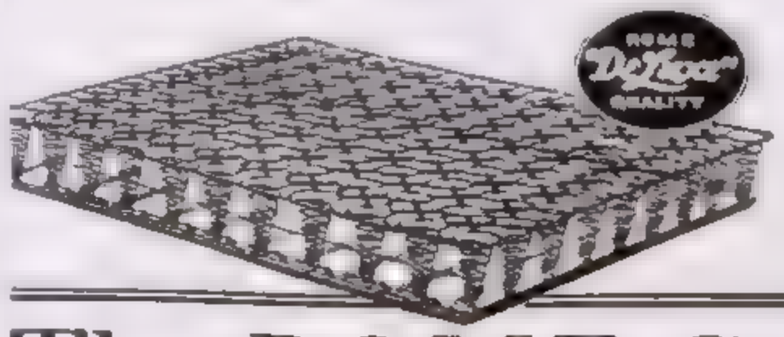

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THE RIVER PIRATE

(Continued from Page 28)

We grew to be friends that night at the movies. She talked to me just as though I was the same as she was, and of course I knew that no other human being on earth was that. But I gathered that she liked me, and the more I saw of her the more I loved her. She has since told me that from the minute she read that letter she knew I loved her, because I showed it so plainly.

She asked me to tell her about Maggie, and instead of doing that, I told her about Maggie's restaurant and the good stews I got there. Of Caxton I said next to nothing. I let on that I did not know him any too well, but I said that everybody spoke of him as an honest copper who could not be bought with all the money in the mint. She looked very proud and happy over that, and though I was jealous as could be of Caxton, I played up that line of talk so that I could make a bigger hit with her.

When we separated at the home I told her that I thought I would not tell Maggie or Caxton about meeting her, and maybe it would be better if she said nothing about it.

"You see," I told her, "they know I am down on the docks, an' if Maggie won't let you come to her place even once, she might not like to have you know somebody that lived there all the time."

"But she lives there herself!" Marjorie cried in surprise. "Is there anything the matter with the place?"

"If you think there's anythin' wrong with that joint," I kidded her, "you oughta taste the stew. I was only thinkin' it might be better not to let them know. Your Uncle Jerry is so used to watchin' fer thieves down there that mebbe he thinks everybody there is a thief."

"Imagine you a thief!" she laughed. "I think you are the most innocent-looking young man I ever saw!"

Well, do what you want with that. That is just what she said.

But like most women do if you keep kidding them and letting them think they are having their own way, she finally agreed that, at least for a little while, she would say nothing about our friendship. I knew I could keep her quiet then forever. Also, I knew she planned on keeping up our friendship, and I want to tell you that I was the happiest man alive when I knew that.

That is all there is in the picture, as far as Marjorie and I go. That is, it is all the picture until the night Marjorie got suspicious of me and figured out for herself where we were going to pull off a loft job, and came there just to see for herself what was in the wind. But that night had a lot more things crowded into it than just us. One or two of them were more important even than Marje. For instance, the way Sailor Frink stood up under Caxton's bullets, and even when he was dying, stood pat to save all the rest of the gang—those are things I shall never forget. But let them come in their turn.

After the movies I left Marjorie at the home and walked back to Maggie's. My mind was full of the girl and I liked to walk alone and seem to hear again all that she had said. Sailor Frink was home and he was settled back as he used to settle when he thought or rested in the room.

His shoes were off and he was stretched out on the bed with plenty of smoking easy to his hand and his shirt sleeves rolled up so that quite a few of his tattoo marks showed. There was one picture of a great big sword on his right forearm. Coiled around the sword was a blue snake with a red back. The snake had its mouth open just like it was going to bite the pointed end of the sword.

Under that picture there was a name. It was Lucy, so I knew that sometime or other the sailor had thought a lot about a girl. But I remembered then that on his left shoulder there were other names, so I guessed that they had been put on just to remember the different times he had been tattooed when girls were around.

"You been on a spree, so you have," he grinned at me. "Caxton'll be right apt to knock you off, so he will, when he sees that suit an' them shoes! Like fresh canvas, so they are, a-bellyin' in the wind an' a-whippin' an' a-snappin' till the freshness is shook out'n 'em; but I'm glad, that I am, to see you back safe an' hearty. Is her name Mildred?"

"Nope. It's Marjorie," I grunted.

"Marjorie, eh?" he crooned in his husky voice. "Marjorie. Is she a good girl?"

"You're right she's a good girl!" I told him. I guess I raised my voice, because he held up his square hand in warning and jerked his head toward the floor below, where Maggie or Caxton might be and might hear us. There was a kind of smile on his lips, and I figured out later that he had asked me that just to see how I really felt toward this girl. Well, he found out.

"She asked you, so she did, some questions about you an' Caxton; mebbe Maggie, too?" Sailor Frink suggested.

"Sure," I admitted. "You may as well know it, Sailor Frink—Maggie is her aunt. She don't even remember her father an' her mother. Maggie is her aunt an' Caxton her uncle. You gotta hand it to that guy! He sent her to a convent an' paid for all her clothes an' her bein' educated like she is."

"Fine, so it is—fine!" Frink sneered. Then he changed the subject mighty quick, and I was glad he did. He never asked me about the girl again. About a year later, when I told him that Marje and me were going to be married after a while, he just grunted and said, "Our business ain't a marryin' business, that it ain't." But past that, he never criticized and never had anything more to say about it.

But that Sunday night he changed the subject quickly. "I'm sendin' fer Gerber, that I am," he said.

"Gerber?" I asked. "What do you want of Gerber?"

"Gerber's to be trusted, that he is," he said simply. "We both are a-knowin' o' Gerber, we are, an' he's a-knowin' o' us."

"Is he goin' to work with us?"

"That he is, matey. Gerber'll work well. He's sick o' reformin' lads an' makin' not enough out o' it to feed his family. He'll be here in a month, so he will, an' we'll be ready fer him."

Sailor Frink was wise to put things off for a month. During that time Caxton kept a pretty close watch on us. He did it in a nice way and never seemed to cause us any trouble, but once we found out that somebody had been in our loft at night, and Frink said that it was Caxton and he was looking our stuff over. But Caxton had it on us, just as we had it on him about the Kraft trick.

He knew we pulled that trick, but he could not prove it. We knew he had been in our loft, but we could not prove it. Once or twice when he would drop in during the day and exchange a word or two, Frink let him know we were wise, but Caxton would have made a great crook. He never admitted, even by the flick of an eyelash, that he knew what we were talking about.

During that month we never pulled a trick. Sailor Frink kept me calling on tug skippers and sometimes I sold stuff for less than we had paid for it, just to be doing business. It gave me something to be working at and it kept us buying stuff and doing an honest business even if we were losing money by it. So far as Caxton could tell, we were making a profit.

One night about midnight Sailor Frink woke me up and told me to dress. I followed him out of Maggie's and along the docks. We went directly toward our own loft. Creeping through shadows to keep from being seen, we reached the place and sneaked the door open and went very quietly to the rear part that stuck out over the water.

On the hatches we had cut we lay prone and listened with our ears at the cracks. It was ten minutes before I heard anything beyond the lapping of the water under the loft and the scamper of rats about our place. But I knew that Frink had a pretty sound idea for this trick and I just laid still.

Sure enough, Frink had been right. Under the hatches there was some kind of a boat, and after waiting long enough I caught the faint sound of voices. Later I saw a very faint shadow flash across the water below us. By the time I could switch my eye to the crack the shadow was gone, but in a minute I smelled tobacco smoke, and from that I judged that somebody in the boat was smoking.

I expected any minute to be fighting off some river pirates who had come to rob our loft just as we had Kraft's warehouse. But the minutes slid by silently and Frink just lay there very still, his ear to the crack and his great body sprawled across the floor.

In about half an hour a kind of gruff voice sounded below:

"Nothin' to it, Jim," it said. "Light up an' kick along. Head fer Gonagle's place an' we'll watch there a while."

Right away the whole of the river was lit up by one of the brightest searchlights I ever saw. Then came the sound of an electric starter and the purr of a big motor. I switched my eye again and looked down. Right under our hatches there was a long narrow power boat that just a glance showed to be a mighty fast one. The foredeck was covered and stood only about three feet above the water.

Then came a long cockpit, and just ahead of that was the searchlight that had been turned on. On each side of the boat there was mounted a machine gun, and sitting along the gunwales on little cushioned seats were seven or eight men. In the stern was a man in uniform. I could see in the light of the searchlight that he was a sergeant of police. This was the harbor-squad police boat and they had lain under there to watch us.

It kind of gave me the shivers to think of meeting that floating arsenal some dark night. I mean, you could drift right onto them and never know they were there. Then all of a sudden that big light would flash on you and there would be no more chance to get away than you would give a pipe organ in the middle of the jungle.

Sailor Frink was a fighter and he never would quit, no matter what the odds were against him. I knew that well enough. So it was not very hard to imagine what a fight would come if ever we tangled with that harbor squad. At the first sign of anything like a fight those cops would bust loose with revolvers and machine guns and we would look like chewed beets before we had raised a finger.

The long boat slid out from under the loft and I saw the man in the stern push her clear of a piling with his left hand. It seemed I could almost feel the fingers of that hand twisting into my collar, and that brought visions of places even worse than the reform school. There are a lot of nasty thrills like that in river pirating.

When they had got clear of the loft Sailor Frink raised himself to his knees and then stood up. He walked slowly toward one of the little windows and looked down on the river. I peered through past the sailor's ear. The police boat looked like a big water bug with a vast white eye that shone through the night and cut a clear V-shaped space right out of the darkness.

Shortly I saw the running lights of the boat flashed on, and then the big light disappeared and it made the night seem a whole lot darker. After that I heard just the purr of the big motor as the boat slid farther and farther away, its white mast light twinkling like a star.

"Damn 'em!" Frink muttered as he turned away from the window. He seemed

(Continued on Page 92)

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(Continued from Page 90)

to have forgotten that I was there, because he set his big foot square onto my toe and I almost yelped out with pain. "I knowed they was due, so I did," he muttered—"knowed it. It's Caxton's doin's, so it is. He's set, that he is, on gittin' us cold, laddie."

I thought then that we would just walk out of the loft and go back to Maggie's. But no. Frink sneaked quietly to the front door, and even his great big body made not so much noise as one of the rats scampering about the loft. Wharf rats are big—big as kittens sometimes—and I have seen them fight as hard as a dog when you tried to kill them. I crept after Frink, and inside the door we waited for several minutes, then opened it and stood outside, close to the building and shrouded in shadow.

I guessed that the sailor was looking for Caxton, and that proved to be true. Men are funny things. That night I was to see Sailor Frink do the only thing he ever did that might have looked yellow. He was anything but a coward, but I guess he felt just then that everything in the world—all the laws and the police and the luck—was against him, and he took that way of easing what was in his heart and his mind.

We stood outside for three or four minutes and he kept peering around. I looked too. Half a block away one of the dismal street lamps burned, but it put up only a weak fight against the blanket of night, and that fight was all cornered into a little spot under the light. Nothing moved. The docks were deserted as far as I could see. From the river came the sounds of small boats, and now and then a ferryboat, but that, to us, was quiet.

Along the docks there were the usual noises. A horse's hoofs clattering against cobbles as late night cargo was hauled from one spot to another on rush orders; the occasional honk of a taxi horn as some soused sailor came back to his ship in style; from the far distance the rattle of a trolley.

Sailor Frink moved along toward Maggie's, but he kept close to the buildings and I knew that he suspected the presence of Caxton in the neighborhood. I trailed him silently. More and more I just did that—trailed after Sailor Frink—always letting him lead, always letting him do the thinking for both of us.

At the next corner, which was quite a long way from our loft, he stood again and watched. We were completely hidden by the shadows. After a minute we crossed the street and walked on, still keeping out of sight. Frink watched ahead, behind and on both sides. Five hundred feet farther on he stopped once more, and this time his hand darted back and caught my arm in a clutch that was so tense it really hurt.

Walking toward us at a pretty fast clip I saw a man. There was no doubt about what man. Those square shoulders, that heavy tread, the swing of the whole body. He was passing near a light. It was Caxton.

He was coming along our side of the street and I sensed, as did Sailor Frink, that he was going toward our loft. It was easy to figure that he wanted to be in at the kill. He had arranged for the harbor boat to be there and he was going to look after the shore end. Pretty smart. Somewhere, I suppose, he had got a tip that we were going to work that night.

As he came abreast of us I saw Frink crouch. His shoulders hunched up and his great right arm came back. I caught the muscles in an effort to stop what I saw was going to happen in another split second. I might as well have caught the tide in a teacup!

Caxton never knew a thing was coming. That maul of a fist cracked against his square chin with a hollow sound that I shall never forget. Caxton kind of grunted as though all the wind he had in his lungs wanted to groan but the lungs themselves were dead. He went down on the pavement and his big body looked all crumpled and twisted.

Sailor Frink stood above him and called him a name that I never heard him use but just that once. He certainly hated Caxton. I was trembling like a leaf in a gale. I caught the sailor's arm as he stood over that still figure.

"He'll know, sailor," I whispered throatily—"he'll know who done this. Mebbe you killed him. We better beat it."

The sailor laughed and his voice seemed to whistle through his yellow teeth. "I ain't killed 'im, that I ain't," he muttered. It seemed to me that there was sorrow in his voice, as if he was disappointed that Caxton was still alive. "But I will, laddie—sure as ever a tide ran I will, if he keeps a-tailin' us like this!"

Then he turned and stepped right over Caxton and started away. All I could do was repeat what I had said: "He'll know we done it, sailor—he'll know we done it!"

That seemed to slow the sailor down, and he paused and stood there thinking it over. I shall always think that he hit Caxton that night before he realized what he was doing. It was just that he was desperate. He was not the kind to hit in the dark.

Now he stood there reckoning the consequences. I could see that he hated Caxton, and I was not surprised. Without this Caxton we could have worked every night and made a fortune in no time. Caxton was our one big trouble.

Finally Frink leaned over and opened Caxton's coat. From it he took everything the pockets held. Then he rolled the copper over and took everything from his trousers. He took his shield, which he found in a little leather case in the detective's trouser pocket; he took his gun and he took his money and watch. From his left hand he took even a gold ring that had Caxton's initials on it. All these he slipped into his pocket. Then we went away.

"We'll be gittin' in Maggie's place without her a-knowin' o' it, so we will," he warned me. I just grunted and nodded. That night was a terrible one for me. I kept seeing Caxton there alone on the docks, his body just a heap, and then I would imagine Marje in her room asleep and never knowing the pass her uncle was in.

We sneaked into Maggie's and got our clothes off. Frink was doing some fast and hard thinking. I had the idea that if Caxton ever came to he would do it soon. Just as soon as he did, he might come looking for the sailor and me. If he did, how about his gun, his shield and his watch? The sailor still had them.

I asked the sailor about that, but he just laughed again and told me that there was little chance of Caxton coming there to search for us that night. There was a nasty significance about the remark, and for a minute I almost felt as though it might be just as well if Caxton did come and catch us and even send us back to the reform school. That would be better than going in for murder, and when Sailor Frink pasted anybody, it might easily be murder without a whole lot of extra effort.

I lay awake until dawn expecting each sound to be Caxton or some other coppers after us. I schemed what I would do with Caxton's stuff if they did come, for Sailor Frink had just laid it on the chair next his bed when he turned in. But he was right. Nobody came near us. Just as dawn was breaking I heard Maggie go creaking downstairs, and in a few minutes she was rattling things on the stove getting breakfast for her morning trade. I could smell the coffee brewing.

Ten minutes after he rolled into the blankets Frink was snoring like a porpoise, and he kept it up all night. He had an iron nerve—Sailor Frink. I dropped off to sleep after Maggie started cooking breakfast. I felt safe by that time. It was Frink who woke me up.

"Eats, hearty," he grinned at me. He was fresh as a field daisy and the smile was about his lips and twisted his scar a little. I do not see how he could be that way, but he was. I wondered who had found Caxton, or if he had just come to and beat it by

(Continued on Page 95)

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Lithopone* has exceptional hiding power. Alone with linseed oil it develops a film sufficiently soft to keep the paint stretchable and elastic. Such a film follows the changes in contracting and expanding surfaces and does not crack, peel or chip. This film is not sufficiently hard, however, to resist exterior wear and tear unaided.

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40—40—20

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The NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

100 Front Street, New York City

New Jersey Zinc

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himself. If that was true, I could see where Frink had been smart. What copper would want to admit that somebody had stolen his badge and his gun?

While I dressed, Frink wrapped the things he had taken from Caxton in a red handkerchief. This he slipped inside his shirt and we went down to breakfast. Two strangers were there eating when we walked in. Anybody could see at a glance that they were deck hands. They were talking about shoving off that morning and they were not feeling any too good, because they had been out all night. They mentioned their ship, which was a coastal schooner moored not far from Maggie's.

When we had finished our meal we started for the warehouse as usual, but on the way Sailor Frink went aboard this schooner that was to sail. He asked if the skipper was there and they told him the old man was asleep because he had been up all night loading.

Sailor Frink said he was sorry, because he wanted to sell him, before he sailed, some very good stuff at a very low price. We followed the man aft while he found out if the skipper had roused out in the last few minutes. But the skipper was still corking off, so we left the ship. Sailor Frink did it all so swell that even I did not suspect anything, but when we got to the loft he told me that, excepting the money he had taken from Caxton, all the other stuff, wrapped in the handkerchief, was in one of the holds of the coastal schooner that was to sail within an hour or so.

I just had to laugh at the way he handled things like that. Even if somebody said he had been aboard that schooner just before sailing, what of it? He had a good reason to go aboard: He was carrying on his regular business. Now, when the stuff was found in the hold, it would look as though some of the crew had flopped Caxton for his bank roll.

We opened the loft as usual, and I got a list out and started to go over names I could call on to try and sell stuff. When we passed that spot where we had left Caxton, we saw that he was gone. We did not know where. I kept hoping that he had come to and pride had made him shut up. I would have been glad to see him swagger in and start his close talk again. But he did not come.

I went out calling that morning. I did a little business and on one deal I made an honest eighty dollars. At noon I met Sailor Frink at Maggie's and I told him what I had done and that I would come down that afternoon and make up the stuff into orders for shipping. He grinned at the eighty dollars.

"I've thirty to add to it, so I have," he said. "Thirty that we'll put along o' the eighty, an' then we'll open a place fer Gerber an' use it plenty, that we will. Let 'em watch this loft. We'll work in Gerber's!"

I knew he meant thirty dollars he had found on Caxton the night before. Frink was just the kind of man to get a lot of kick out of using a copper's money to fool coppers. At that, the idea of Caxton's money in our place was funny.

"Have you heard anythin' about him?" I asked Sailor Frink.

"Right-o!" he said in loud tones. "You ain't seen about it, ain't you? Look at Maggie! She's lookin', so she is, like the chief mourner at a voodoo death dance!"

Maggie was. Her face was wrinkled deeper than ever and her eyes looked worried and tired. "What is it?" I asked Frink. "Tell me what happened!"

"Why, laddie," he said, his husky voice so loud I knew anyone could hear him, "you ain't a-keepin' pace, that you ain't, with the news. Our friend Caxton was waylaid, that he was—waylaid. Somebody hit him on the head, so they did—the head. Laid him out plenty an' stole all his money. The papers says, that they do, that he was hit by a blunt instrument, an' mebbe his mouth was open, so it was, because he come off with a broke jaw an' is in the 'ospital!"

I was sorry for Caxton, but it was kind of nice not to have him prying around. He was away for ten days and during that time, whether he had others watching us or not, we got away with more than three thousand dollars' worth of stuff and used the boathouse across the river for storing it.

Twice during that time we used the stolen boat to get around with and it worked exactly right. We could douse the lights and use that silencer Frink had installed. Things worked so easily and well that I even forgot a good deal about the police boat with its searchlights and coppers and machine guns.

With that extra money Frink and Shark and I decided we would get Gerber to come on and either find a job along the docks where he could keep us tipped off on good plants, or have him open some kind of a place that we could use, where we would have more storage space than in the boathouse.

"We'll do nothin' but honest business out o' the loft, so we will," Frink ordered. "We'll let the fools watch that there fer all o' their lives, that we will, an' what orders we git we'll fill from other places, like the boathouse or some other spot, with Gerber to look after plenty o' details."

Then he showed one of the sides to him which made me love him so much and trust him to the last inch. "Gerber'll have to be hid away, so he will," he announced. "He can't be a-comin' with us along the river. He's got a wife, that he has, an' kids. He can't take chances."

So it all worked out. Gerber came in, and through some man he knew in the police department he got a job with a certain big company. The job was the kind that told him all about shipments of stuff and let him meet with a good many skippers and buyers. In a quiet way, without involving himself, he would tell them that Sailor Frink was the man to buy from, because the stuff was the same as they would get elsewhere and the prices were a lot lower.

Gerber did only one thing that might have got him into trouble. He rented a loft farther up the river under another name. When we went out stealing we stored the stuff in that loft. It was away from almost everything else and we took a lot of time and care in selecting it. Many is the night that I have crept under that upper loft, as we called it, the stolen boat purring like a muffled teakettle, and caught the ropes the sailor had rigged to the hatches.

Gerber would tell us where a certain shipment was due to land at a certain time. We would be there and rush the stuff to the upper loft. Give us an hour alone at the loft and we would handle two or three thousand dollars' worth of stuff. Then we would draw on that in small amounts and deliver it on orders that Frink got at the first loft, or on orders that came indirectly through Gerber.

We were sitting, as the saying is, on top of the world, and we had quite a sum of money laid by. The money we banked under the name of Sailor Frink and he used the account through the loft where honest business was done. The result was that we had a good bank reference after a while. Frink bought for both cash and credit and he always paid right on time. Even good people were not afraid to buy from us. Lots of people bought stuff because they thought we were just cutting the market prices and were satisfied with a little profit because our overhead was low.

The money lay in the bank most of the time and Sailor Frink just gave us each a blank check signed by him, so we could get the money out if he should die. He gave each of us a check and said we could figure up from the books and divide the money between us. We kept getting bigger and bigger buyers as time went on. Some of our orders would run as high as ten and fifteen thousand dollars to one customer and only about two or three of that would be stolen stuff. But we were making money very fast.

I am getting ahead of the story because, now that you have been told most of it, it is natural to get toward the finish as fast as I can. Let me go back to Caxton's return after he had been at the hospital. He showed up one morning at our loft and his face had changed. There was a sharp line down the side of his cheek and chin where the jawbone had been broken. I guess it did not heal very well, because Caxton was pretty old. It seemed, now, that he talked out of the side of his mouth. It gave him a different appearance.

But his eyes were the same—exactly the same. Hard, steady, unwinking, when he was talking to you. He walked right up to Sailor Frink.

"How's business?" he asked.

"It won't be so good now," Frink grinned at him. "I was sorry, so I was, you got lammed, Caxton, 'cause I'm sorta likin' a man like you. But 'twas nice, so 'twas, to have you in that 'ospital. We done better business, so we did."

"I don't doubt it," Caxton sneered, "an' I'm tellin' you, Frink, that I never knew a man that could hit harder. If I could hit that hard, Mister Man, I wouldn't see the need of doin' it in the dark!"

"Ain't it the truth, Caxton?" Frink grinned, his face as steady as a church steeple. "You'd be thinkin', so you would, that nobody would do that. Anyhow, they never knowed, so they didn't, that you was a copper. Who'd expect a copper to have much money on 'im?" He was pretending he did not understand the cop's meaning.

Caxton dropped his hard eyes until his glance rested on Frink's right hand, which, at the moment, was holding a new heaving line that he was about to splice on one end and monkey-fist on the other.

"I'm lookin' right now," he said steadily, "at the blunt instrument that cracked my chin. I know you done it, Frink. Know it as well as I know my own name."

"You lie like hell, Caxton!" Frink snarled, his teeth baring and his scar twitching. He let the heaving line fall from his hand and the gnarled fingers wound into a fist. "I know, so I does, that that's a fightin' word, that 'liar.' But you're a liar, an' I ain't sayin' I wouldn't like to prove it to you, so I ain't! I ain't never hit you, Caxton, but I'm happy you was hit—happy, an' jealous o' the man that done the trick! If you ain't a-likin' o' that, do what you please!"

I stood there as if I was nailed to the floor. I could not move or speak. Caxton remained as calm as a statue. He ran his tongue gingerly into the part of his cheek where the line showed clearest, wiggled it there a second as his eyes watched the tense sailor, then he said:

"No man on the docks would have a chance with you, Frink. But I stand pat on what I said and, just as sure as day and night, I'll knock you off sooner or later. You're crooked, Frink—crooked an' smart—but I'll git you with the goods."

He sort of smacked his lips a little, then spit toward a crack in the floor of the loft. He missed the crack and the saliva crept out over the floor dust like ink on a blotter.

"Be sure you git me good, Caxton, when you do!" Frink told him. "Just be right sure! Or a broken jaw won't be no more'n a flea bite to what you'll git, so it won't."

"I'll git you good, Frink," Caxton promised. Then he turned to me: "You'd better wise up to yourself, kid, an' shake this tough guy. There's a lot of trouble ahead if you don't."

"I'm workin' here," I said, "an' I'm stickin' here."

Caxton spit again, rubbed his chin where it had been broken and went out of the loft. Then Sailor Frink went over and put his heel on Caxton's saliva and ground it there until the planks frayed under his heel.

XVI

FOR a long time we fooled Caxton and everybody else by working through Gerber and the upper loft. That way everything was cut to the smallest risk.

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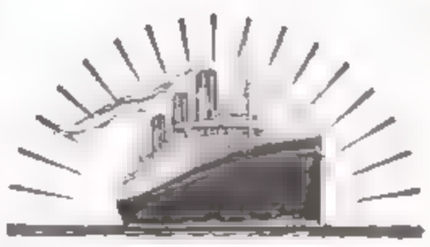
$102.50 IN THE BANK



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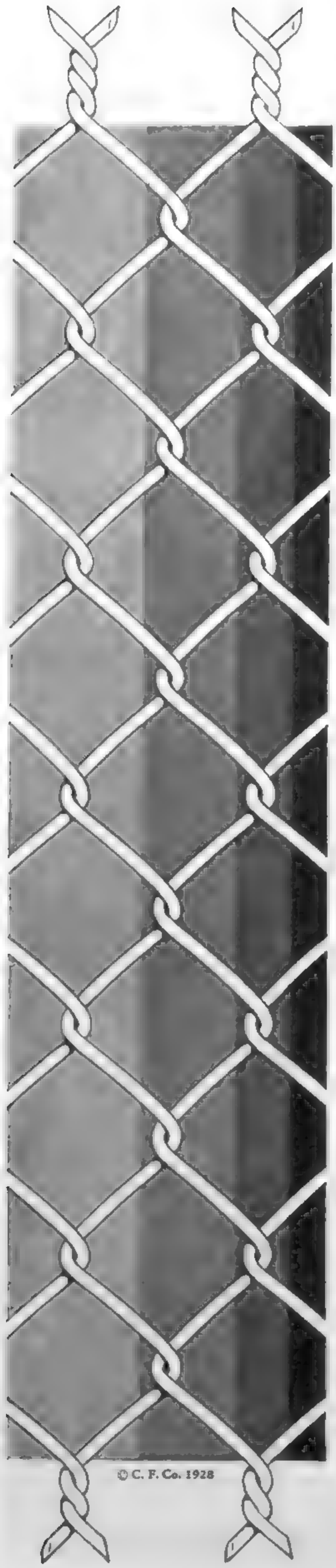

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I found out later that Sailor Frink had taken me to the loft the night he had hit Caxton because, by way of a connection that Shark had made at police headquarters, he had been able to discover in advance what the orders to the harbor squad were. Shark had been warned and he had warned Sailor Frink.

You can see that we were bound to succeed for a while; succeed until Caxton could ferret us out with his steely mind and his dead certainty that Frink was stealing. There is no doubt that he hated Frink after that blow in the dark. There is no doubt that Frink hated him just as hard for his eternal meddling. They were bound to clash again and again, until one of them was put out of the race for keeps. That is what they did at last.

During the time we operated, selling big companies stolen goods either with a smirk of understanding or a tip to some employe, getting our tips through Gerber and a degree of protection through Shark, I kept calling on Marjorie. We were engaged. We knew that neither of us ever would marry any other, but we did not hurry things. I was content just to be with her and she seemed so, with just hazy talk about the time we would be married and have a home.

She never mentioned me to Caxton and I never mentioned her. On certain nights she would be with Maggie and the cop; every other night we were together, except when I worked, and usually that was after I left her.

There was just one time when I saw tears in her eyes, and that was over Caxton. I never knew much about his home life, but it broke Marje up a good deal when the detective's wife died. She was fairly old and I suppose she had to be expecting death. But Marje cried a lot then, because the newspapers told of the long romance between her uncle and his wife, and she felt that, even though Caxton showed his grief but a little, he was badly hurt.

Maggie was affected too. There seemed a lot of affection between the three, but I was too happy with Marje and too busy with Frink to care an awful lot. Caxton was nothing but trouble and worry to me, even if he had let me beat the reform-school racket. But I spoke to him about it. He seemed kind of glad I did. I said:

"I seen in the papers, Mr. Caxton, that your wife passed out. I'm sorry fer you."

He shook my hand—the first time he ever had—and he came as near smiling as ever he did. His eyes were as steady as ever and he said, "Thanks, Sandy. Everythin' works out for the best."

But he and Marje got closer then. I think she felt that he was lonely and wanted to help him through his hour of trouble. She was as sweet in that way as in every other. They were much together and I began to wonder if Marje might not, because of feeling sentimental, tell him about us. When a girl loves, it is asking a lot to have her keep her happiness to herself.

So, after a fashion, we were drifting. Drifting happily and in contentment, but drifting. Marje worked as a stenographer, and she liked it and used to ask me business questions. All women like to make themselves and men think they understand business. Marje really did not, because she was too innocent, too unsuspicious. I was not. I knew a thing or two about business, because I had seen men with four stripes on their arms buy what they knew was stolen stuff.

In fact it was such a man that brought about the end for us. Not that he wanted to. He was just buying from us as he had before, and by putting in warrants to his company at regular prices and buying from us he could make the difference. He was captain of a big coastal steamer and he ordered a lot of stuff at one time.

It was good stuff for us, because we could clean up about four thousand dollars on the haul and Caxton was miles behind us. We were not afraid to work. What with Shark to tell us where the cops were and Gerber to steer us to the stuff and get the whole layout planned in advance, we thought about the actual stealing of the stuff as the smallest part of the job. But a man can be too careful.

Sailor Frink was delighted with the order from this captain and he laid plans more complete than ever before. That was because, when Gerber located the stuff we had to have, it was down low on the river where the traffic was heavier and where we took more chances while we worked. At first we said we would wait for a better spot, but the sailor was never one to wait. We knew where the stuff was and he believed that there was a way to get it.

"Hit," he always said, "while the iron is hot. We'll be gettin' this stuff, so we will, by thinkin' an' plannin' a mite more than we've had to before, that we will."

As a result we had a talk with Shark. During that Frink asked him about his connections at police headquarters. That was where we slipped up. But the sailor was not to blame. Shark was. It seems that the only real connection he had was a legitimate one. Pretending to represent the big company that he worked for, he would go to the police and find out what the orders for the night were.

He was told them because they believed he was acting for his company and the company was controlling the movement of big orders on the plans of the police. But Shark never told us that. He gave us to understand that he had influence and in that way made himself look big in our eyes. I guess he wanted us to think he was more important to us than he really was.

Sailor Frink put it up to him squarely, "Go," he said, "to this man you know, Shark. Tell 'im, so you do, that there's a thousan' in it fer him if the police boat is far away from this spot tomorrow night. He can fix it, so he can. Mebbe a fake tip, or mebbe a money split with his boss, mebbe."

Instead of making a clean breast of the thing, Shark gambled. We all had tremendous faith in Sailor Frink and it was his idea that anybody but Caxton could be bought. Thinking as he did, his move was a wise one. Had he known of Shark's little deception he never would have done it. But I shall relate just what happened.

It is funny how little things grow into big ones. On the night we planned to rob the place on the lower river I had a date to take Marje to the theater. I did not cancel that, because I thought we would not work until very late. At four in the afternoon of the day we were to work, Shark called Sailor Frink and told him he had fixed everything and that the police boat would be way up the river between ten and eleven that night.

That made me cancel the date with Marje. I called her on the telephone and told her that Frink had just told me I must work that night. She said she was sorry, but understood, and we would see each other next day. She also told me that Caxton was going to meet her at six and take her to dinner. I should have given that more thought, but I was a little jealous of the old man and all the sympathy she was giving him about his wife passing out, and I thought only about that.

At nine o'clock that night Sailor Frink and I took the trolley to the upper ferry and made the same trip we had the night we robbed Kraft's place. All the way over I was nervous. I never had been nervous in the same way before, but tonight I was plain afraid. If I could have found the nerve I would have asked Frink to call it off until later. But I knew what he would say. It looked like the safest job we had ever pulled.

Gerber had arranged the stuff we wanted under one order blank, so it would all be together when we found it, and that made loading easier and quicker. Shark had the police fixed, so we did not need to fear them. Yet I was afraid. I guess there is such a thing as a sixth sense, and it certainly worked on me that night.

The night itself was bad. All day there had been slate-gray clouds in the sky and

The water blessed by the sun

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the water of the river looked a sort of dirty brown mixed with gray. A gusty wind had blown and was still blowing, and the river lapped and slapped spitefully at piling and at the prows of boats. Yet it was warm—too warm. Everything was sticky and I felt as though I had no will to do anything. It was the kind of day that tells you things are wrong, and I was sensitive to it. But not Sailor Frink.

When we got on the ferryboat he walked right to the bow and looked out over the water as it was sucked under the rushing boat. It seemed to me that he could not wait to get started and finished with the job to be done. Down river the lights looked hollow and somber, and the reflection from the ferryboat showed the water choppy and flecked with whitecaps all about us.

"We'll be gittin' to the spot, bucko," Frink told me, "at about 10:15, so we will. That gives us forty-five minutes, accordin' to Shark, fer work we should be a-doin' in twenty. Time, it allows fer bad breaks an' fouled gear, so it does."

The little trolley on the far shore was crowded, so we could do no talking aboard that. When we swung under the big electric sign on the factory its light against the shadows seemed less brilliant. It was as though the very air was thick about us and the night heavy and sluggish and dangerous. I hated it; feared it as I never had feared before. It did not affect Sailor Frink.

When we walked down the long alley he whispered in his thick voice of what we would do. His watch showed it to be ten minutes of ten. That was well timed, he said. Ten minutes we would take to check our supply of gasoline, ship our gear for raising the trick mast, and tune up our motor. Then we would cut across the river and drop down the far shore to the spot where we would work.

"There'll be no watchman just at the spot, so there won't," Frink told me. "The loft is guarded, that it is, like half a dozen others, by a man who looks after four or five places. He'll be a-makin' o' his rounds, so he will, but he pulls at this place on the hour. He won't be due back after ten, so he won't, till eleven. We'll be back at the boathouse by then."

We filled the tank with gas, checked the oil in the crank case and looked the boat over generally. I tried the lights while still the heavy drop door at the rear of the house was down. The old familiar smells of the boathouse struck me harder than ever. I loved them, yet I feared them. Inside that dark and dank place there were hundreds of things that seemed friendly to me, and the whisper of the river under us sounded like the voice of all friendly things trying to warn me.

Outside on the river a short boat of some kind piped a sharp whistle. It was nothing but a signal to pass to port, but when it cut through the night it seemed to me like a siren straight from hell, and I was so jumpy that I almost fell into the river. Every sound was like that. They all seemed different from those I had been hearing for years, and they scared me because they warned me.

Frink finally said it was time to start, and I saw him, in the light of the small flash, fitting the crank and turning over the motor. I caught the block and tackle and raised the door. Outside was the river, and much as I loved it, I hated and feared it then. It was dark and all the shore lights were like eyes staring at me. I had the feeling that something was close by and that it was unfriendly and we could not see it.

The motor caught and the boat heeled to the kick of the screw. Frink turned toward me. "There's a bigger light fer this night's work, so there is, laddie. Find it there an' try it."

I groped around the cockpit and shortly felt a round flash light with an adjustable focus. I pointed it into the boat and pressed the button downward. The light was so brilliant that I shut it off instantly. Sailor Frink laughed his husky laugh and the motor turned faster and I heard the clutch grunt as reverse gear took hold. We backed out onto the river.

Without any orders from Sailor Frink, I took my usual place in the boat and my usual job. In all the traveling we did on the river I never accomplished anything by riding in the bow and watching for drifting danger. For all I know, we may have passed hundreds of half-submerged logs by inches. I never saw them; do not know what I could have done about it if I had, for we carried no front light and I would have seen them too late.

That night I leaned against the little forecastle and felt myself shaking as my knees tried to press steady against the wood. It was no use. That sixth sense was sharpened to danger that I could not see or understand. It racked my nerves. It kept me jumpy and clumsy and wetting my lips and dodging shadows.

Sailor Frink steered a course downstream for a few minutes, then laying his way on a light ashore that we recognized as the tower of a building, he cut across the river. In the center of the stream he ordered me to cut off the running lights. I did.

We were still well upstream from the place we were going, and just as soon as I doused the lights, Frink put the helm hard over and opened the gas. We shot downstream like an arrow. Anyone who had seen our lights and suddenly missed them would have a hard time tracing us.

When we were about opposite the spot where we were to work, Frink cut towards shore. The silencer kept the voice of our motor down to a little whine. When we were still well out from the beach I caught the sound of Frink's husky voice.

"Step the mast, matey; step 'er up!" he called. I slid the mast upward, the halyards flopping listlessly about my arms and head as the sultry air stirred them. Quickly I clamped the hooks at the gunwale of the boat and took fast turns on the turnbuckles. I was glad to be doing something other than sitting there and waiting for a danger I could feel but neither see nor understand. I climbed the mast and cleared the tackle at the peak which we would use to lower away stolen goods.

When I hit the deck I sensed that Frink had cut down the speed of the motor and we were creeping along close in toward shore; the vast piers and warehouses seemed dead and alive by turn. It was a great night for short excursion boats and several of the companies had announced extra trips. Their docks were ablaze with lights and one of them was only a few hundred feet below where we must work.

We were so low down the river that I could see the range lights of the outer channel, and there the anchor lights of big ships gazed at us as steady as painted rocks on a black hillside. We crept closer, the water gurgling under our bow and from the lighted pier the voices of merrymakers coming like word from another world.

Under the loft we were going to rob, the air was fetid, sultry, unstirring. I began to perspire more than ever and slipped a handkerchief inside the soft collar of my shirt. I was wet all over. I caught the piling to steady our slow course under the loft. Frink shut off the motor and came to my side, and together we worked the boat ahead and about until we judged ourselves to be under loading hatches. Then Frink, with that tremendous nerve he had, flashed the big light upward and we located the hatches and worked directly under them.

Frink managed to moor the boat to a piling and then he sprayed the lifting device of the collapsible mast with oil. After that we hoisted away very slowly, so that the upper part would not bang against the floor of the loft. When she touched, we lowered away at foot, made fast, and I shinnied up, a marlinespike ready in my hand and my tongue dry and thick in my mouth.

It was no easy matter to jimmy that hatch. The thing had been secured well on

(Continued on Page 100)

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THE WALLOPS

[*Number 10 of a series. No. 11 will appear Mar. 3, 1928*]

The Guest in the Bathroom

"You don't suppose anything's happened to her, do you?" asked Mrs. Wallop anxiously.

"Lord knows," whispered George Wallop, listening at the door. "She's been in there almost an hour and I'm getting hungry. Perhaps she slipped in the bathtub and got drowned."

"George!" said Clara Wallop. "Don't try to be funny. It's serious. What will we do? Shall I call out to her and see if she's all right?"

"And if she is, then she'll think we're hurrying her. Perhaps she fell asleep."

"Or fainted!" Clara suggested.

"If you'd like a little expert opinion," said Lily with conviction, "I think the reason she's been in there an hour with the water running is because she's still waiting for clean water. You know how rusty and dirty our hot water is. You have to let it run forever to get a clean bath."

"George, I think the child's right," concluded Clara Wallop.

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(Continued from Page 98)

the inside, and when I finally broke it free the noise sounded to me like a troop of cavalry in a mausoleum. It did not bother Sailor Frink. He just chuckled and called up to me:

"In you go, laddie. Gerber said he would tag the stuff green if he could, so he did. Take your little light an' be a-lookin' fer green tags, bucko. Soon as you git it moved to the hatch, let Sailor Frink know, matey, an' we'll hoist the mast up through the hatch, so we will, an' lower away."

I went up through the hatch, though both my eyes got filled with dust as I did it. Once in the warehouse, I stood still and took the handkerchief off my neck and tried to wipe my eyes out with it. It took me a minute to do that and I heard Frink's voice calling up asking if everything was all right.

"All right," I called back softly, "I'm goin' to look now. My eyes got full of dust, sailor."

"Lucky," I heard him chuckle, "'twan't yer nose, that it was! We ain't a-wantin' o' sneezin' hereabouts, so we ain't! Step lively, matey!"

Warehouses and lofts did not hold the nightly terrors for me they had when first I went into them. I had grown to know them; to know the little scrapings and whisperings and rattlings that are always there. But tonight I was afraid again. It was that same feeling that had oppressed me ever since I had talked with Marje and learned she was going to eat with Caxton.

I flashed the little light to get my bearings, then started a still hunt, and a quick one, for stuff tagged with green tags. I used the light as little as I could. Gerber had done his part. There was the stuff. It was about thirty feet from the hatch through which we wanted to lower it. All of it was heavy stuff. I went to it and tried to move it. I could not.

Right away, because I could not wait to get out of that place and shake the feeling of fear that gripped me, I went back and called down to Frink. He answered at once, and his voice sounded happy and carefree as the song of a meadow lark.

"It's too much fer me, sailor," I told him. "The stuff weighs a ton!"

I heard him chuckle, then skirmish around in the boat below. I knew he was making fast so that the boat could not get away. Then I heard the hoisting tackle creak ever so slightly and the lines slap against the mast. Up through the hatch came the top of our mast and the lines were all ready to hook on and lower away. In a jiffy Sailor Frink was climbing through the hatch, and with him there I felt better.

"You got 'er located, bucko?" he asked. "Where away, matey—where away?"

I led him down the loft floor to the stuff, and he had the big light in his hand and flashed it. It made the place like day and scared me half to death. He saw the stuff and grunted. Then he snapped off the light and we bent over and took hold of a coil of line. We had lifted it up and started toward the hatch when the crash came. All that fear that had been boiling inside me the whole night came to a point—a fiery point that seared right into the heart and blazed there, a white terror.

Under us sounded the shrillest blast known to the ears of a crook. It was a police whistle. I let go the coil of rope we were lugging and heard it thump down to the floor of the loft. Up through the cracks of the floor flooded rays of white light. The police boat was under us and the searchlight was blazing away. Suddenly it turned upward and trained through the open hatch, and it was so bright it looked like a painted pillar.

I saw Sailor Frink leap after the coil we had dropped and in one mighty effort gather it into his arms. He lunged and staggered toward the hatch we had opened, kicked it over and closed with one foot and dropped the heavy coil down onto it. Then he whirled toward me and darted to the big light he had dropped on the floor. He picked that up and pressed the button. We could see. Frink stood quite motionless for a second, as though he was taking stock of what offered us a way out. "Keep steady on the course, matey," he whispered huskily. "A close pinch, that it is, but keep steady on the course."

Below us we could hear shouted commands and there was a heavy banging and thumping at the hatch. I looked, sort of paralyzed by the way things had happened, and saw the hatch opening.

A hand came through and it held a pistol that gleamed in the white light from below. I pointed. Frink grunted, then caught my arm and together we ran toward the front door of the place. That was our only chance.

Sailor Frink kept the light trained on the door and we ran fast. Just before we reached it, it flew open, and in the rays of our big flash light I saw the last man on earth I wanted to see—Caxton. There he stood, his face set in a smirk and his eyes almost as steady and bright as our light. We stopped short and Frink muttered a curse. Caxton shouted at us:

"Stand there, Frink! You, too, kid! I mean business!"

We could see that he did. In his right hand, held as steady as the gaze of his hard eyes, was a pistol. He had us cold.

Sailor Frink snapped off our light, but it did not help. Behind us the hatch was opening more, and through the chinks of the loft floor the white light of the searchlight was beaming. Caxton could see us clearly enough.

"Stand!" he said again. "If you don't, Frink, I'll kill you like a rat!"

"You couldn't be killin' any other way, Caxton, that you couldn't," Frink snarled; "because you are a rat—a dirty, rotten rat—an' I'll show you how a man is after fightin', Caxton!"

With one move he hurled the heavy flash light straight at Caxton's head, then charged in after it. I saw a spurt of flame, the loft was filled with the roar of a shot, and the flash light sailed on past Caxton's head and crashed in a thousand pieces against the wall. Frink cursed and staggered, but kept going. Caxton called again to him to stop. Frink swore at him and kept going.

Another flash and another roar. Caxton was bent low and firing as a man who aims carefully. I ran toward Frink and heard him gasp again; saw him sort of trip and his knees hit the floor of the loft. He swayed there a second and his eyes raised up toward Caxton. The scar on his face twitched and twitched and his lips set themselves as he spoke.

"I never carried one, Caxton," he grumbled, his husky voice rasping through his yellow teeth like wind through reeds, "never carried a gun. You're lucky—you—do—that you—are."

With his second shot Caxton had dragged out a flash light of his own, and he came toward us now, the light still trained on Frink. I saw the great shoulders of the sailor hunch forward, saw his head sag lower and lower, and his great square hands bunched their gnarled fingers against the loft floor as he fought to keep from falling prone.

Caxton closed in, the gun still threatening us both. His jaw was set and a light of satisfaction filled his hard eyes. I was so paralyzed by all that had happened that I never saw Marje until she screamed. Caxton whirled half round at the sound and my knees went weaker than ever.

Frink heard, too. As he heard he seemed to realize that this was the girl I loved. His face lost its set of hatred and he managed to turn toward me. A twisted smile spread over his dazed face.

"Frails," he muttered huskily, "spoil men—fer—business—so they do."

"No, Sailor Frink!" I cried, going toward him. "No! I never talked!"

He collapsed to the floor; sprawled there just like Caxton had on the dock that night long before. Marje leaped right over his body and threw her arms around my neck. Her head lay against my chest and she

cried and begged her Uncle Jerry to let me alone.

Caxton came close, gun still in hand. Behind us the hatch and the heavy coil were yielding to the efforts of the police-boat crew.

"I love him—love him—love him, Uncle Jerry! Oh, I can't let him go, Uncle Jerry—I can't!"

Caxton looked at me. His eyes were ablaze. He asked me if I loved the girl. I told him I had for three years and we were planning to be married. When I said that, it was as if I had slapped his face. For the first time in my life I saw his eyes soft and tender and swimming with tears.

He flashed a look into Marje's face, asked her if she wanted to marry a thief and a crook. She said she wanted to marry me no matter what I was. Marje is just that way.

Finally, when the hatch banged upward and the coil rolled free behind us, Caxton snapped off his light and grabbed my arm. He dragged us both toward the door and freedom. Outside the pier was a narrow planking and he stood there while the coppers clambered into the loft behind us.

"You'll go through with this, Sandy," he said, his voice like a file on steel, "no matter what? You love this girl? You'll marry her no matter what you learn about her—about—anything?"

"Yes, Caxton," I gasped, "I'll marry her the minute I git a chance."

"You'll git the chance," he said, and for the first time in his life Caxton had been bought off. I was staggered by his words. Marje gasped a throaty thanks and prayer combined.

We stood there in the dark, the three of us. Caxton was thinking. Back on the floor of the loft tramped the feet of the police and there they found the silent figure of Sailor Frink.

"Beat it to Maggie's," Caxton ordered. "Take Marje with you. Tell Maggie I sent you, an' why. Wait there fer me, both of you. An' say nothin'. You ain't been out of Maggie's tonight, if you're asked."

Then he dropped his gun on the planks and jumped into the river. I grabbed Marje and ran, but it seemed to me that all the whole world had gone suddenly crazy, or that I was just going through a very bad dream and would wake up pretty soon and find Sailor Frink grinning down at me, telling me that it was time to start out for the boathouse.

We got to Maggie's and told her just what had happened. Maggie hid us both away in her own room, and there she crooned over Marjorie and comforted her and said that Caxton would find a way through. But the looks she gave me were queer ones, as though she could not understand how these things could be.

After a time she went out, and when she returned she had washed hard and combed her hair and her false teeth were in. She looked a whole lot better, and she smiled at us and said that she loved Marje enough to do anything under heaven for her, and if Marje loved me, she guessed she did too.

That finishes the story about river pirating. The rest is of a happier nature. You have seen that for yourself. I have a home and I am working, and Caxton saw to both those things. He has been the best friend a man could have, except Sailor Frink. The sailor would have beaten even Caxton as a friend if he had only been straight. But a man is a man and must live his own life. Frink is a great memory with me.

He died from Caxton's bullets. But before he died they put him into the police boat and rushed him to the hospital. There they told him he was dying and tried to get him to talk. He talked, but all he said was that he wanted Caxton to know the end was not yet between them and that they surely would meet in hell.

Not a very nice way to die, but Sailor Frink was a man who was just that way. He never mentioned me, he never mentioned Gerber and he never mentioned Shark, even though he must have known that it was Shark who had brought about the trouble.

Caxton has since told me that Shark made the thousand-dollar offer and the man at headquarters agreed to accept it, then set the trap that the sailor and I walked into.

But Sailor Frink died as he had lived—hard, square, unafraid—and with his passing the ring that stole along the river broke up. Gerber had a family, so he took what was left in the bank. He offered me my share, but Marje would not let me have it. Shark refused his share, because he dared not take it on account of the tracing the police might do to his door if he did take the money.

Nobody had a thing on Gerber. He said that Frink had wanted him to have the money because he had been good to the sailor while he was a prisoner in the reform school. He got away with that.

The last thing that remains to tell is why Caxton could be bought for Marje and why he jumped into the river in that crazy way. That I hate to tell. It is why I have never told you my real name in this story. But I suppose I have got to tell it, else people will never understand either Maggie or Caxton.

The two of them, as you may know, were over to our little house for dinner last Sunday and Maggie made one of the old-time stews and we had lots of bread on hand to soak in the gravy. Caxton and Maggie are married. They got married just before we did and never told us a thing about it.

But when they were married they took us both aside and talked to us and said they would stand by us and help us. Then they sent Marje out on an errand just to get rid of her, and Maggie and Caxton both cried as they told me that Marje was their own daughter and that was why Maggie had never married. Well, I understood then what Caxton had meant about no kid being responsible for mistakes and I grasped something of what an unhappy life they both had lived all those years on the docks.

After all, I guess every man, if he is a man, has his price. Caxton's was love, and he never flinched when it came to being bought by that. His story to the police was a peach. He told of killing Frink, then of being attacked by Frink's accomplice and finally hurled into the river.

"But," he said in his statement, "I would know the man the second I laid eyes on him. He is as big as Frink, and skinny, and there never was a man with redder hair. He came off first this time, but watch fer a man with red hair, six feet high and skinny. We'll land him, never fear!"

I am five-feet-eight and I have not yet learned to stop eating, so I never will be skinny.

One more word of explanation, then I am done: Marjorie did not come to the docks that night looking for me. She came there because, while Caxton was eating dinner with her, he was worried. He knew what was coming and she suggested that he was in danger. She followed him there and found me.

I am mighty glad now that she did. When, every Sunday we go to Sailor Frink's grave and lay flowers there, she stands by my side and seems, like the little wonder she is, to understand that the little blossoms I offer might just as well be petals plucked from the folds of a sleeping soul.

(THE END)

A Correction

IN THE issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for December 10, 1927, on page 17, among other illustrations there was shown a photograph of a hospital building that carried the legend, "The City Hospital in Fall River, Mass." It is not the City Hospital and the legend should have read, "The Truesdale Hospital"—a hospital which is promoting the principle of coöperative practice among the Specialties, or what is better known as Group Practice.

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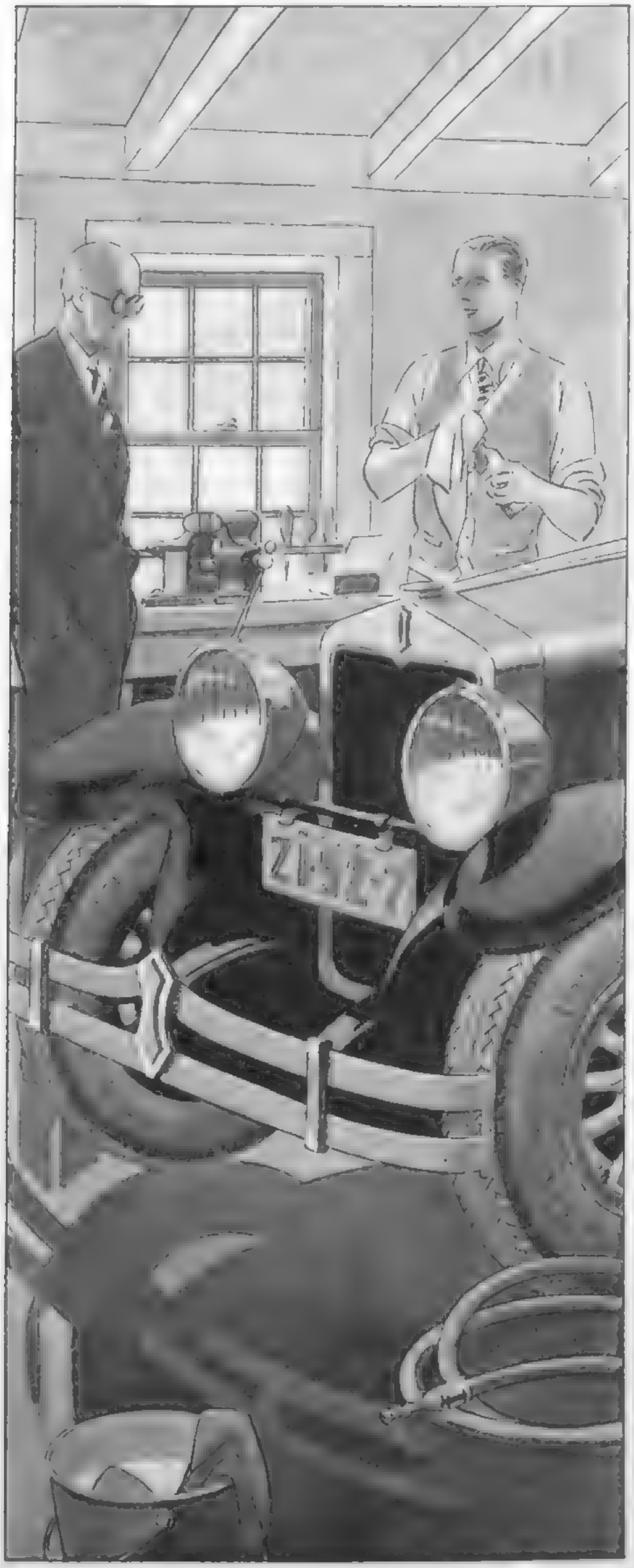

"Do you think it pays to put so much money into your tires, Frank?"
"What do you mean?"
"Why, there are a lot of good tires that won't cost you as much as you paid for those Kellys."
"Not good tires. Any of the better-known makes will cost you the same price as a Kelly-Springfield."

CORAL

(Continued from Page 15)

and Merill the country is going to the dogs. There isn't any religious sense or reverence left. The women are ruining it and themselves too. I spoke to our minister about it and he agreed with me. I gave him the material for a sermon, but he all but spoiled it. Too mild. He didn't come out. I said, Mr. Lee, I'm the principal support of this church, and I'll stand behind you. Come out with it. I want you to preach against this era of cocktails and legs." Agnes Laporte appeared with a cocktail. "Here you are, father, with Coral. I knew where to find you. I've brought you a nice cocktail. Nonsense, it will do you good." He took the glass from her, gazed guiltily around and hastily swallowed the colored gin. "I was a little fagged," he explained to Coral Mery. "I had a hard day. Don't tell Mr. Lee." A flush appeared on his cheeks and he accused her of hiding the doings in New York from him. "At my age," he said, "it won't hurt me to hear."

Mr. Cairns sat at Agnes Laporte's right, Coral was beyond. She liked him very much indeed. A voice down the table proceeded: "Well, it seemed that the two colored gentlemen were fighting because they agreed." Agnes coughed loudly. "Yes," Mr. Cairns said, leaning forward. "What did you say they were fighting about?" A sudden silence met him. "I wouldn't bother about that, father," Agnes advised him. "It's just some idiotic story. I hate stories. Don't you hate stories, Coral?" Mr. Cairns said that a little humor did no one harm. "A little humor is a good thing when it isn't too broad," he insisted. He turned to Coral. "Do you know the story about the cow and the cream pitcher?" Agnes Laporte absolutely wouldn't hear of his telling it. "That is a dreadful story, father. I'm surprised at you." "Nonsense!" Mr. Cairns said. "Nonsense, Agnes, there is nothing bad about it. Not half as risky as Merill's dress. I told her to sew something about her legs." Merill begged her sister not to be a nuisance. "Now that father is here, he might as well enjoy himself."

"I am glad," Mr. Cairns told Coral, "that you are different from most of the young. I could tell you were different the minute I saw you." She liked him immensely. There was an engaging air of youth in Mr. Cairns. A spirit, she thought, that had not been exhausted; like a boy to whom some silver had been given, but who'd had no opportunity to spend it. His eyes were very young. He was, for example, far more attractive than any of the younger men there—oh, infinitely. The younger men seemed to be so futile, so helpless really. They drank too stupidly; they were at once so decided and so pointless. They were, for another thing, all exactly alike; anything that one said might have come from any of the others. A satisfied vanity animated them all. Coral couldn't begin to see what there was for them to be vain about. In a way, too, while Mr. Cairns was young, they seemed to be painfully aged, solemn. Even their drunkenness was dismal. They were never, by any chance, really amusing.

Coral thought of all the younger men she knew, and suddenly she was appalled by their monotony. Zinc Bent, it was true, wasn't monotonous. But then he was utterly impossible. The rest were actually too dreary for thought. She said, unexpectedly, "Young men are poisonous." Mr. Cairns nodded. "They haven't any life," he pronounced; "anyhow, they haven't when it comes to work. A game of golf is about all they can stand. I don't know what things are coming to. But I suppose you'll marry one of them." Coral Mery supposed so. "I am not totally young myself," she reminded him—"twenty-seven. That's getting along now; it's quite ancient. Mostly girls are well started at seventeen."

"That is the fault of environment," Mr. Cairns declared. "It's living in the cities. The country is the only fit place to be. A city is all right for pleasure, but live in the country. Keep your family around you. If you'll notice, almost all the good bankers come from little country banks. The prettiest girls are born in the country. You were, outside Philadelphia; Agnes and Merill were. Those are nice girls of mine. You are nice, too, but you are different from them—more interesting. I mean to—to come in contact with. I don't ever remember a more interesting girl than you. Coral, you keep your head. I always say keep your head and you'll come out on top. I don't care what it is. You have good sense and you are pretty at the same time." He patted her hand and finished his glass of champagne. "At my age," he told her, "it doesn't hurt you. Not that I drink it. There hasn't been a drop of liquor in my house for forty years. It was Martha's wish," he explained; "the house she lived in and blessed. But sometimes at Agnes' I take a drop, just to be sociable. Do you know"—he became immensely confidential—"I don't think a little whisky would damage me at all when I'm tired. I'm a pretty active man, but I get down. It's my sciatica. I won't, though—not where Martha was. I get in my car and come down to see Agnes."

His confidences amused her tremendously. "If that's the way you must do it, you must do it that way," she agreed. "It does seem a little inconvenient." He went on: "It's the same with dancing. Martha never would have it. She used to say if you were dancing and died how would you feel? I told her 'I guess, Martha, you wouldn't feel anything.' But I'm sorry now I said it. It hurt her. I'd like to go with you tonight, though, and see all the young people. I doubt if dancing does you any harm—that is, proper dancing. I understand there's a lot goes on that isn't. Now what is this bunny hug?" Coral was sorry but she couldn't tell him. "I haven't the faintest idea. It must have been long before me." He added: "I guess the name describes it. The trouble with dancing," Mr. Cairns asserted, "is the clothes the girls wear. Look at Merill tonight."

"What you won't see," Coral insisted, "is that no one notices it. They are used to it. I feel quite indecent in a long skirt—as though there was a great deal of me that must be hidden. I'm thinking about my legs and Merill really isn't." He shook his head doubtfully. "Men are men," he said. "Perhaps they used to be," Coral replied. "Mr. Cairns, you are a great deal nicer than any other man here. I'm so glad Agnes let me sit by you." She was just being polite, he told her. "You don't know me," Coral answered. "I'm not very famous for having good manners. I like you."

He asked her "What is this in the little glass?" It was green chartreuse. "Now that," Mr. Cairns declared, "has some taste to it. Mostly taste, I suppose—not much alcohol."

"Coral," Agnes demanded, "what can father be saying to you? You have been whispering together for nearly an hour. Merill, father is simply infatuated with Coral Mery." Merill hoped to heaven he was. "Coral can tell you the most frightful things," she went on. "She can confirm the worst, and all from her own experience." Mr. Cairns was annoyed, it was plain, with both of his daughters. "You 'tend to your own troubles," he advised them. "You have plenty of them. Coral and I can manage our affairs. We didn't ask for any interference." He got quite red in the face and set his coffee cup down sharply. "I will speak to you in the morning, Merill," he added, "on the subject of living without labor. I'll speak to you, but it will be about your husband as well.

(Continued on Page 105)

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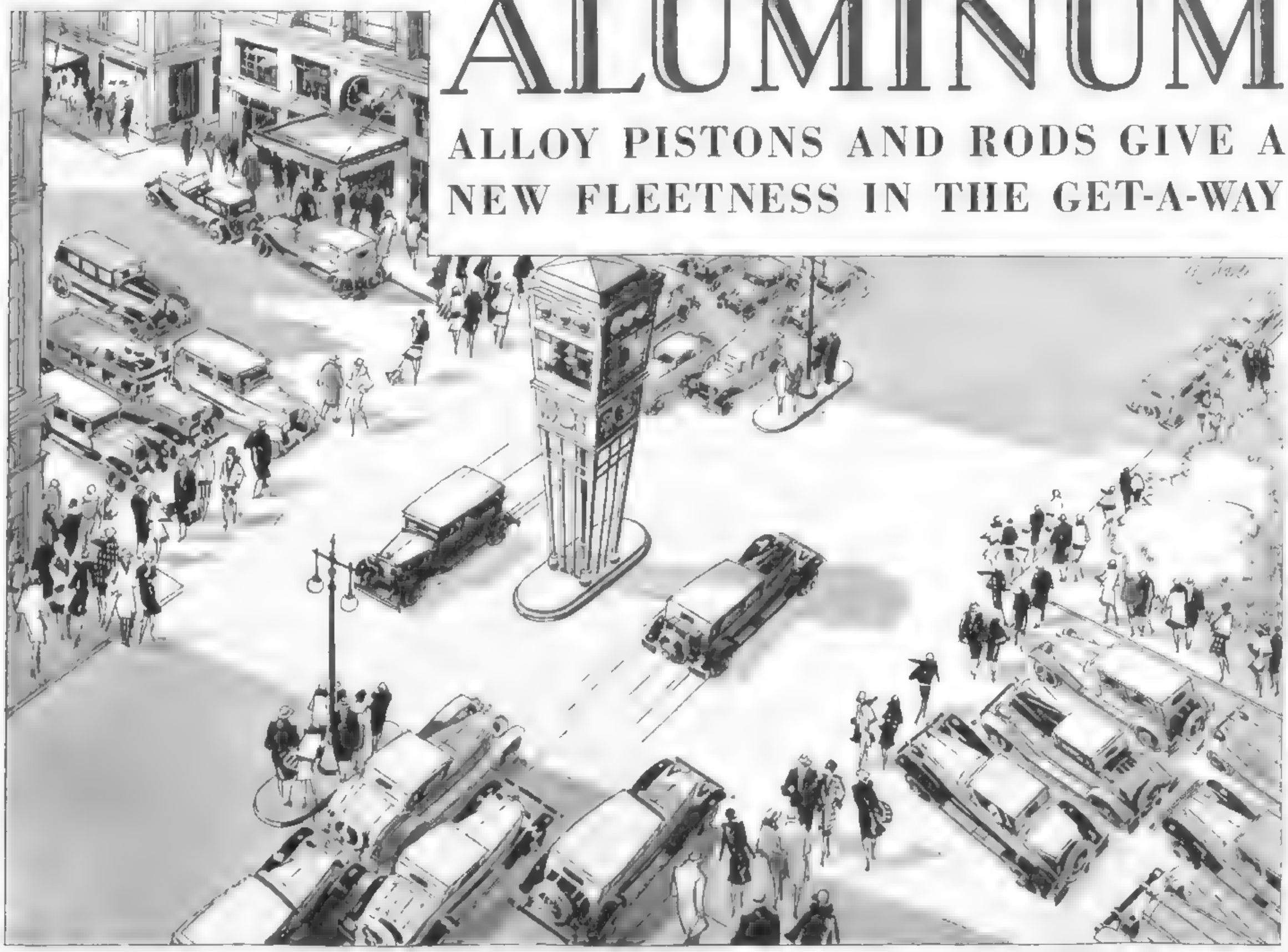

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(Continued from Page 102)

"That's another thing," he returned to Coral; "the young people now appear to think you can have flowers without planting seeds. They want their roses without any hoeing or watering, and without thorns. I'll show Merill specially about the thorns. Now take this cigar—Engard must have spent forty dollars a hundred for them; and I get a very nice cigar, it's the Pride of Tampa, for something like half the price. It's plenty good enough; but not for Engard and his friends. I don't know how they will last when I am gone. They won't last is how." Agnes put in: "You must never be gone, father. Of course we couldn't last without you—not for a week. You know you wouldn't want us to. You'd be furious."

"We want to see you upstairs," Merill said to Coral Mery, "when you go to put your coat on—in Agnes' room." It was nearly midnight and they were leaving for the dance. "Yes?" Coral said, in Agnes Laporte's room. Merill was sitting and Agnes stood with her hand on the chair. Together they regarded Coral with a lively interest. "You had better let me," Agnes advised her sister. Merill paid no attention to her. "It's about father," she went ahead; "as you can see, he couldn't be nicer. Really, Coral, he couldn't. The trouble is he's never had much of a time and it's told on him. He could be gay and funny, but mother would never let him. I hope you realize this is about father and not mother. He's just beginning to be amused with things. His interest in—well, in everything is a scream. He's like that, do you see, because he has always been repressed. Then, just when everything was beginning to be splendid, it got frightful; it got simply unspeakable. . . . Don't interrupt me, Agnes. I must tell Coral.

"My dear, there is a woman in the village—a very admirable woman, if you know what I mean—but not the woman for father. She is a principal or something in the school and she is a hundred times worse than mother ever dreamed of being. She doesn't approve of anything—simply nothing. She thinks that Agnes is absolutely unholy and that I'm lost in a life of sin. Agnes, who is so perfect! Father has an idea that she is like mother. He's lonely, of course—in a really immense house—and he feels that mother would approve of her. She would, naturally; this woman is exactly what you would pick out for your husband's second wife. You couldn't invent a better one. But I don't mind her, it's father. I'm really not even thinking about myself. I'm not, Coral. It would be just too bad."

"It would," Agnes agreed. "She simply won't do. There's nothing else you can say. She is practically fifty and she's never had a thing she wanted. With her face, she wouldn't. And you can imagine how that would affect her—married to father, with lots of money; father, remember, half slain anyhow. He is a darling, Coral. For thirty years he hasn't had a good time. Now, probably, he never will—never."

It was, Coral agreed, unfortunate. She gazed at them blankly. Merill cried:

"Coral, won't you save father from this perfectly good woman? You could do it. We both saw that at dinner. Really, you must. You have no idea how nice he can be—like a boy. He's terribly generous and he wouldn't bother you. I mean you have so much sense. He told me you had. I didn't see it until then, but you have. You've always loved the country here, and now you say you are sick of New York and the people you know." Coral Mery turned to Agnes. "Yes," Agnes said, "we mean it. Of course, it would be marvelous for us to have you in the family. But Merill told you we weren't thinking of that. It is father. I wish you could see Miss Blohm. She's huge, with a minute mouth. She's cheerful about life—on the outside. Like a motto—a motto that's a total lie. The school children detest her. If you speak to father about it, he is like a clam. Or else he gives us hell. He says we don't recognize—I forget what it is we don't recognize. He says it is sad we are not more like our mother. It only makes it worse. Coral, she is just simply wrong. The truth is that secretly she hates life because she's had such a rotten time. She'll take it out on father."

"It is sobbing," Coral agreed, "but you are rather ridiculous. You are. I'm not an infant, but still, really, I like Mr. Cairns; but I can't see myself saving him with the rest of my life—not even for you. Besides, he wouldn't think of marrying me. Not if he liked this Miss Blohm. It would be too different." Agnes explained that: "Father has two sides, and you are one of them, the attractive side. The other is Miss Blohm. He might be either. I could imagine being in love with father—now. I suppose it's because you don't know him. Or you might want to marry someone younger." She might, Coral agreed. She recalled her impression of younger men. She could think of none she wanted to marry. Mr. Cairns' age, she discovered, didn't disturb her. She could imagine a very possible marriage with him; pleasant and reasonable. Agnes and Merill, however, had taken too much for granted. In the enthusiasm of saving their father they had practically ignored her.

"You've had millions of chances to be married," Merill pointed out, "and you haven't. You told Agnes there wasn't anyone in your mind. And you've stopped drinking. It really does look as though you might settle down. You must agree it looks like that. Father is a splendid match—I mean, if you are sensible. Anyhow, we wanted you to know we'd help you. Coral, you could marry father in a week." Agnes Laporte stopped her. "We've said enough. I suppose father would seem a little old to Coral. We forget how he looks to others. . . . You must get ready, Merill. It's after twelve now."

Mr. Cairns was about to leave. "Have a good time," he said to Coral. "I wish I could go along. I'd keep an eye on things for you." He held both her hands. "If I was younger I would show them." She returned the pressure of his fingers. "You don't have to be younger," she reassured him; "you can show them now." He would see her, he said, tomorrow. "You are not leaving until Monday." She smiled at him. "Isn't it too bad? I'm afraid I must tomorrow afternoon really." His face showed a sharp disappointment. He exhibited the edge of a resentful temper. "Nonsense!" he answered vigorously. "Nonsense! Nothing of the kind. Agnes told me you were staying. You can't run away like that." He was holding her hands very tightly.

After all, she thought, why did she hurry back to New York? There was nothing she had to do, no one she must see. Suddenly New York seemed inexpressibly dreary, empty. The country here was marvelous. She needn't go to the cocktail parties. Mr. Cairns would secure that. "I'm afraid I must," she repeated. He smiled his ingratiating and undimmed smile. "I'll show you our first mill, tomorrow afternoon. Built by Mathias Cairns in 1740. Engard and Agnes can fetch you to supper." He kissed her. His face, she thought, was pleasant, like a bright and sound winter apple. She liked his impatience and arbitrary temper.

A man—a young man—dancing with Coral in an insufferable noise and crowded confusion said, "I noticed you the minute you came in the room. It was your dress. It's a wonderful dress, Miss Mery, and why can't you wear things like that all the time? You make the rest look silly. I'm shot—don't you feel rather shot? It's pretty warm here. We'll go out to my car—I've got some Scotch in it—and recover." Coral thanked him. "I'm not drinking," she explained. "We can recover on the porch." A man in a red flannel shirt and blue overalls, with pumps, cut in on them.

"I m insane about your costume," he proceeded at once. "I'm not going to hear

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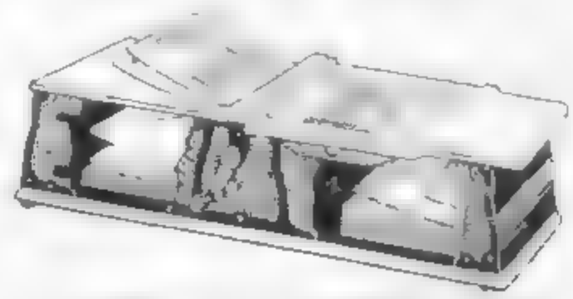

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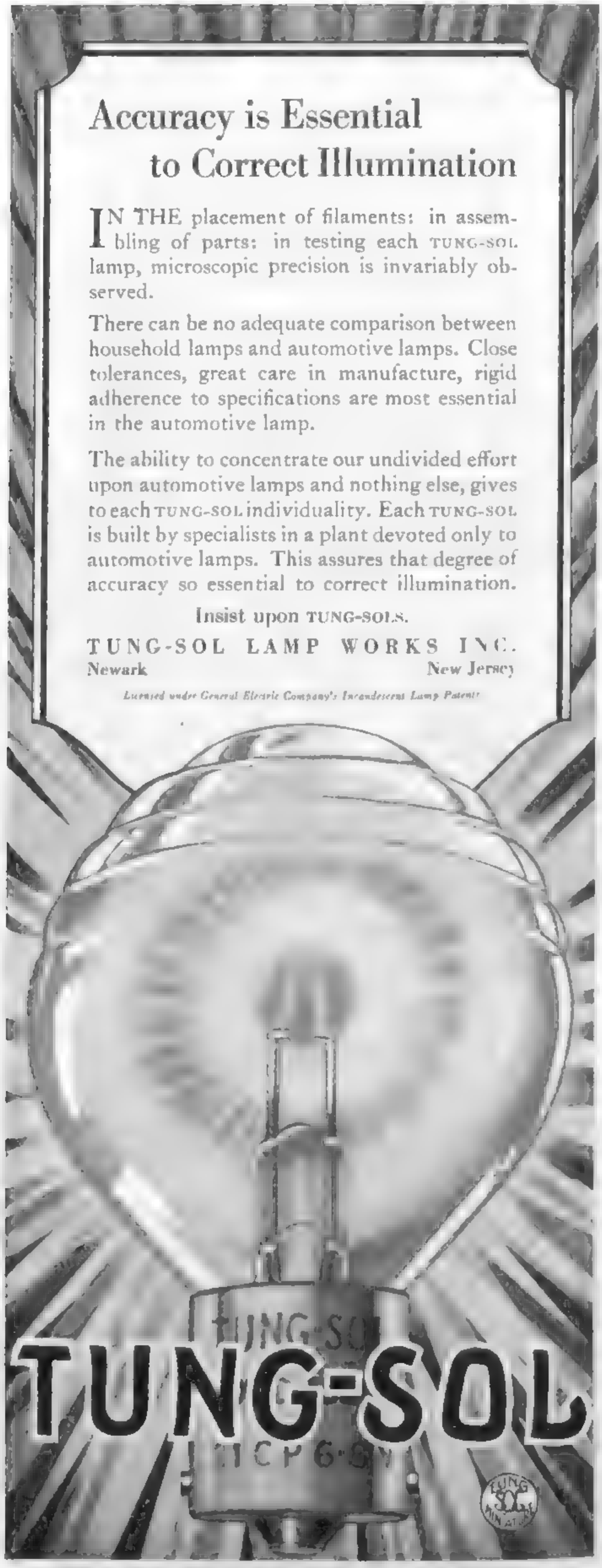

of your ever wearing anything else. Long graceful skirts and low heels. Women are such fools. If they really want men to like them —— I tell you what we'll do. You get a wrap. We'll take a little ride and leave all this. Just you and me and a flask and the winter night."

"Thank you, I don't drink," Coral said. "It's very amusing of me. I think we turn here. Yes, to the left." She was in a small and extremely fast automobile with the man who wore a red shirt with his overalls. She had no idea at all of his name. He wasn't bad. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I don't like mixed driving. I really would rather be alive with someone else than dead with you. You see, I am getting old," she explained. "I never used to think of such things. You will think I'm peculiar, but I don't want to kiss you. So it's no good for you to kiss me, is it? If I don't you can't, don't you think—really?" They drove at a scarcely reduced speed through a sleeping town. "I had no idea you knew this country," he told her. "I thought you lived in New York." She did live in New York, Coral replied. "I was born outside Philadelphia. Isn't it a marvelous night! I couldn't have stood that dance another second. . . . You saw Engard?"

Yes, he said, he had spoken to Engard. "I promised to bring you back before they left." The air had a sharp and stirring scent. "In here," she told him. "The gate is hard to see." He protested, "It's a private lane." She faced him innocently. "Didn't you know?—this is the Laportes'. And thank you very much for bringing me. Oh, dear, no, I'm not going back. What made you think I was going back? I'm going to bed. I'm sunk. Tell Agnes." She left him swiftly, indifferently. That hideous dance! What dreadful young men!

Coral didn't, as a matter of fact, go to bed at once; she occupied herself with a number of small soothing duties. Between them she stopped at the window and gazed out over the quiet fields. She felt very peaceful. The sense of familiarity, of an old security, enveloped her. She wondered where in the darkness Mr. Cairns' house was. Her liking for him increased. At the same time Agnes Laporte had taken a great deal for granted. What made her suppose she would be willing to marry Mr. Cairns? It was an absurd and impossible idea. Over sixty. She thought that, but it didn't really affect her much. It wasn't so important as she had tried to make it seem. "I must be cold," she concluded. Coral wondered if some women did have more emotion than others. Take, for example, the question of marrying an old man. It didn't, as she had already discovered, shock her. It ought to, she knew, but it didn't.

Coral became more exact still; she faced the possibility of marrying Agnes Laporte's father. It was a very general opinion that every marriage of that sort was managed for money, but she now saw that this wasn't true. There were a great many reasons for marrying a man very much older than yourself. Peace was one and a complete annoyance with everything else was one. With her it would be different still—she might marry a man like Mr. Cairns for the surrounding life it would bring her. The surrounding life here and her inner life were deeply connected. She might, that was, if she liked him enough. Well, what was enough? She knew the answer to that instinctively, and again her temperament was involved. No one would ever accuse her of marrying for money. She wasn't like that. It would never be necessary for her to pay so much. Probably, married to a Mr. Cairns, she would have no children. It had been part of her plan for herself, part of her imagined necessity, to have children. But, she began to see, she could do without them.

The truth was that she had no instinctive necessity for children. Probably that too was wrong, but she hadn't. She had no memory of a close bond with her mother. Certainly her mother had regarded her children with a complete equanimity. Perhaps really beautiful women, like her mother, didn't feel very strongly about maternity. Perhaps they only regarded it as an interruption to their beauty. That, however, had nothing to do with her, since she conspicuously wasn't beautiful. Coral couldn't explain herself except to realize that she didn't passionately need children. They had been an idea, an engagement, with her; a responsibility that, she thought, her character required.

She was in bed, flat, without a pillow, and a sense of bitterness developed within her. It seemed that she had been born wrong. She had been born wrong or else practically all that was said about women was lies. There was, on one hand, what everyone appeared to think; and, on the other, her own experience and feeling. The latter were totally different from the first. Most of the women she knew were totally different from the first. What was the matter with them! It hurt her head to think. She hated to think more than anything else she could think of, and here she was thinking and thinking. It all had to do with the possibility of marrying Mr. Cairns.

What would make it easy was Agnes' and Merill's attitude. That was tremendously important. Merill was rather exhausting, but Agnes was a good girl. She could, Coral realized, improve Merill. Merill simply had a wrong idea of what was desirable. She made the mistakes of everyone who wanted to be social. There was a sickening difference between wanting to be social and being well, social. Merill copied the wrong things. She was too much in a fever. She thought society resembled that frightful dance at the country club. She seemed to suppose you always had to be a little drunk and more than a little gay. Both of those, really, were a great nuisance.

Merill didn't bother her and she was very fond of Agnes. Agnes was like her father. For one thing, if she did marry an older man, she'd do it right. The whole heart of that undertaking lay exactly there. She would force herself to be contented with him. She'd give up the other—the romantic thing she had never possessed. Coral couldn't possibly support a life of lies. It was too much bother, too inferior. She wasn't being moral, she told herself, but only reasonable. She hated to be uncomfortable. No, there would be no additional young man, no affair, or else it would simply be another and worse form of annoyance. Coral didn't believe she'd suffer from temptation. It might be—probably was something more wrong.

She was waked by a brilliant sun pouring into the room. Careless of the cold, she went to an opened window. Under the trees, in the shadow of the buildings and fences, there was a silver mat of frost. The woods were filled with a soft haze in place of leaves. Coral was glad she had decided not to go back to New York until Monday. Agnes Laporte knocked and came in. "Mellor Johns was in a rage at you," she proceeded. "You did leave him rather cold. You're a scream, Coral, the way you cut them down. The dance really was a great success, even if it did end in a fight. John Steven wanted to pay the orchestra to play another hour and the board wouldn't let him. I dragged Engard out of it. He's on the board and tried to hit John Steven. I didn't see Merill after the first dance. She planned to go home from the club. I never stopped, Coral. I couldn't get half around the floor without being cut in on. Someone spilled a cup of bouillon all over me. Everybody was wild about the way you looked. Men are so strange ——"

Mr. Cairns' chauffeur stopped before he closed the door of the very large limousine. "Mr. Cairns asked you to stop for Miss Blohm," he said. "Well, I simply won't," Agnes told Coral Mery and Engard. "It is too much. Philips can go back for her. Father's mad—having her tonight." Laporte said pacifically: "Don't be an ass. We'll have to. There is no reason why your father can't have who he wants for dinner.

(Continued on Page 108)

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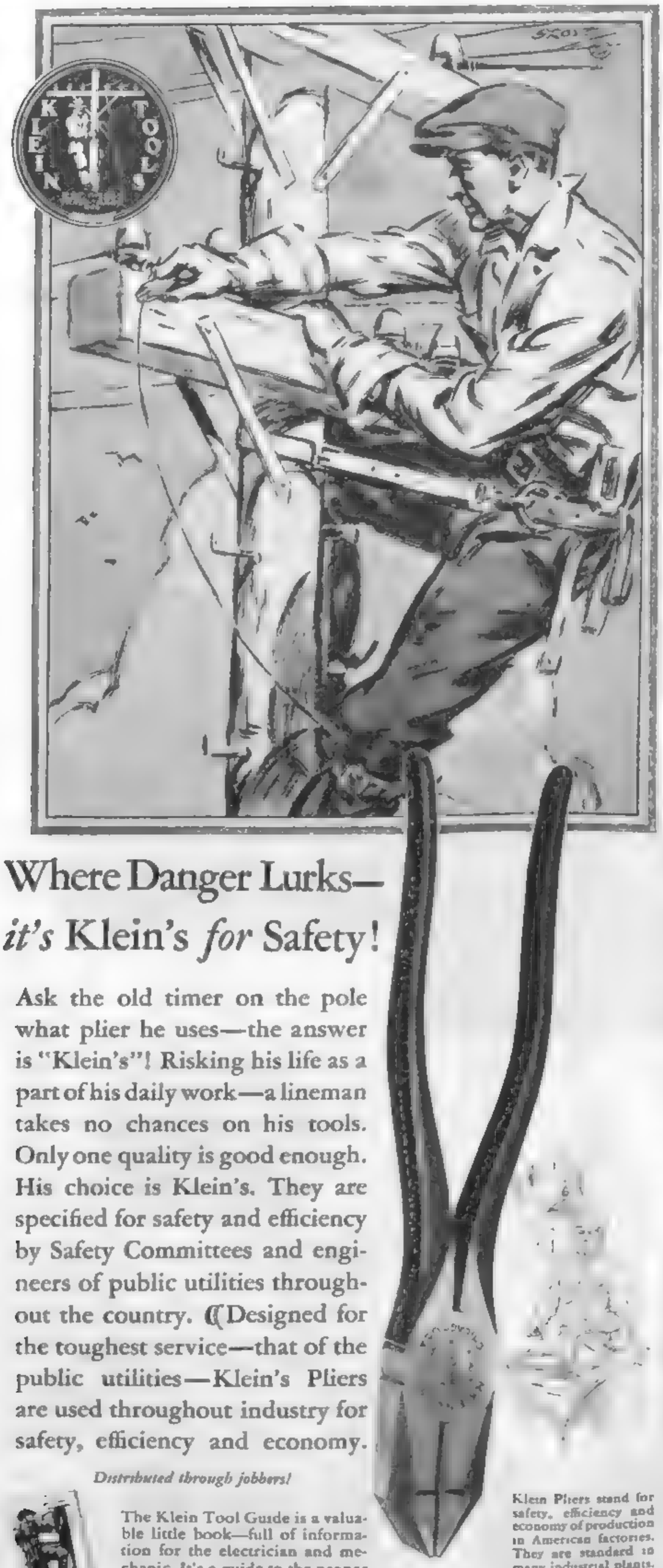

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(Continued from Page 106)

The dining room is big enough." He, Agnes replied, was the ass. "Having her with Coral! I am going to speak to him about it." If she did, Engard continued, she'd better wait until after Christmas. "Your father gets very practical when he is annoyed." The car stopped before a small frame house that needed paint, on the single street of the village; Miss Blohm got in and Engard politely followed her. "Good evening, Miss Blohm," Agnes said indifferently. "This is Coral Mery."

"Good evening, Agnes," Miss Blohm replied. She turned to Coral. "I'm pleased to meet you." Coral doubted it. Miss Blohm, who had small excited eyes, had given her a quick measuring glance. Coral could see that it hadn't reassured her. "I hear there was a dance last night and I suppose you all had a real good time. I say dances are nice for young people." She faintly emphasized the word young. Coral said unexpectedly, "You are exactly right. If you are not, they are too exhausting." There were some, Miss Blohm understood. "There are some who keep their spirits up artificially." Engard Laporte said gravely there was no doubt about that. She did, Merill said, for one. Agnes gazed out the darkened window.

"Yes, dancing is splendid for young folks," Miss Blohm repeated. Coral wondered where she had bought her wrap. It was blue taffeta; it had a great many ruffles, all in the wrong places. Miss Blohm really was enormous. She addressed Coral: "Mr. Cairns told me you were staying with Agnes. You are from New York, I believe." She was, Coral admitted, elaborately polite. She was, strangely enough, interested in the woman beside her. She was so remarkable. Her slippers were remarkable—they were black kid, with a row of straps, like a ladder. Between the straps her instep popped up like mushrooms. Coral had never before ridden with such a person. She was simply frightful; it was her degree of frightfulness that was interesting. Miss Blohm turned to Agnes.

"It was sweet of your father to ask me tonight and let me see a glimpse of folks from away. Not everybody takes the trouble to do that." Agnes at last replied. "Really, Miss Blohm," she asserted, "there's no reason why they should." Engard Laporte, facing them on a small seat, gave his wife a perfectly visible kick. "That is true," Miss Blohm agreed. "I say make everybody happy. In the long run it's happiness that counts." "And damned if it isn't," Coral told herself. "Now if I had any kind of a house," she continued, "I would make it nice for everybody." Agnes made a significant face at Coral. Miss Blohm sighed. "Brightness," she declared—"that's what counts." Agnes said that she hated brightness. "I think cheerful people, people who think everything is perfect, are simply dreadful. I can't have them anywhere near me."

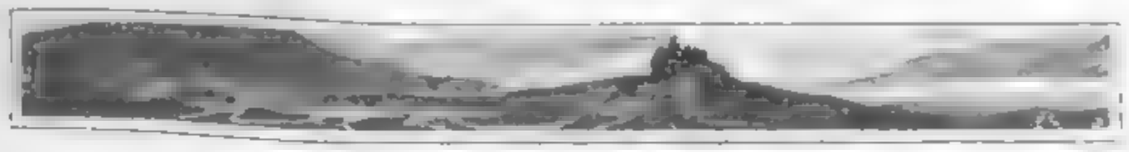
Miss Blohm patted her hand. "You were up late." Her tone was soothing. "Tomorrow the world will assume a different hue." Agnes answered, "It had better not." Coral Mery was amused. The truth was that the situation between Agnes and Miss Blohm was screaming; it was miraculous. Miss Blohm quoted a line of poetry supporting the fact that the dawn brought a renewed freshness to living. Agnes lighted a cigarette and the older woman coughed ostentatiously. "Would you like a window down?" Engard asked. "Yes, it might be better down," Miss Blohm said. "It is a little close in here with all the smoke." She faced Coral again. "I heard that you didn't take liquor. Mr. Cairns was greatly impressed with that; perhaps it extends to the cigarette."

"Coral smokes like a chimney." Merill spoke for her. "She smokes in bed and she smokes in the bathtub. She gave up drinking for the reason she drank so much it simply had no effect on her." Miss Blohm said oh, rather weakly. "Merill thinks she's funny," Coral explained. "I stopped because it was a nuisance." It didn't matter why she stopped. "Mr. Cairns was greatly impressed." They turned in from the road through an elaborate gate. There was a long winding driveway. Mr. Cairns' house was an elaborate pile of exactly cut stone. He met them in the hall and kissed Coral. "Here you are," he proclaimed, ignoring the others. "Yes," Miss Blohm added determinedly, "here we are. And very happy to be present. You must see Mr. Cairns' mantel," she informed Coral. "It is the biggest carved mantel known. All Santo Domingo mahogany."

Without doubt, Coral Mery decided, it was the biggest mantel in the world, and immeasurably the most hideous. It was perfectly inconceivable. Miss Blohm touched it lovingly. "Cupids," she said. "Cupids with cornucopias—garlands—in high relief. Why, you can almost get your fingers behind them. And here is a Chinese screen." It was. "Ivory on ebony. The best example you could find of Oriental art. I just don't know what it must have cost."

"Too much," Agnes asserted. Miss Blohm could not agree with her. "I always say a work of art, of beauty, is cheap at the price. Think," she went on, "of the privilege of living with this ——" she indicated the screen. "With that ——" she pointed to the carved mantel. "What good they would do the mind." Agnes whispered to Coral: "My dear, she's no better than indecent. You might actually suppose she was going to live with them." "Bohemian glass," Miss Blohm rapturously proceeded. They were at the table. "Ruby glass! And did you notice the bowl with the chrysanthemums? Solid sterling repoussé. Flowers! How they lift the spirit! You must get Mr. Cairns to show you his conservatory. Every flower in the house out of it. Roses ——" At the very thought of roses her voice expired.

"I'll show Coral the conservatory when we're ready." Mr. Cairns was carving. "Coral, light or dark? If you say you don't care, you will get an empty plate." She really didn't care, but absent-mindedly she said dark. Coral was thinking of Miss Blohm: she was absolutely dying of excitement merely to be in Mr. Cairns' house. Everything Mr. Cairns owned was, for her, a miracle of perfection. It was sobbing. Great dishes of vegetables followed each other in an apparently endless succession. There were hot rolls with butter and spiced yellow tomatoes and preserves. There was a salad with alligator pears. "Alligator pears!" Miss Blohm said in a rapt voice. "Mr. Cairns, you must have sent clear to town for those!" Mr. Cairns was silent and superior. Miss Blohm sighed again. "Thank you," Agnes said; "no salad." Miss Blohm stared at her. Coral, however, managed most of her salad—an act, she thought, of extraordinary merit. She couldn't, however, touch a Melrose pudding. Miss Blohm did. Her face grew red and her nose shone. "My daughters"—Mr. Cairns addressed Coral—"have never smoked in my house, out of deference to our dead. But that needn't include you." She really didn't want to smoke, Coral replied. She was, in reality, deeply concerned about Miss Blohm. Miss Blohm and the Bohemian, the ruby glass and the sterling repoussé, the carved mantel and the Chinese screen. She came to an unavoidable decision. Coral had a swift feeling of treachery where Agnes was concerned, but she couldn't help that; Miss Blohm was uppermost in her thoughts. In the conservatory, she moved definitely away from Mr. Cairns. "Isn't Miss Blohm splendid?" she said. He was plainly disconcerted. Coral added, "She is so exactly right here, do you see."



The Kohler Electric Sink in Spring Green, One of Six Kohler Colors

© 1928. Kohler Co.

The kitchen's new *efficiency center*

Here is a Kohler Electric Sink designed to give modern kitchens a new efficiency center, with every facility right at hand for time-saving, labor-saving, and step-saving.

Imagine it in your own kitchen! The electric dishwasher, ready to wash your dishes spotlessly, hygienically clean. The general-utility or laundry tub, at the left, its drainboard cover affording extra working space. The deep "regular" sink in the center, holding water without a dishpan and catching debris in the removable cup of its Duostrainer. The swinging faucets and the rinsing hose, each delivering hot, cold, or tempered water. Beneath, on swinging arms, the refuse container and the "tool box" for brushes, scouring powder, and the like. All at your finger tips . . .

It is a wonderful sink. And wonderfully beautiful, too, in its dress of green enamel—bringing to the kitchen the same color beauty that bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets in lovely Kohler Color Ware now bring to the bathroom.

Ask your plumber about the several Kohler Electric Sink models and other Kohler fixtures. And mail us this coupon.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis. SEP 2-25-28

Gentlemen: Please send booklets as checked

☐ The Kohler Electric Sink
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KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873.* KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point,* Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

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Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

YOUR CLOTHES

were they fitted to you ... or you to them?

WE naturally associate the phrase "custom made" with elegance and distinction. We all love the feeling stirred by things made individually for us. They give us a sense of personal and exclusive possession—of superiority, even. Particularly is this true of clothes made for us alone rather than for the masses. For here we help create. Our taste has free play. Our physical characteristics are catered to, concealed or revealed, accented or repressed, just as we choose.

Since all men have this pride in personal expression, I always wondered if there was not a way to couple these merits of custom clothes with the low price of ready-mades.

Custom Clothes for All

So, fourteen years ago, dad and I started to work out the system. Friends thought us crazy. But the idea was sound—we succeeded. Today Davis Clothes go out to tens of thousands of good dressers from our beautiful plant called "Tailorcrest," crowning Style Hill in Cincinnati.

Tailorcrest is a thousand custom tailorshops in one, where every garment is hand cut, with shears, to your measure—hand sewed with silk in every vital part—and styled by one of the great designers of America.

If you are not a Davis customer, I want you to know how perfectly we can serve you. Our certificated representative will call at your home, shop or office. He will help you to a choice from his 150 patterns and 30 styles—and will take your measure. Prices, $29.50, $34.75 and $42.50—all good but some better.

Examine It in Your Home

We at Tailorcrest will make your order up in six days. When it reaches you, take it home for a 24-hour examination. If it doesn't come up to your expectations—if it isn't perfectly satisfactory—you will not be out one penny.

I want you to read an intriguing little book—*Your Clothes and How to Buy Them*. It will solve your dress problems and save you money. Write for it—today, if convenient.

H. H. Davis, President

The P·H·Davis Tailoring Company
Tailorcrest . . . . . Cincinnati

AN AMERICAN BANKER

Continued from Page 19.

a ride back to town and buy him a luncheon at the Mansion House.

He accepted our invitation and on the way to the hotel told us his name was Lucius M. Coulter and that he came from a town in the southern end of the state, where for a number of years he had operated a woodworking plant, making ladders and other wooden specialties that he sold to jobbing houses throughout the South. His business had grown to the point where he was about to put up a new factory, and when he received our auction announcement he decided to make the trip to Southton to see if we had equipment he might use. At luncheon I suggested a plan that had occurred to me as he told us his story.

"Now you've bought a good share of our machinery, Mr. Coulter," I said, "why don't you buy our whole plant? You say you are going to put up a new building, and here we've got one all ready for you."

He answered that he had been born and raised in the town where his business was located and the idea of moving had never occurred to him. I asked him if he did not have to buy a good share of his raw material in Southton, which was a rather important lumber market, and he said such was the case. The freight on lumber from Southton to his town was about two dollars a 1000 feet.

"It seems to me then," I told him, "there are several good reasons why you ought to buy our plant. In the first place, you can get the building and land at a bargain, because the Eagle Timber Company is anxious to sell. In the second place, you will save on your freight bills. Besides, it's going to be expensive to dismantle the equipment you have already bought, ship it to your town and set it up again. I would suggest that after luncheon we go out and get an estimate on the cost of such a job. When you get home you can find out what it will cost to move what you have there up to Southton. I have an idea you may find it to your advantage to make the move."

We saw Mr. Coulter was interested, and in the afternoon took him around to the bank to introduce him to Mr. Outcault and to other prominent business men, and to a couple of contractors whom we instructed to figure on the job of moving the equipment. Eugene talked his father-in-law into agreeing to an attractive price for the planing-mill property and eventually the Coulter Woodworking Company moved to Southton, where it has prospered up to the present time. Altogether the Eagle Timber Company realized about $12,000, which was a good sale, as even old Mr. Foster acknowledged after he had recovered from the first shock of his bookkeeping loss.

When the Southton banks published their financial statements in January, 1912, the Merchants State Bank was shown to have deposits of more than $2,000,000, which put us in third place instead of fifth, as was the case when I entered its employ in the fall of 1903. During that time the city had grown considerably, and in 1912 there were seven banks in place of the five that were in business at the earlier date.

One of the new institutions—the City National—is still in existence, but the other which went by the imposing name of the Excelsior-Security Bank and Trust Company had a precarious career of only a couple of years. It was one of those cases where a man with money gets an ambition to be a banker and pays well for his experience. In this case the man was a retired cattleman from Texas named Simon Brady. He was something of a sport, and some of the local speculators persuaded him that there would be great glory and profit in organizing a bank that would cater to the sporting fraternity.

The bank was started on Mr. Brady's money and he became president, though he was not active in its management. His cashier was a man who had formerly operated a popular gambling house and the directors were largely drawn from sporting circles. Once the bank was in operation, its directors and friends began to borrow for various enterprises. The first project financed was the Southton Sporting Club, which never got beyond the purchase of land and the foundation of a building. Then there was an amusement park which went into the hands of a receiver in the middle of its first season. In the fall of 1912 several of the Excelsior-Security directors borrowed heavily from its funds to finance a race meet, and when this turned out unprofitably the bank was forced to suspend. During the last weeks of its existence the Excelsior-Security was in such shape that frequently, when a check was brought in for payment, the customer would have to wait for his money until some other individual came in with a cash deposit. In the end Mr. Brady had to go down in his own pocket to pay off the depositors in order to save himself and his sporting directors from prosecution.

So far as our Merchants State Bank was concerned, we had simply gone along on the policy of trying to hold a proper balance between our desire for more business and an ordinary regard for safety, which is only what any successful business man does. We didn't give everyone credit, but if a customer had credit standing we tried to make him feel like an associate, not a beggar. In this connection we inaugurated one practice that I think had a good deal to do with our growth and that we followed as long as I was connected with the institution.

We came to adopt the practice quite by accident. There was a shoe merchant in town named Webb Dickinson, who had built up a business from small beginnings to the point where he was doing close to $500,000 a year. He was a man of about my own age, alert, aggressive. I knew him very well because not only was he a customer of the Merchants State Bank but he and I lived in the same neighborhood and I frequently rode to town with him mornings, as he was one of the first men in Southton to own an automobile. It was his custom to discount all his purchases from shoe manufacturers, and with the volume of business he did, this necessitated considerable financing.

Twice a year—in January and July—he came to the bank and arranged for a loan, which he paid off as he sold the merchandise. We looked on him as one of our best customers, as he never asked for more than he was entitled to, and toward the end of each season he usually had a substantial balance with us. One January he came in as usual to make his borrowing arrangement. I transacted the business with him, and after he had signed the note and got the amount credited in his pass book, he leaned back in his chair and said:

"Thank heaven, that job is over for another six months!"

I thought he was joking and replied that signing a note was not a very arduous job.

"It is for me, Boyd," he said seriously. "This coming to the bank twice a year to ask for a loan is the hardest thing I do."

Surprised, I asked him if we had ever done anything to make him think we weren't satisfied with his account.

"No, it's not that," he answered. "The Merchants Bank has always treated me all right." He looked around to make sure no one was listening, and then continued: "I'm going to confess something to you, Boyd, that I've never confessed to anyone before—not even my wife. I'm a good deal of a bluff!" I thought he was going to reveal some hidden weakness in his business affairs, and I guess I showed what was in my mind, for he went on quickly:

"No, my business is absolutely sound. The financial statement I have given you is correct to a dollar. The bluffing that I do is personal. I go around town here, a leading merchant, a member of the chamber of commerce and all that, and I suppose people think I am a big, bold business man. But it's all a bluff. Let me ask you something. Have you ever seen me get up at a meeting of the chamber of commerce, or any of the other things we both belong to, and make any kind of a speech?"

I said I believed I never had.

"You never will, either," he said. "I can't. Nobody knows it, but all my life I have been afflicted with a terrible bashfulness. When I was a boy I would never go to a party unless my younger brother went with me. Once there was a party where he wasn't invited, and I started to go by myself, but when I got as far as the front gate my courage gave out and I went back home again, telling my family I had a headache. It was the same way at school. On the last day, when we all had to speak pieces, I always pretended to be sick so as to get out of it. I thought when I got to be a man I would outgrow it, but I never have. Simply, I am a coward about meeting people—more than you would believe. Now, for example, I know Mr. Outcault here very well. I like him and I think he likes me. But if I am going along the street and see Mr. Outcault coming a block or two away, my first impulse is to turn the corner or go into some store so as to avoid the embarrassment of meeting him and thinking of something to say."

He stood up, put his pass book in his pocket, ready to go, and smiled wryly at the surprising confession he had made.

"Now you see, Boyd," he said, "why I told you that the biggest job I do is to come to the Merchants Bank twice a year and ask to borrow money. I'm not a big, bold business man, but a bashful boy who is afraid to face people."

I was a little uncomfortable myself by that time, and said the first thing that occurred to me:

"If you feel that way about it, Webb, I'll go by your office next July first and invite you to come to the bank and arrange for your usual loan. Would that make the job any easier?"

"Yes, I believe it would," he answered frankly.

Later on I repeated to Mr. Outcault as much of the conversation as I thought fair.

"There's a lot of human nature in what Dickinson told you," Mr. Outcault observed soberly. "For example, that thing about wanting to go around the corner to avoid the embarrassment of meeting someone and thinking of something to say. Often I have that same impulse myself. If the truth were known I guess we'd all be surprised to know how many bashful boys there are running big businesses."

One day as the first of July drew near Mr. Outcault asked me if I really intended to go to Dickinson's office to invite him to come to the bank for his usual loan. I said I did.

"I believe it's a pretty good plan," Mr. Outcault remarked, "and I've been thinking we might profitably do the same thing with other people. We've got several hundred regular customers on our books who we know need accommodation at certain seasons of the year. Why shouldn't we make it easy for them? I suggest we get up a list of such people, with the dates they will likely want money, and at the proper time either you or I will call personally, or send out letters, saying we are looking for them to come to the bank to get what they need. Maybe there are others besides Webb Dickinson who look on their visit to the bank as their hardest job."

Thereafter this was a regular part of the policy of the Merchants State Bank, and I think one of the reasons for our substantial growth. As proof, I might say that in 1912, when we stepped into third place among the Southton banks, our gain in number of depositors was only in about the same

Continued on Page 112

Beauty comes to the kitchen

FRIGIDAIRE

Offers new, Tu-Tone Porcelain Cabinets created by eminent style authorities

You can also make your present ice-box a FRIGIDAIRE

Equipment priced as low as

$165 f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio

THERE is an electric refrigerator unlike all others. Different not only in performance, but different in the classic beauty of its cabinet, too. Eminent style authorities collaborated with Frigidaire and General Motors to produce this Cabinet. The exterior is of lustrous Tu-Tone Porcelains. Among some 30 color combinations white was selected for rich simplicity, with gray to give the necessary note of contrast. Observe the dull, satin-finished locks and metal work. These were fashioned by world-famous craftsmen to harmonize with color, size and shape of cabinet. Sharp angles disappear, to be replaced by softly rounded corners. Thus, throughout, more graceful symmetry has been achieved.

Where art aids science

When these Tu-Tone Cabinets were announced a month ago, Frigidaire had long since won an enviable position in the field of electric refrigeration. *More Frigidaires were in use than all the rest combined!* The Tu-Tone Cabinets merely gave fresh impetus to an already overwhelming popularity. For, in Frigidaire, the beauty of the Cabinet houses an inner, hidden merit—the merit of correct mechanical construction that gives dependable operation under all conditions.

New economies assured

The operating cost of Frigidaire is far less than the cost of ice. And Frigidaire saves the costly foods heretofore lost through spoilage. These two items alone run into startling figures. Hundreds of reports from Frigidaire owners in all parts of the United States confirm this statement.

Then there's the cleanliness, convenience, and health protection that Frigidaire brings to the home—elements that have such a vital bearing on the welfare of the family that mere dollars can't compute their value.

Small deposit—easy terms

See these new Frigidaires which embody the newest trends in Art and Science. Select the one that suits you best. It's yours for a small deposit and a few easy monthly payments, arranged to suit your budget.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire Display Room today. Learn how Frigidaire saves work and worry—adds to the beauty and convenience of your kitchen—brings new delights to your table. Don't wait any longer for modern, carefree, Frigidaire refrigeration.

Write for a free illustrated booklet that shows the full line of Tu-Tone Frigidaires in actual colors.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, Dept. B-1028, Dayton, Ohio

Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

You may have tuberculosis

Watch for these danger signs

- too easily tired
- loss of weight
- indigestion
- cough that hangs on

Let your doctor decide

TUBERCULOSIS can be cured more easily than any other dangerous, chronic disease. Some doctors say "arrested", others say "cured"—it amounts to the same thing. If it is detected in its early stages it can be stopped before serious damage is done.

For thousands of years, tuberculosis has been mankind's great scourge. Whole families have been blotted out. Even now, when science knows exactly what causes tuberculosis, how to prevent it and how to cure it, one family in every 50 pays toll to this disease. These tragedies are largely due to ignorance or neglect.

Young people of high school ages, and young women up to the age of 25, are especially susceptible. Tuberculosis exacts heavy penalties from men and women between 25 and 50—at the time when most needed by their families.

The danger signals of tuberculosis are usually plain to be seen and the danger is great—unless the signals are heeded. Tuberculosis is like a fire started by a match. Stepped on immediately, the fire is stamped out completely. But if permitted to gain too much headway, it sweeps on to destruction.

In the month of March, 1928, a nation-wide campaign for the early diagnosis of tuberculosis will be conducted by more than 1500 tuberculosis and health associations of the United States. They will organize meetings where information will be given, motion pictures and posters will be shown and pamphlets distributed, all emphasizing the importance of early diagnosis.

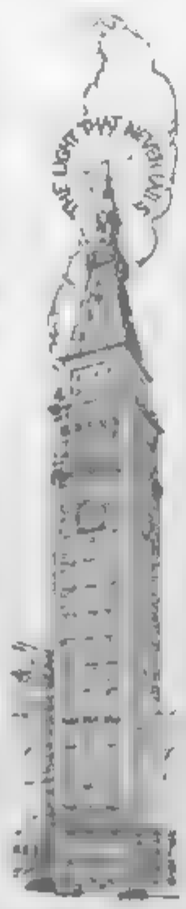
People will be told to watch for the first signs of tuberculosis. They will be asked to answer these four questions:

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Are you losing weight?
3. Do you suffer from indigestion?
4. Have you a cough which hangs on?

There will be many instances, of course, in which people may have all four of these weaknesses without having contracted tuberculosis. But if the answer is "yes" to any one or more of these questions, act instantly. Go to your physician for a complete medical examination. He will not merely put his ear to your partly covered chest and then give an opinion. With stethoscope on bared chest, perhaps with X-ray photographs and other diagnostic tests, he will seek to discover definitely the condition of your lungs. Then he will advise what should be done for prevention or cure.

Hopeful but ill-advised sufferers have wasted millions of dollars on so-called "remedies" for tuberculosis, in spite of the fact that all great medical authorities agree that not one person has ever been cured in this way. But, on the other hand, many thousands of tuberculous patients who have gone to a sanatorium and had the benefit of scientific medical care in addition to Rest, Fresh Air, Sunshine and Nourishing Food, have come back to their families—cured. Every modern sanatorium that is built to care for tuberculous patients helps to reduce the death rate.

The big, life-saving message to the nation in March will be, "Find out—don't wait".



The war to prevent and cure tuberculosis is one of the brilliant triumphs of modern science. The death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced almost two-thirds during the past 40 years.

Now statisticians boldly predict that during the lifetime of the majority of the readers of this announcement tuberculosis will be under such thorough control that it will be an infrequent cause of death.

Think what it means. Twenty years ago the principal cause of death—twenty years from now an *infrequent cause of death.*

At first the fight was a stubborn one and at times discouraging. When cases reached physicians they had usually advanced too far for successful treatment. Later, when cases were discovered in early stages the tide turned. Today—thanks to greatly increased knowledge of preventive measures and to the widespread cooperation of individuals, as well as official and private organizations, with the medical profession—tremendous gains are in sight.

The Metropolitan urges people in all parts of the country to give whole-hearted support to the March campaign of the national and local tuberculosis and health associations for early diagnosis and immediate action. A copy of the Metropolitan's booklet, "Tuberculosis", will be mailed free to every person asking for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 110)

proportion as our competitors. We had got the major part of our increased volume from developing more business with our regular customers, rather than putting all our effort into finding new customers. We applied to banking what has long been recognized as sound policy by manufacturers.

How does a banker pick out the people he wants to do business with? Well, it is hard to describe. One thing is certain: He is seldom influenced by ingenious schemes devised by would-be borrowers. I have often heard such schemes advanced, and one of the most popular goes something like this: You become acquainted with the president or cashier of a bank, and after a while you borrow $1000, either on the indorsement of some moneyed friend or by putting up certain collateral. The note you give runs ninety days. You do not draw out the $1000, but leave it to your credit. A few days before the note falls due you drop into the bank and give a check to wipe out your indebtedness. The banker notices how prompt and businesslike you have been and at once sets you down as an upstanding citizen who will always take care of your obligations in like manner. After that you borrow on your unsecured signature.

Sometimes, if you are extra clever and wish to pull the wool over the eyes of the banker more completely, you withdraw the $1000 from his bank and deposit it in another institution for the ninety-day period. This makes him believe you have actually used the money in some profitable transaction and gives you additional credit standing. One of the merits of this scheme is its low cost. You pay fifteen dollars interest for the $1000 loan and your future credit is assured.

The only drawback to this ingenious plot is that, like most short cuts, it doesn't work. No bank executive with acumen enough to be intrusted with the loaning of depositors' funds will by any chance be influenced by anything quite so transparent.

I am not claiming that bankers are infallible. At the Merchants State Bank we made mistakes that cost us money. In 1912 a young fellow named Carl Wagstaff established himself in the printing and office supply business and opened an account with us. He had, in the beginning, a capital of about $5000, which was enough for the modest manner in which he operated, and for a couple of years he did very well indeed. He was a bright, likable chap who made friends easily, and we gave him a good share of our own printing. During those first two years he never asked us for a loan, though I am sure we would have been quite willing to advance him any reasonable amount on the showing he was making.

In 1914 Wagstaff had some trouble, though in this he was no different from a lot of other business men in town. We were, in Southton, in worse shape than most places to meet the crisis of that year. The previous fall there had been excessive rainfall that ruined the cotton crop over a good part of our trade territory, and the rains continued into December, making the county roads impassable and even crippling railroad service. Our local merchants did barely half their regular holiday business.

However, crop conditions in the spring and early summer of 1914 were splendid, and everyone was counting on making up for the previous year's setback, when the events of late July suddenly threw us into a business collapse compared with which the troubles of the previous season seemed child's play. Trade simply stopped. A person could walk along the retail streets and look into one important store after another without seeing a customer. Many of the wholesale houses called in their travelers, figuring it less expensive to pay their salaries for doing nothing than to finance road trips. Farmers were in worse condition than city people, for there was practically no market for cotton. To help them out, the buy-a-bale movement was started; all the business men who were able bought one or more bales at fifty dollars apiece and stood them on the sidewalks in front of their establishments to show their cooperation. For a couple of months the business streets of Southton looked like railroad cotton platforms.

One day Wagstaff came into the bank pretty well discouraged and told me he was in bad shape. He had had a traveler out drumming the small towns for printing and office supplies and was unable to collect the money owing him. Business and collections in the city were also very slow and his creditors in the North were pressing him. I could see it was hard for him to tell me about it, and he hesitated before actually asking for bank accommodation, saying he had never established his credit with us and we might refuse him now, but if we were inclined to help him out he would be only too glad to give us a mortgage on his entire plant. Otherwise, he said, he was afraid some of his creditors would force him into bankruptcy.

He was so sincere and so worried that one couldn't help being sorry for him. I told him it was a bad time to start building bank credit, but to bring around his books so we could see what kind of shape his business was in and we might be able to do something for him. That night I took his books home with me and got a general view of what he had accomplished. He had, in the two years, paid for $10,000 worth of machinery and had that in the clear. Where he was in trouble was in his merchandise bills, many of which were long past due, and he was behind on his rent and pay roll. He needed about $5000 to straighten things out. I talked it over with Mr. Outcault next morning and we concluded to let him have the money, telephoning him to come around and sign a note. I have never seen a more genuinely grateful person than Wagstaff. He wanted to give us a blanket mortgage on his plant, but Mr. Outcault declined.

"It's you we're banking on," he told Wagstaff, "not what you've got. We expect you to pay the loan out of your profits, and your past record is a pretty good guaranty that you can do it."

So that was that. Business in town gradually picked up and in a little more than a year Wagstaff cleaned up with the bank. After we got into the war he made considerable money. On one occasion he was awarded a contract for a printing job that required five carloads of paper, for which we advanced him the money, and he lifted his note before it was due. Then, for some reason we could not account for at the time, he began to slump. He seemed to be doing business right along, but his bank transactions were unsatisfactory. He seldom took up a note when it fell due, and frequently we had to telephone him two or three times before he would come to the bank and sign a renewal.

Finally things got to the point where we had to insist on a show-down. We had financed him in several purchases on which he had never cleaned up, and at the time he owed us around $8000. We talked to him pretty strongly, but all we could get out of him were vague promises of future payment. We told him we wanted some kind of security, and rather grudgingly he gave us a mortgage on his equipment, which an expert valued at $20,000. A year and a half later we sold him out on the courthouse steps and lacked a couple of thousand dollars of getting enough to pay our mortgage. Wagstaff himself took a job as traveling salesman for another Southton concern. Later we found that his profits and capital had gone into secret speculation on the cotton market.

Here was a case where a man of ability and apparently every qualification for success simply went to pieces because he couldn't stand prosperity. Doing well in a business that he knew, he got the idea that money-making was easy and he could beat a game he didn't know. But so far as we in the bank were concerned, there was no way to tell, when we made him his first loan, that

(Continued on Page 115)

If you intend to build, remodel or re-roof, this advertisement should interest you. It warns you against a serious error that thousands of property owners have made to their sorrow in the past.

OVER three decades ago chemists seeking to meet the public demand for better roofs developed a new fire-resisting roofing material lighter in weight than metal, slate, tile or wood, yet less expensive. It was trade-marked, "Ruberoid."

This new product, because of its qualities of service and flexibility in usage, swept through the world market to unprecedented success.

Naturally imitators sprang up.

Other roofs of the Ruberoid type appeared and were referred to as "ruberoid" roofs. It was a simple and natural error for the public to confuse the real article more or less with a type.

But the fact that no imitator has ever been able to equal Ruberoid durability is attested to by one simple statement:

The Ruberoid Co. itself consistently has sought to improve upon its original formula, but that weather-defying formula still remains unchanged and is responsible for the many present-day roofs that are 20, 25 and 30 years old.

Style and color, however, have been built into Ruberoid Roofs! And with these improvements came new methods of application that provided massiveness and multiplied thickness and durability.

You can now obtain *Genuine* Ruberoid in shingle form in many attractive colors and a wide variety of designs. Their beauty and qualities for service are unsurpassed. The range of prices is so flexible as to permit a suitable *Genuine* Ruberoid Roof for any type of construction—homes, industrial or farm buildings.

A word of warning! Do not be confused by the verbal use of the word "ruberoid." Make certain that the product you buy carries the label—*Genuine* Ruberoid. Other asphalt shingles and roofings may look similar, but time and weather prove conclusively that there is a difference. There is only one Ruberoid —*Genuine* Ruberoid. The paragraph to the right will tell you how you may be sure to get a *Genuine* Ruberoid Roof and have it carefully applied.

WE AIM through our authorized dealers not only to supply you with a dependable line of colorful fire-resisting roofings but also to help you secure a well applied Genuine Ruberoid Roof. The carpenters, contractors and roofers recommended by the dealer in your community handling Genuine Ruberoid take pride in making sure that through careful application a Genuine Ruberoid Roof will provide you the long years of service it is built to give. Indicate on the coupon the type of building you desire to roof or re-roof. The Ruberoid dealer is at your service.

The RUBEROID Co.
Chicago New York Boston
In Canada: RUBEROID (division of Building Products, Ltd.), Montreal

Genuine
RU-BER-OID
SHINGLES — ROOFINGS
Colorful Varieties · Durable · Fire-Resisting

The RUBEROID Co., (Dept. 31)
95 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me where I can secure *Genuine* Ruberoid Shingles and Roofings for the following buildings:

☐ House ☐ Theatre
☐ Garage ☐ Factory
☐ Church ☐ Store
☐ Library ☐ Warehouse

Name _____

Address _____

Licked Men... *and* men not licked

It's the details of their work that men must master or be mastered

NOTICE the men in any group—on the train, at the club, in the theatre—wherever men congregate. See how easily you can identify the men whom work has mastered—and the men who have mastered work.

Business worry has a way of putting its stamp on men. It follows them everywhere, like a shadow.

Yet, after all, business worry is often nothing more than an accumulation of petty details—things that can be taken off your mind by the proper use of printed forms.

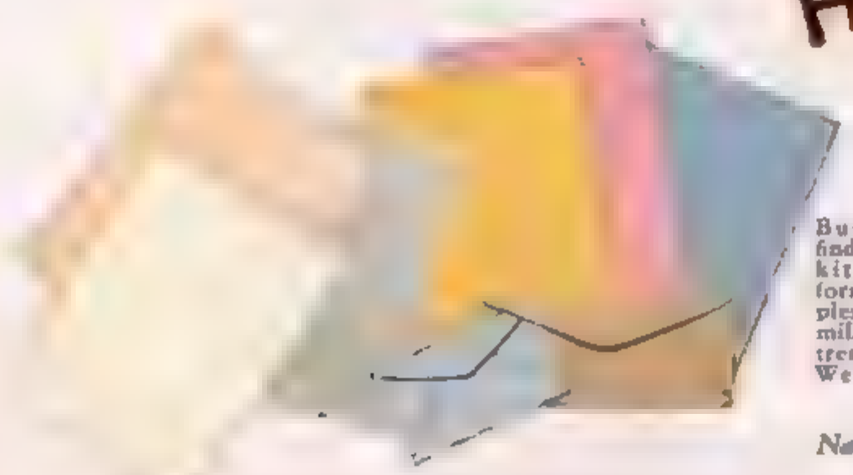
Instructions, decisions, reports, inter-office correspondence, orders — all are transmitted, carried out and recorded nowadays by simple printed forms. No more guess-methods.

And for all such work, successful business concerns standardize on Hammermill Bond paper. Its surface invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it; typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbon copies always turn out neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so different jobs or departments may be identified quickly by color.

Then, of course, as everybody knows, Hammermill Bond has the strength to withstand rough handling, and is reasonably priced.

Let your printer help you get better printed forms and letterheads by standardizing on Hammermill Bond. Bond and ripple finishes, with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes.



HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Business men find the working kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond is extremely helpful. We shall be glad to mail one, free. Simply attach this coupon to your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(Continued from Page 112)

he would ever lose his head the way he did. And so, when I hear individuals telling one another that bank credit may be established by the easy expedient of borrowing $1000 and paying it back again, I can't help the feeling that banking is a considerably misunderstood trade.

It takes two to make a bad bargain, and both are to blame, but I am inclined to believe the one who grants unwise credits should be blamed the more. A banker is under more temptation to make mistakes than other business men. Bankers have somewhat of a reputation for pessimism, and rightly, for a certain pessimism is necessary when a man constantly loans out other people's money.

There was an old chap named Lyman Hunt in Southton who once expounded this truth to me more vividly than I have ever heard it elsewhere. Old Lyman had a real-estate and money-loaning business in an office upstairs over the Merchants State Bank. He was originally from the North, and had quite a number of clients in New York State and New England who sent him their surplus funds to invest in real-estate mortgages that at the time paid 8 per cent in our section.

He used to come into the bank to talk occasionally, and one day he told me he had more than $500,000 worth of this Northern money on his books.

I complimented him on the extent of his business and remarked that the brokerage fees on these loans, together with the commissions on his real-estate sales, ought to bring him in a rather hefty income.

"It does seem like it ought to be that way," Lyman answered sourly, "but the fact is I don't sell any real estate to speak of."

I asked him if his loan business took up all his time.

"Oh, no; I've got plenty of time," he said. "It isn't a case of time at all. It's temperament."

I told him he was too psychological for me.

"You can't be a good loan man," he explained solemnly, "and a good real-estate man at the same time. The two are diametrically opposed to each other. To make sales you've got to be an optimist. To make loans you've got to be a pessimist.

"Now take me," Lyman went on. "Some man comes into my office and lists his house and lot with me to sell. I go out to look at it, and all the time I am thinking what arguments I can put up to induce some person to buy it. I make myself think the town is going to double its population during the next year, that the section where the property is located will fill up with millionaire residences and that the street-car company is going to put on a five-minute service past the place.

"I've got to think that way or I can't sell the property. But suppose the man, instead of asking me to sell his place for him, wants me to loan him $1000 on it. What do I do then? I go out and look at the house and lot, and all the time I am thinking that there may be a panic next year, that the railroad may move its shops and roundhouses to some other town and that the city treasurer may run off with the tax money. I say to myself, 'If all these things happen—and they probably will—could I put this house and lot up at forced sale and get my client's $1000 out of it?'"

What old Lyman Hunt said about the difficulty of being a salesman and a loan expert at the same time pretty well applies to the trade of banking. I have noticed that the bank that gets into trouble and fails to pay its depositors 100 cents on the dollar is usually the one that has too heavy a majority of optimists on its loan committee.

If it had not been for Dr. Azro Cummings, president of the Southton National Bank, it is likely that I should still be in Southton, for it was his peculiar ideas in the matter of competitive banking that set in motion the train of events which eventually took me out of the South and to New York City. He was not originally a banker but a physician, as his title implied, and had come to Southton sometime in the 90's to practice his profession. I think he was born in Michigan, and before settling in the South he had traveled over the country a good deal; and rumor had it that for a considerable period he had conducted an itinerant medicine show with a couple of black-face comedians as assistants, selling Indian herb remedies from the rear of a democrat wagon.

When he first came to Southton he advertised extensively in the newspapers, calling himself Old Doctor Cummings. He wore a long beard and always ran a photograph of himself in his newspaper advertisements, along with a list of the maladies in which he specialized and testimonials from grateful patients. After a few years he abandoned this sort of publicity and settled down into a regular family practice. Through his profession and through some fortunate real-estate investments he accumulated considerable money, and eventually became a stockholder and director of the Southton National Bank. Shortly after I went to Southton to live he became its president.

Surprisingly, the doctor developed an extraordinary ability as a business man and became fascinated with the idea of building the largest bank in the city. Although he did not maintain a professional office, he never entirely gave over the practice of medicine. Patients came to see him at the bank and he made calls before and after banking hours. It was said that he never attended a case without persuading the family to become a depositor in the Southton National. He was also tremendously active in fraternal-order circles. Hardly a week passed but that he was seen at the head of some parade or other, dressed in gay Oriental costume, his long beard blown by the wind and his benevolent smile embracing the spectators along the route of march. The Southton National was the official depository for three-quarters of the lodges in the city.

Naturally, when it became the practice for banking institutions to make more active solicitation for business, Doctor Cummings threw himself into the movement with great spirit. He grasped eagerly at new ideas and invented some of his own. As far back as 1911 we began to surmise at the Merchants State Bank that the doctor was a bit jealous of our progress and determined to limit it if possible. One of his opportunities lay in the fact that his was a national while ours was a state institution, and he capitalized this difference to the utmost. One day Mr. Outcault had been down the street on some errand, and when he returned he came to my desk and told me, with a wry smile, that I had better take a walk by the Southton National and see what our competitor was up to in the way of banking enterprise.

The Southton National was just a block below us, on the corner of Main and Lee Streets, and I had not gone more than halfway before I saw a crowd assembled about the white stone building, watching a figure that moved up and down in front of the premises. Above the people's heads I caught glimpses of a great stovepipe hat, and when I made my way to the front rank the doctor's enterprise was revealed to me. A man who must have been quite seven feet tall was made up as Uncle Sam—the whiskers, the swallowtail coat, the trousers strapped under the shoes—and the man carried in one hand a signboard that he kept pointed toward the open doorway of Dr. Azro Cummings' financial institution. On the signboard was printed That's My Bank.

The object of the good doctor's venture was plain enough. A great many foreigners had been moving to Southton to work in the railroad shops and other places. In their home countries these people had grown up in tremendous awe of anything connected with government. Doctor Cummings' bank bore the word "national," and that, coupled with the imitation Uncle Sam and his signboard, gave them the impression that the Southton National Bank was a part of the United States Government and its depositors' money guaranteed by that august power. It was good psychology on the doctor's part, even though the ethics were a bit questionable.

A little later the doctor staged another show with the same object in view. This time he put in one of his front windows a pile of currency of various denominations, all bearing the name of the Southton National Bank and his own signature, and above the display a sign reading WE MAKE OUR OWN MONEY!

I will do Doctor Cummings the justice to say that I never believed he had the slightest idea there was anything wrong, or even unethical, in these peculiar activities. Simply he was trying to beat out a competitor just as he would have done in the old days when he sold his Indian herbs from the back of his democrat wagon and a rival vender set up a show near by. He had the selling point of operating under a national charter, and our institution, the Merchants State Bank, did not. A bank examiner told me he had expostulated with the doctor about these methods of attracting deposits, but the latter merely laughed and said people had to be up early in the morning to get ahead of him. There was no law actually broken, and that was as far as the examiner could go.

There was an agreement among the banks in the city that all would open for business at nine o'clock in the morning and close at three in the afternoon, and these hours were scrupulously followed by all except Doctor Cummings' institution. Ostensibly he did as the others, but as a matter of fact, it was possible for a customer to get into the Southton National almost any time between eight and six. All that was necessary to do was to appear in the vestibule, and either the doctor or some clerk delegated for the purpose would unlock the door. In the course of a year's time quite a volume of business could be picked up in this informal manner.

The doctor himself was indefatigable. I recall on one occasion I was sitting at my desk in the Merchants State Bank after the official closing hour and saw a woman step into our vestibule with the evident intention of attracting the attention of someone in the bank. At three o'clock our porter always closed and locked the double glass doors, and as additional notice that public business was over for the day he would slide the heavy iron-grilled gate across the doorway. I recognized the woman in the vestibule as a Mrs. Stapleton, the mother of one of our girl stenographers, who wanted to speak to her daughter about something and was motioning for the girl to come to the rear entrance for a moment.

Just then I noticed Doctor Cummings coming across the street, dressed, as usual, in his silk hat, plaited white shirt and long Prince Albert coat. Seeing the woman in our vestibule, he stopped, lifted his hat and spoke a few words to her in a confidentially benevolent manner. The woman shook her head and he passed on. After the girl had met her mother at the rear entrance, she came to me, laughing, and repeated what the doctor had said to her mother.

"The people in this bank are not very accommodating," were his words. "I advise you to go to the Southton National just on the next corner below. You can get in there any time up to six o'clock, and it's a fine place to do business."

Of course these things were a little irritating; but, personally, the doctor and I were on friendly enough terms when we met around town, though he always insisted on treating me as a boy and invariably called me son. Outside his go-getting peculiarities, he had a real talent for banking and would go to almost any length to accommodate a customer. As I now see it, he lacked the early apprenticeship that gave him an understanding and genuine respect for the ethics of the craft. Coming into banking at middle age, he thought of it

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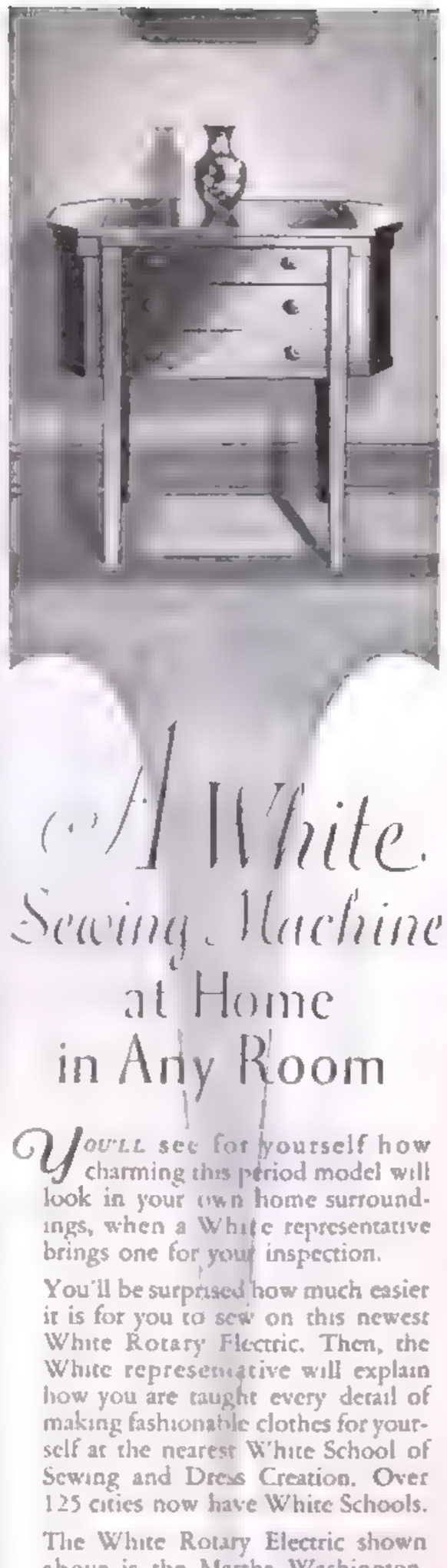

A White Sewing Machine at Home in Any Room

You'll see for yourself how charming this period model will look in your own home surroundings, when a White representative brings one for your inspection.

You'll be surprised how much easier it is for you to sew on this newest White Rotary Electric. Then, the White representative will explain how you are taught every detail of making fashionable clothes for yourself at the nearest White School of Sewing and Dress Creation. Over 125 cities now have White Schools.

The White Rotary Electric shown above is the Martha Washington, priced at $165. Also, there are two Console types, the Vanity at $180 and the Mount Vernon at $190. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio

White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

© 1928 W. S. M. Co.

CHARACTER in Murray Coachwork is more than a matter of fine materials and fine workmanship—though both are the best that high technical standards, ample finances, large factories and modern equipment can provide.

Coachwork by Murray embodies creative design in lines, sweeps, curves, colors and appointments, which, when mounted on a fine chassis, makes a distinguished motor car. These qualities are expressed in nine beautiful body types comprising the two complete new lines of the distinguished Marmon Eights.

The Murray Corporation of America ~ Detroit

The New Marmon 78 Sedan

Coach Work by Murray

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HUPMOBILE ~ MARMON ~ DODGE BROTHERS ~ PEERLESS ~ JORDAN

(Continued from Page 115)

merely as a means of making money and was held back by none of the traditions.

As time went on, the doctor seemed more and more possessed with the desire to outdo the Merchants State Bank. In the fall of 1915, when all the local banks published their statements in the newspapers, our figures for the first time showed us to be ahead of the Southton National. We then had deposits of a little more than $3,000,000, while theirs was just short of that amount, and this seemed to spur the doctor to extra ingenuities.

Business at the time was in a rather bad way, for the cotton market had not yet recovered from the 1914 debacle. Naturally the banks were carrying heavy loads, for their merchant customers, both wholesale and retail, were doing very little except in absolute necessities. Even the hotels were losing money, because many Northern concerns took their traveling men off the Southern territory.

Under such circumstances about all the banks could do was to string along with their customers, renewing their notes from time to time until things should turn for the better. Among the depositors of the Merchants State Bank was the jewelry firm of Hayes & Wilson, whose note we held for $10,000. It had stood for more than a year without being reduced at all. We had loaned the money originally to help them finance a purchase of diamonds. They had made their purchase in June, 1914 and, the war breaking out a few weeks later, there was little market for that sort of merchandise. During the worst of the slump the firm ran for weeks at a time with barely enough cash coming in to meet its rent and clerk hire, and the best it could do on the note was to pay interest every ninety days. Still, we were not worried over the matter at the Merchants State Bank. The firm's assets were fully three times its liabilities, and both Hayes and Wilson were men of standing and experience who were pretty sure to pull out of their troubles when business should become normal again.

Evidently Doctor Cummings was also convinced of Hayes & Wilson's solvency, for he made the most strenuous attempts to take their account away from the Merchants State Bank. Their store was on Main Street, just a few doors below the Southton National, and Frank Hayes told me that hardly a week passed but that the doctor would come in and urge them to transfer their account to his institution, offering to let them have the money to clean up with us if they would do so. Once he brought a blank check on the Southton National, handed Hayes a fountain pen and told him to fill it out for $10,000.

When these direct attacks failed, the good doctor resorted to artifice. I chanced to be in the Hayes & Wilson establishment one day on some trifling errand, when a well-dressed stranger entered and asked to be waited upon by Mr. Frank Hayes personally. Hayes came down from the mezzanine floor, where he was working on his books, and the stranger handed him his card, saying he wished to purchase something quite handsome as a wedding gift, and that a friend had told him Mr. Frank Hayes was a man of taste who could suggest the proper thing for such a purpose. In a few moments the gift was selected—a rather expensive silver coffee service—and the stranger gave directions for it to be shipped to an address in Memphis. Then he produced a roll of bills from which he peeled the required amount.

Before handing over the money he suddenly paused to inquire, "By the way, this firm banks with the Southton National, I presume?"

Hayes answered that such, unfortunately, was not the case.

"Oh, well, that changes things," the man remarked. "Dr. Azro Cummings sent me here and I supposed you were customers of his bank. I'm afraid I shall have to look at some other store."

He turned to go out, and actually did get to the doorway, when he seemed to change his mind and went back to Hayes, laughing apologetically.

"I'm not going to make a fool of myself for anyone," he said. "I'm here on some business with Doctor Cummings and he asked me to do this as a lever to get you people to bank with him. Here's the money. Go ahead and send the silver to the address I gave you."

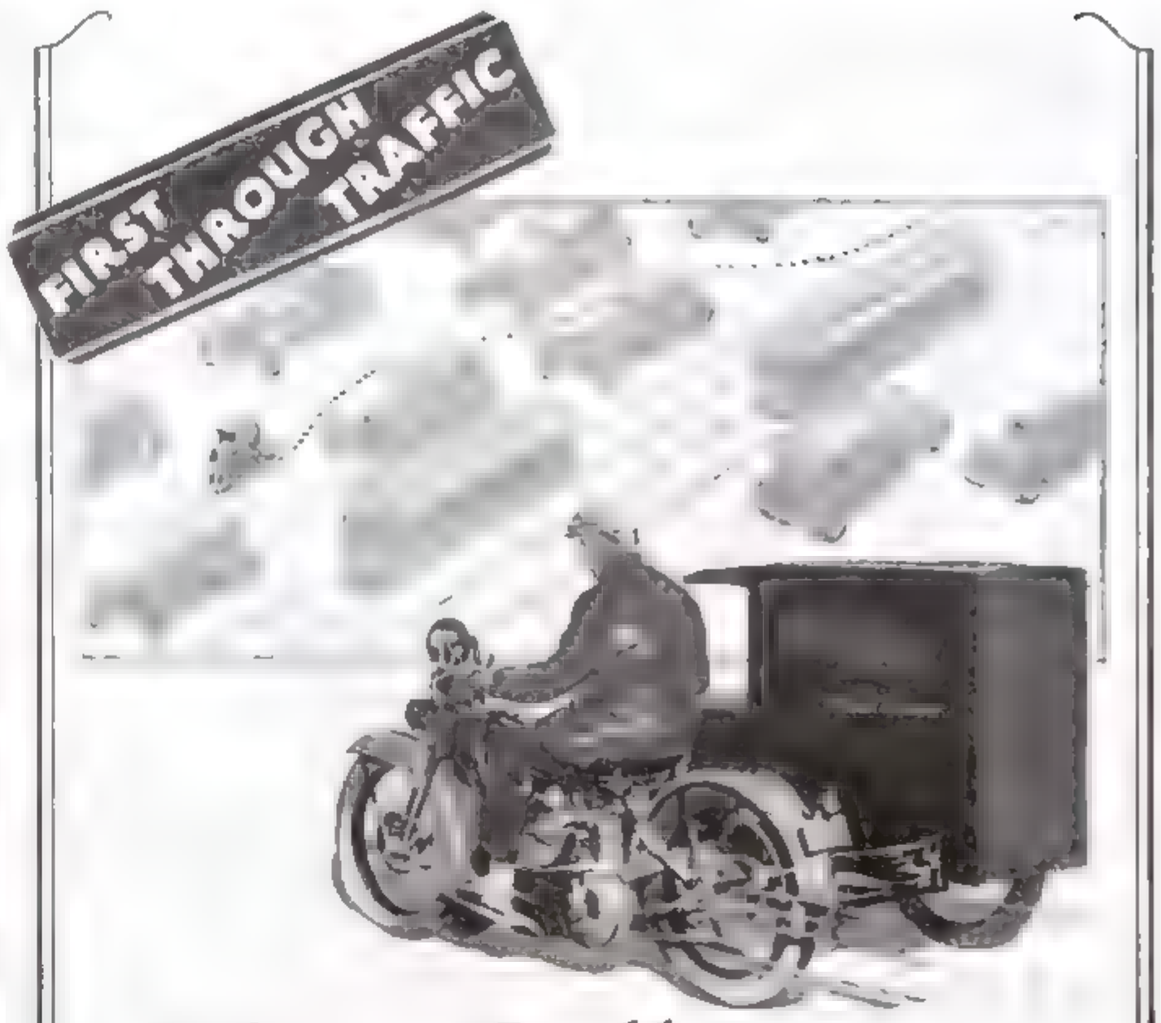
The doctor never was able to pry the Hayes & Wilson account from the Merchants State Bank, and by the following year, when cotton had got back to a living price, the firm was able to straighten out with us very nicely. As everyone remembers, the period from 1916 to the spring of 1920 was one of tremendous expansion, and Southton came in on the general prosperity. During all that time our deposits at the Merchants State Bank steadily increased, eventually passing the $5,000,000 mark, which was nearly $1,000,000 beyond the figures of the Southton National. The doctor was getting along in years and a bit crabbed. When I chanced to meet him he was affable as always, but on more than one occasion I heard where he had passed remarks about me of an extremely uncomplimentary nature. I lost no sleep over this, but along in the latter part of 1919 things began to happen of a more serious nature.

Customers of ours began to come into the bank to show us letters from the Southton National soliciting their business. They were not form letters such as are ordinarily sent out, but direct personal appeals, many showing a surprising knowledge of the affairs of the person addressed, and all signed, Azro Cummings, President. So many of our customers told us of receiving these letters that I went around to the other bankers in the city to ask them if they were having the same experience, and found they were not. The offensive was directed solely against the Merchants State Bank.

But how did the Southton National come to possess so complete and intimate a list of our customers? There was no one in our place, I was sure, who would turn informer. Eventually the secret came out. For several weeks the doctor had kept a clerk busy recording the names on all local checks drawn on us that came into the Southton National for collection. This gave him a fairly comprehensive list, but he was able to make it still more complete from the fact that the Southton National was correspondent for one of the leading New York banks, so that many checks mailed by local business firms to manufacturers and wholesalers in various parts of the country came under the doctor's scrutiny before being presented to us for payment.

In most of the doctor's letters he asked for the accounts of business houses on the plea that the Southton National would give them more liberal lines of credit than they had been getting with us. In certain cases, where the account was an important one, he went still further. One day a customer of ours—Martin Anderson, of the Anderson Machine Company—came in to see me and said the Southton National had made him privately a proposition to pay interest on daily balances if he would give them his business, and he wanted to know if we would do the same.

This matter of interest on daily balances had come up before the local bankers' association a great many times, and always we had decided against it. Practically all the banks had savings departments that paid interest, and all of us were willing to pay interest on any deposits that were left for a stated time, but as for paying on commercial accounts that shifted from day to day, we did not believe it in keeping with sound banking. In the first place, we had reduced our interest rate on commercial loans from 8 to 6 per cent, though our cost of doing business had gone up during the war years and after. We did not, like the big Northern banks, make a service charge to our customers when their balances ran below a certain sum. Also, like most bankers in small cities, we rendered a lot of



More Calls at Less Cost

MORE trips—through any traffic, safely and quickly—at half the running cost of light trucks or cars. That's what the Harley-Davidson Package Truck offers you.

This handy, sturdy carrier has ample power for full quarter-ton loads. It is simple and safe to handle—and easy to park, right at the delivery point.

Distinctive and attractive-looking. A *traveling advertisement of ready service.* A business builder!

Operating cost is only 3¢ per mile—including depreciation, repairs, and all other upkeep items.

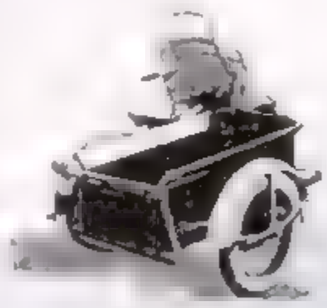
Call your local Harley-Davidson dealer—let him show you how the Package Truck will fit into *your* business and save money.

Mail coupon for illustrated literature.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
DEPARTMENT S. P. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special and Stock Bodies to Meet Your Requirements.

This Harley Davidson Package Truck handles special deliveries of as great a tonnage as the cost of heavy trucks. Ideal for short haul deliveries



Parked at the delivery point! No hunting for parking space or carrying merchandise long distances—the driver delivers at the door

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

[¼ Ton Capacity] *Package Truck*

PER 3¢ MILE

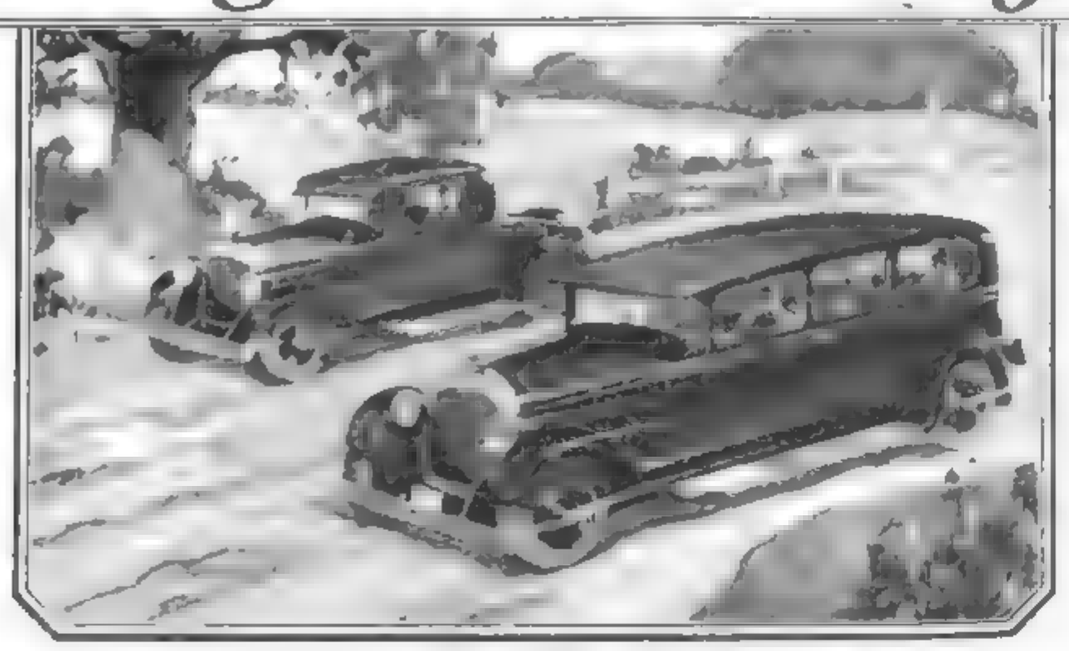
HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTOR CO
Department S. P., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send illustrated literature and full information about the Harley-Davidson Package Truck

Name.....
Business
Address

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

On Light cars or Heavy!



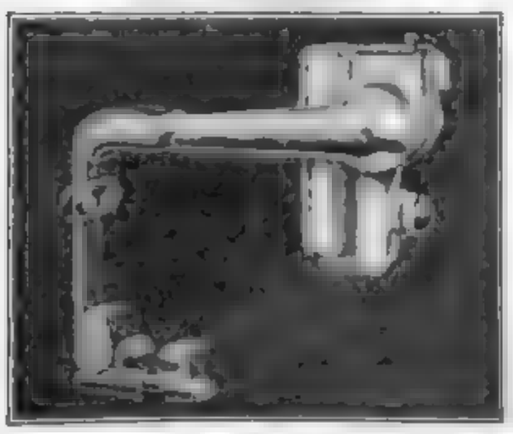
MONROE HYDRAULICS GIVE AN EASIER RIDE

REGARDLESS of the type of spring design, Monroe Hydraulics add new riding qualities to any car, light or heavy. Once your car is equipped you will discover for yourself that Monroe Hydraulics provide a new, unexcelled roadability.

Gone are the bouncing, sidesway and rear-end throws caused by rough, uneven roads. You enjoy new riding comfort and driving ease. The pounding of the road is absorbed by cushions of oil, and the car rides easily and smoothly over the roughest stretches.

Monroe Hydraulics secure maximum efficiency with a minimum of moving parts. A combination metering pin and disc relief valve provides positive oil-pressure relief under all road conditions. A one-piece arm design, plus other unique features, allows a saving in manufacturing costs that is reflected in the low price of the finished product.

"Ride on Cushions of Oil"



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services that cost us money for which we charged our customers nothing.

We didn't want to lose Anderson's account, and I figured the best way to keep it was to show him precisely what a bank had to do to earn its profits. The Anderson Machinery Company was a sizable concern that made small gasoline engines for farm use and also was a wholesaler of pumps and well-drilling supplies. Its customers were mainly small-town and crossroads dealers who had to be granted long-time credits because their own farmer customers usually paid their bills only once a year—when they marketed their crops.

I got out the ledgers and proceeded to analyze Anderson's account for him. It showed that for several years back his company had had an average balance in bank during November and December of something like $40,000. This was the period in which the farmers' crops were being sold and the dealers were in turn paying their bills. But during the rest of the year the Anderson Machine Company seldom had on deposit with us more than $10,000 at any one time. Martin Anderson studied the figures for a while and then remarked stubbornly:

"I call that a pretty soft thing for the Merchants State Bank. You have the use of $40,000 for two months and $10,000 the other ten months. You don't pay us a cent for this money and you loan it out to other people at 6 per cent. It strikes me that you ought to divvy up a little."

"All right, Martin," I answered. "I know it does look that way. But let's go a little further. Don't you know that you borrow money from us almost every day in the year and pay no interest on it?"

"You're pretty good at figures, Boyd," he remarked sarcastically, "but you'll have to juggle them a lot to prove that to me. I don't remember any time when you didn't charge me the current rate for money that I borrowed."

"Very well," I said, "here's where I prove it, and I won't have to juggle any figures. Let us say your cashier comes in here this afternoon with a deposit of $5000. How much of that will likely be in actual money and how much in checks?"

"Nearly all of it will be in checks, of course," he answered. "We seldom make any cash-across-the-counter sales."

"Precisely, Martin," I answered. "Your cashier brings in $5000. For the sake of argument, we'll say $4000 of it is in checks on out-of-town banks. You do business pretty well all over the state and the chances are that it will take an average of four days to collect on them. But we credit you with the full amount right away. If you demand it, we will hand it over to you in gold or United States currency. But we wait four days for ours and we make no charge for collecting. Now do you see where we lend you money every day without interest?"

He laughed and said he hadn't thought of it in precisely that way before.

"But that isn't all, Martin," I went on. "The Anderson Machine Company draws a lot of checks itself, which we pay when they are brought in here. That takes considerable bookkeeping. As near as we can figure, it costs us nearly three cents for every check we pay. But that isn't all either. Sometimes these country dealers of yours don't settle their bills when they ought to, and your company makes drafts on them. We handle these collections at a loss. Frequently your credit man comes in here to find out about the standing of some dealer whose business you are trying to get, and in such cases we go into correspondence with other banks to get him the information he wants. Then every Saturday morning your cashier comes in to get the money for your pay roll, and we have to be prepared to give him exactly what his list calls for in nickels, dimes, quarters and other currency. If you want to know what it costs us for your pass books, your individually printed checks and other items that we supply you free, I'll estimate that for you too."

"I guess you needn't go that far," Anderson said finally. "You've convinced me, all right. But how could the old doctor down at the Southton National afford to pay us interest on daily balances when you say you can't? Has he got some special kind of a rabbit's foot?"

It was hard to answer this question without seeming to disparage a competitor, but I did it as diplomatically as possible.

"I don't know anything about rabbits' feet," I said, "but I can describe to you how I could do it if I were so anxious for business that I didn't care especially how I got it. In the first place, I would tell you that you must keep a cash balance of $5000 all the time. If your balance ever ran below that I would charge you for service. Then I would not credit your account with the out-of-town checks that you deposited until the money actually came in. You couldn't possibly know how long this would take, so I could pretty well use my own judgment. At the end of each month I would pay you whatever I pleased and call it interest on your daily balances. In the long run I guess you'd find it about fifty-fifty with the deal you're getting right now at the Merchants State Bank."

I hope I wasn't doing the doctor an injustice in making these remarks, but in the light of a certain activity that he indulged in afterward, my conscience doesn't hurt me much. One day I received a personal letter from the president of the New York bank that acted as our metropolitan correspondent, telling me that there was evidently some kind of plan on foot to weaken the prestige of the Merchants State Bank in New York banking circles, and describing the method employed. Like the other local banks, we carried a New York account, and frequently, in settling our balances with the Southton National, we gave checks on New York. On account of some trouble, the doctor had withdrawn from the local clearing-house association. It seems that each time the Southton National mailed one of these checks to New York, there was clipped to it a slip of paper bearing a certain notation. My correspondent had got hold of one of these slips and inclosed it in his letter. The notation was in Doctor Cummings' queer, angular handwriting:

Present immediately. Wire if not paid.
AZRO CUMMINGS, Pres't.

Anyone who has had business experience will know what such a series of messages might do to the credit of the institution against which they were directed. It was plain intimation that the president of one Southton bank suspected that another Southton bank was in shaky condition and wished to be in position to protect himself in case the check turned out to be worthless. As a matter of fact, our Merchants State Bank had never been in better shape, but even so, it was no laughing matter, particularly at that time, for the country was in the midst of the slump of early 1921, and no bank or business institution could afford the slightest doubt as to its solvency.

On the spur of the moment I put on my hat and went to pay my respects to Doctor Cummings, full of indignation. He was sitting at his big mahogany desk just at the left of the entrance of the Southton National, stroking his long white beard benevolently as he watched the line of depositors at the receiving teller's window near by. He greeted me with the utmost friendliness. Though I was nearly forty-five years of age, he had never abandoned his patriarchal attitude toward me, and if anything, this was more pronounced in the present situation.

"Come right in and sit down, son," he said expansively. "I haven't had a talk with you for a long time. Tell me what's on your mind."

For answer I pulled out the slip of paper that had been mailed me from New York and slapped it on the desk in front of him.

"That's your handwriting, doctor, I believe," I said accusingly.

(Continued on Page 121)

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Fenestra CASEMENTS
STEEL

(Continued from Page 118)

He picked up the paper and looked at it through his bifocal spectacles, smiling amiably meanwhile.

"Why, yes, son, I wrote that," he conceded.

"With the intention of weakening the credit of the Merchants State Bank?"

The doctor raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Why, son, how can you say a thing like that?" he said in a hurt tone. "You must be angry at something—or perhaps worried. There's nothing going wrong at the Merchants State Bank, is there?"

He said this last loud enough to be heard by some of his customers standing near by. I was angry enough before, but now I lost my temper completely and rasped out:

"There doesn't seem to be room for you and me both in the banking business of Southton."

Like anyone who loses his temper, I had put myself at a disadvantage. The doctor, calm as ever, stroked his beard smilingly and shuffled among the papers on his desk, after which he dipped a pen in ink and jotted down some figures.

"If there isn't room for us both," he said finally, "why don't you buy me out?"

Having gone so far, I had to go further, though I knew what I said was more or less of a bluff. I determined to know what he wanted for his interest in the Southton National Bank.

"There are the figures, son," he said, handing me the sheet on which he had written. "I own 600 shares of this institution, which is a controlling interest. You can buy them at $400 a share."

Still bluffing, and more than anything else with the idea of getting out of the hole the doctor's maneuvers had led me into, I asked if he would give me a thirty-day option.

"Thirty days is a long time for a man like me, son," he answered solemnly. "I'm seventy-two years old, you know. A spry young fellow like you ought not to need that much time." He reflected a moment and then said in a keen, businesslike way: "You can have a two weeks' option on my stock in the Southton National Bank for $1000."

He had called my bluff. I had no idea where I could get a quarter of a million dollars, especially in the sort of time the country was going through in February, 1921, and the doctor was quite aware of conditions. I have no idea he really wanted to sell, but there was $1000 in it for him if he could work me up to buy an option, and he was a man who never passed up small profits.

He took up his pen, poised it suggestively, and said "Shall I write you an option?"

I gave my answer, boiling inwardly at the vanity that would not let me tell him I had been only bluffing.

"All right, doctor," I said. "Will you accept my check?"

He reached forward and patted me on the shoulder benignly.

"Any check that you give, son," he crooned, "is worth a hundred cents on the dollar with me any day in the year."

Five minutes later I was on my way back to my desk in the Merchants Bank with what I thought was a white elephant in the shape of a two weeks' option on practically a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Dr. Azro Cummings' bank stock. I recall that my thoughts during that short walk mainly centered on how I could best explain to my wife the foolish loss of $1000. In my preoccupation I did not notice that one of Doctor Cummings' clerks passed me en route, but when I arrived the boy was standing at our paying teller's window exchanging my check for United States currency. The doctor's motto was Safety First.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GALLIC CALM

(Continued from Page 5)

To try to assess any nation, your own or another, is a gigantic task, but where France is concerned the task is peculiarly gigantic for the American because, added to the delusions that the northerner cherishes for the southerner, or vice versa, the American carries about with him the weight of English-speaking tradition, and for a thousand years England and France have been rivals. An emigrant ship carries much more than its passengers, its crew and its freight; it carries an infinitude of ghosts and a cargo of transplanted imponderables. What the American thinks of France is confused by what the Englishman of two hundred years or so ago thought of France, confused even by what the Englishman of today thinks of France.

The whole question of international relationships needs, of course, entire revision from the bottom up. And when I say international relationships, I mean the relationships between the average citizens of the various countries. Relationships that we are slowly beginning to realize, since the war, are by far the more important ones. Nowadays governments can make fools of themselves and no terrific harm may result: it is only when the governments make fools of the average citizen that witches ride.

International thought, not only diplomatically and politically but in the common and paramount sense in which I am using it, lags far behind any other kind of thought. If the average citizen of France or America entertained in his religious beliefs, his medical theories and his business dealings the same ideals he entertains toward, in the first instance, America, or, in the latter, France, he would still be believing in magic, leeching and the use of barter instead of currency. He would be using forked sticks to find water and, when his cows refused to give milk, would be hunting mischievous fairies. Of the half dozen leading thoughts the average American has about France, all but about one are utterly wrong. They are not only wrong but the exact opposite is true. Of the half dozen or so leading thoughts the average Frenchman has about America, all are wrong. The preponderance in favor of the American is due to no superior intelligence; merely to the fact that the American travels more than the Frenchman and that the Frenchman, being a European, is always wrong where America is concerned. That is part of the penalty of being a European, whatever the advantages may be.

Roughly speaking, French opinion of America falls into three classes: Either we are still the idealistic and austere republicans of Beaumarchais and Lafayette, the living exponents of Rousseauism—simple, virtuous "*paysans du forêt de la* Pennsylvania," as Hendrik Van Loon says in his history of America—or we are the gangling, ingenuous but shrewd Yankee of such comedies as Pas sur la Bouche, or we are the more up-to-date materialist of the French popular novel and the French comic weeklies: the gold-toothed—shades of the American dentist with his porcelain fillings!—China-blue eyed, expressionless materialist who, although usually drunk in Paris, is given to bloodless experiments in sumptuary law and savage demands for blood-stained money. Needless to say, the first opinion is held by only a few, and those few have never visited America—royalists, for the most part, who, although they do not love democracy, so hate their own government that ours seems a Utopia in comparison. There are certain royalists who are not to be argued out of the belief that New York is a city whose morals are as spotless as its streets are clean. Oddly enough, it is almost as embarrassing to be overpraised for virtue as to be overcondemned for vice.

The second opinion is a survival of the 1880's and 90's, although Pas sur la Bouche

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news

A cereal that is revolutionizing breakfast—because it is *demulcent

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is a very modern musical comedy. It represents the tolerant amusement of a non-traveling bourgeois; the tolerant amusement, not unfriendly, of a period when Americans were quaint but by no means important. The third opinion is the present popular and growing one. We complain, and rightly, of the way history is frequently taught in the American school, but now and then one has illuminating glimpses of the way history must be taught in French schools. A young friend of mine, a representative of a very great French family, told me he thought it a pity France and America misunderstood each other so greatly and that perhaps the trouble began because, after France had given us our country—I quote his words—we, in gratitude, had not given Canada to France.

"But," I said, "Canada was never ours to give."

"Oh, you could easily have taken it."

"Have you never heard of General Montgomery and our army that just got away with its shoes?"

"No, but Canada is really altogether French. The people would have been with you."

The American Hero in France

Here was ignorance so massive that there was no use combating it. My informant had never heard of the French-Canadian attitude during the war; he believed that most of the Canadian regiments had been French—he had seen them; "big black-haired fellows talking French"—he was not aware of the French-Canadian feeling toward modern France because of the latter's supposed atheism. And he concluded his argument by a statement which in a few words summed up the difference between European political thought and action and American thought and procedure.

"Well, you were very clever," he mused. "First you combined with the English and drove us out of America—which, after all, we really discovered, explored and settled—and then, that accomplished, when you were ready you drove out the English." That there were no Americans in 1759 had not occurred to him, nor that the whole proceeding credited American international thought with a subtlety totally foreign to it. But in Europe it is quite customary, as we all know, to lay plans in 1900 which will bear fruit in 2010.

Ignorant as the average American is of France, the stock Frenchman, at any rate, has disappeared from our comic weeklies, our newspapers, our novels and our stage. He lingers only in our motion pictures, and altogether rightly a few weeks ago the French motion-picture producers protested against this caricature. But what of the American as he appears in all the French vehicles of opinion mentioned, especially the French novel, since novels are supposed to be written by men peculiarly well informed? The French novelist ceases to think at all when an American is introduced. He reaches into his memory and pulls out a type as absurd as it is farfetched.

The subhero of a recent very popular French novel, The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars, is a young American, obviously a graduate of Harvard and a member of one of Boston's better families—fortune made, as always, in chewing gum—whose manners are a cross between those of a bear and a bull moose. He actually thinks the Lion of St. Mark's in Venice is a real lion. His baggage, described in detail, consists of two wardrobe trunks containing nothing but evening clothes and medical books of a questionable character, the implication being that he will not be around in the daytime at all. We are, however, credited with evening clothes, which is considerably more than the English always do for us.

Before me on my desk is a collection of French short stories—Quarantième Étage, by Luc Durtain—which deals with life on the Pacific Coast. Unlike most of his compatriots, Luc Durtain has lived in America and should know it well, but in his principal story the hero who begins, as do all Americans, with a fear of women—sic!—but who, having been flirted with by an American girl more released than most—also, sic! ends up with complete abandon on the subject, misbehaves himself mildly with a strange young girl at the movies, is almost mobbed, and is condemned to the penitentiary to serve eight years for his offense. Here and there the survival of the Cromwellian spirit in America, when given scope, does produce some curious legal procedure, but I have never heard of an instance quite like this. The hero of another novel is a young American—China-blue eyed, gold-filled teeth—who, marrying a French girl met during the war, attempts to turn her old estate into a modern American farm. The point being that, as an American, he can, of course, have no love of the soil or any feeling for its poetry. A curious reversal of facts when we consider the typical French hatred of solitude, or what we call "the country." And so on, and so on.

But if the Frenchman exhibits an ignorance of America that is bewildering—not only an ignorance but what seems a determination to remain ignorant—the average American, searching his opinions, is little better off. These opinions, as I have said, are a combination of folk tales, prejudices and northern complacency; nor are even historians as yet aware that nations do exactly what individuals do—that is, attribute to other nations the vices they themselves most fear. It is a common psychological trick. You credit yourself with the virtues you most like, you credit your enemies with the vices you most dread.

To begin with, the Frenchman is not a Latin; he is a tempered northerner. He might be described as a brown-haired man between the extremes of the blond and brunet. Only in the south, and then only in Provence, is he more Latin than Frankish. His traditions, to be sure, are for the most part Latin, so, too, his jurisprudence and his art, even to some extent his religion, but underneath the Teutonic mind is constantly at work. The French love of order and logic, quoted so frequently by Gallomaniacs as Latin traits, are not Latin at all, unless you go back to Rome. A claim that could be made with equal justice by every other European race save the extreme northern ones. These traits are not Latin, they are exclusively French.

The Love of Comfort

Certainly no real Latin race, if one can use such definite terms when describing the mongrel thing we call a nation, has the slightest sense of either order or logic. Bayonets do not make order; a sense of order is something innate in a man. If it only functions through force, then it is not a sense of order. But the French like order because they like comfort, and whenever it is necessary to be disorderly in order to gain their ends, they return to order as soon as possible.

They may behead an old lady for possessing a title, but they put back again as speedily as possible the chair in which she liked to watch the sunset. For the same reason they prefer to think logically. To think logically by no means implies that you are thinking sensibly or humanly. That all depends upon what sort of premise you have taken. But logical thinking is the most comfortable sort of thinking, the most satisfactory, if you keep your mind from wandering; it has all its edges tucked in, its form is perfect. And all this—this love of comfort, of logic, the French thrift, to which we will come later, the French appreciation of the moment, of its transitory pleasure, of the possible tragedy lying beyond, the French hatred of waste, whether it be waste of gesture or material—comes, I am sure, from the fact that for more than ten centuries, France, lying in the middle of Europe, has been the battleground of the world.

You would like order, too, if you had had very little of it; you would hate waste if

(Continued on Page 124)

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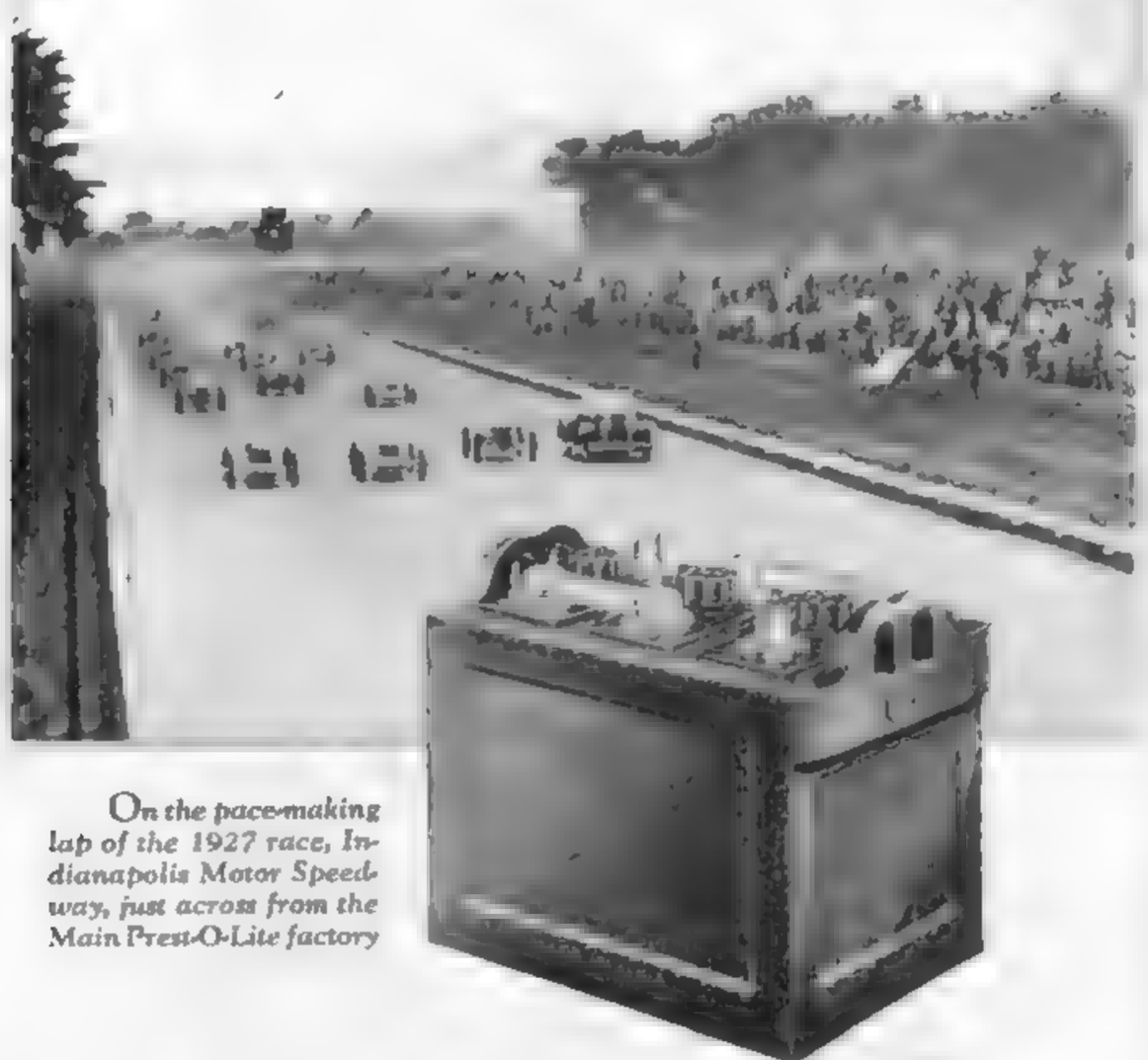

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(Continued from Page 122)

you had seen too much of it; you would snatch at the moment and appreciate its gusto if your history showed that for every good moment ten bad ones were likely to occur. You would husband your strength and resources if constantly war threatened. By the same token, not even excepting America, France is the most pacific country today in existence; the greatest warrior nation and at the same time the most pacific. There is no place where war is more hated and no place where, because of fears that are entirely just, war is more prepared for. But if the safety of France were guaranteed, there is no question in my mind that the world would at last find a real leader toward pacificism; an intelligent leader, a leader who knows all the ways of war and all the devious paths of European diplomacy. For this task America is too innocent, too aloof, too preoccupied; England still too obsessed by the fixation of the British Empire.

That the Frenchman is the most professional of soldiers and therefore the least given to military swank, and that he knows too much of war to love it, is shown by that extraordinary organization, the French Army. About the French Army there is none of the sense of a *tour de force* that marked the armies of Germany, where an amiable, nonmilitary people, except for the Prussians, had suddenly been forced into an uncongenial mold. The Frenchman doesn't have to show that he is a soldier; he knows that he is one. And he is not delighted to be a soldier, nor has he anything but a due sense of rank. How could he have more in an army where the youngest private in a regiment may be the brother of the colonel?

The Frenchman is not a Latin, and not because of that, for the real Latin is not in the least what the average northerner thinks him to be, but because of his climate, his history, his blood and his geographical position, he has few of the traits the northern mind has endowed him with and which the northern mind associates with southern peoples. He is not frivolous, he is not uncertain, he is not licentious. Furthermore, he can be charted by the northern mind with fair accuracy. The chart will not be the same as the chart of a German, an Englishman, or an American, but it will be completely readable to all three.

Morality Within Bounds

The Frenchman is no more a Latin than the Spaniard, who is a Goth and a Celt, except in the south, where he is a Moor. The Frenchman is never frivolous; he is steadfastly certain, although his certainty may not always please our fancy; and to take up the question of immorality in its common sense and to get rid of it speedily, since it is too vexed a question to consider in detail, the Frenchman, within the limitations he has set himself, is an exceedingly moral man.

An immoral man is a man who has no moral code, or rather, a man who breaks, without much thought, whatever moral code he may have, since, for a man without morals—that is, one who does not know what morals mean—there is another term—"unmoral." The French have a very definite moral code, and more than most people they live up to it. I merely call your attention to the complete sacredness with them of the young girl, the French horror of assault and the almost total absence of the crime on French soil, the French insistence that whatever a man may do he must do it gently and considerately.

Perhaps, as has been said again and again, the Frenchman best shows his stern morality in his conception of the family. Upon this conception the entire French moral code is based. Being a realist, the Frenchman has long ago come to the conclusion that although you cannot be sure of loving the same woman all your life, you can be sure, if you have children, that most of your life you will be a father. To him divorce means the selfish and evil breaking of a compact and the destruction of an institution. And I am not sure he isn't right.

It is all a question, once more, of whether aspiration, with its inevitable failure, or a fairly perfect accomplishment within strict boundaries is better for you and the world, or not. The former does occasionally bring true gigantic dreams through which humanity steps a prodigious stride forward, but in the meantime humanity is very uncomfortable, exceedingly confused and much given to beautiful platitudes that have little relation to ordinary procedure. French immorality is more decent—if you can use such a term—than English and American immorality, just as ordinary French life is more decent than ordinary English and American life, but by that very fact it is more hopeless.

Theories First and Last

The French cannot reconcile English and American opinions and protestations with the New York and London stage, with divorces, newspaper headings, tabloids, cabarets and, in America a recent phenomenon, the score or more of cheap magazines whose interest in sociology of a certain kind is considerably less pleasant than that of La Vie Parisienne, or Le Rire, and whose performance is infinitely less witty and artistic. But that is because the French, as I have already partially pointed out, cannot by their nature understand the feat, so dear to the ice-breathing peoples, of the reach exceeding the grasp. To the Frenchman, to reach for anything not readily accessible seems silly. This is bound up with his love of comfort, of logic, of sparseness, of good form, and it produces, on the one hand, the orderly charm of French life, and on the other, the chief failure of the French mind.

The Frenchman is a bad poet; his mind is confined. He is a bad financier because the dollar of the day always looks bigger than the fortune of the future. Until recently he has been a poor empire builder and emigrant, because going to the horizon is uncomfortable and what is beyond is unknown. France gave away half the North American continent while England, and later America, blindly, vaguely, by no means knowing what they were doing, took it over. France stopped building the Panama Canal because of mosquitoes. But France, until the war, had, within France, the best roads in the world, the neatest countryside—save for England—the best hotels and the best cooking. Nowadays she has none of these things, but that is another question. Choose, however, in your own mind, what does the world more good—empires and canals, or roads, cooking and hotels. As for myself, I don't know.

The British and American mind works by what can be described only as a series of hunches. The British like to speak of their foreign policy, but in reality that is not a policy at all but a fabric of opportunism. The Englishman and American leap in the dark and then explain afterward—usually on excellent and high grounds—but the Frenchman has a neat theory to begin with and a neat theory with which to end. That frequently these theories have nothing in common is a characteristic of both logic and the Gallic disposition. And so we come to that trait of the French which mystifies us as much as our imagined hypocrisy mystifies them. I mean the close-knit French argument which seems to us often no more than passionate nonsense and unfairness.

Logic, as I have said, may have nothing to do with common sense. It is merely dovetailing together certain similar thoughts. The Frenchman builds a beautiful cellar and then, in many cases, starts his house twenty feet above the ground. Both cellar and house are excellent, but they may have no connection.

The French present impregnable arguments against paying the American debt, but they leave out entirely the question of whether they borrowed the money, whether America herself was at any time uncomfortable, and whether America herself spent

any money. I do not say that these latter points cannot be successfully disposed of; I merely say the French leave them out.

To my way of thinking, then, the Frenchman is not a Latin; he is by no means volatile, he is extremely certain, in so far as he wants to be, and he is the least excitable person I know. Neither his revolutions nor his panics are the result of excitement. They are a combination of lucid thought, a precise knowledge of the value of histrionics, and, not unfrequently, of a skin-saving selfishness. The French Revolution was the most carefully dramatized revolution, rising to an apex of slaughter, the world has ever seen. As for French excitement, observe it—how it arises, how it reaches a climax, how it dies away into instant smiles and good nature, once a point is gained.

Where Women are Powerful

Indeed, far from being the impulsive, gesticulatory creature he is supposed to be, the Frenchman, in my opinion, is the most masculine man alive. I realize the horror of the Englishman and American at this statement, but they need not become too indignant. I am not at all sure that complete masculinity is a good thing. I am only sure that the lyric, self-conscious, bemused Englishman and the confused, easily humbled, aspiring American are far less masculine, according to the common definition of the term, than the assured, hard-bitten, spare Frenchman. Of course in all such discussions the question of class enters. I am referring particularly to the French peasant and the French upper classes, and, where the latter are concerned, to those who live mostly in the country. If anyone can show me a harder or better-conditioned man than the French rural aristocrat, I should like to see him. These are hawklike fellows. But this, after all, is no proof of what I am saying, for the English and American upper classes are well-conditioned too, and, furthermore, share a love of the country which is anything but a universal Gallic trait. The French show their masculinity by their attitude toward women and their coolness in crises—not bravery, although that is taken for granted, but coolness. Yes, even remembering La Bourgogne and discounting it for the reasons already given, although, in any case, the panic of wharf rats means little one way or another.

In no country are women more powerful than in France—I refer you to the position of the French wife in her husband's business affairs—but in no country are they made more to feel that they are women. A very different thing from the aloof power granted them in America. The more masculine a man is, the less he fears the interference of women in his life, but the more he insists that they shall always be women. As to French coolness, I can best summarize it by this preference: In a crisis I would rather be with a Frenchman than any man I know, but only if the Frenchman's own safety were involved—not an unimportant qualification.

Here is a story slightly beside the point, but fairly illustrative:

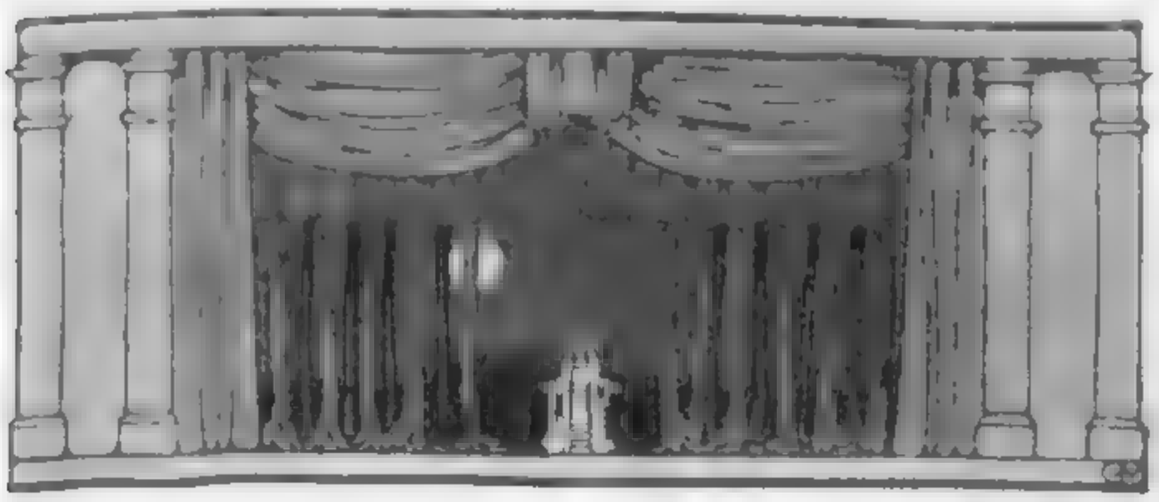
During the war a friend of mine was traveling from the Front to a base camp with a young aviator. In the railway compartment were three French officers and two English majors. For the first half day the French, as usual, were charming and the English, as usual, barely polite. About noon the train stopped on a curve and my friend and the young aviator got out on the wrong side. While they were standing on the track another train rounded the curve and their own train started. They jumped for the door of their compartment and as they did so the approaching train hit the door. The young aviator was killed and my friend received a dent in his skull that kept him in a hospital for two months.

At once the attitudes of the French and the English changed. The French, seeing that they could be of no real help, since nurses and doctors immediately appeared, walked away. They did not know these young Americans; in three years of war they had seen enough blood. To the contrary, the two fusty old English majors forgot all about themselves and were, as my friend described them, "tender as women." They never left his side until they saw him safe in a hospital. Practically these services amounted to nothing; spiritually they amounted to a great deal. But none the less, had the Frenchmen been victims of the accident themselves, I would have preferred them as companions. It is my belief that they would have been cooler than Englishmen. I don't mean outwardly; I mean inwardly. The Englishman has trained himself to a wonderful façade. He seldom shows embarrassment or fear, but underneath there is frequently a whirling vacuum. He dies beautifully, but not always sensibly.

The Frenchman is not uncertain, he merely does not wish as much as the Englishman and American. What he does wish, he wishes accurately and to the edge of its carefully charted limits. When he falls short in English and American eyes it is because he has never had any intention of going further. We are inclined to think of him as a bad friend. He is not a bad friend, but because of the tragic and uncertain quality of French history, when friends part they have learned to think of each other only with gentle resignation. Nor is the Frenchman frivolous. He is gay when the occasion demands, but that is a totally different mood. Real gayety is the antithesis of frivolity. Only people who are aware of the underlying sadness of life are ever really gay. The others are merely noisy. Gayety, an exquisite thing, always has to it an edge of desperation.

Laughing Melancholy

You cannot understand the French at all unless you perceive the fundamental quiet melancholy that pervades them, a melancholy which, again, is the result of a gray, rather sad climate, centuries of war, the adjustments that have been necessary on the part of a people northern by blood, Latin by tradition, central by location. *Triste* is the only word that will describe the quality I mean. But it is more than that, because it is hardy and strong and full of laughter, with a love of life and a vast amusement with it. French music shows this, French poetry, even the French concert hall. When I think of France I do not think of Provence with its blue skies and fierce coloring, for Provence is really Roman and Grecian and Moorish; I think of some fountain, beautifully carved, excellently well ordered, at the



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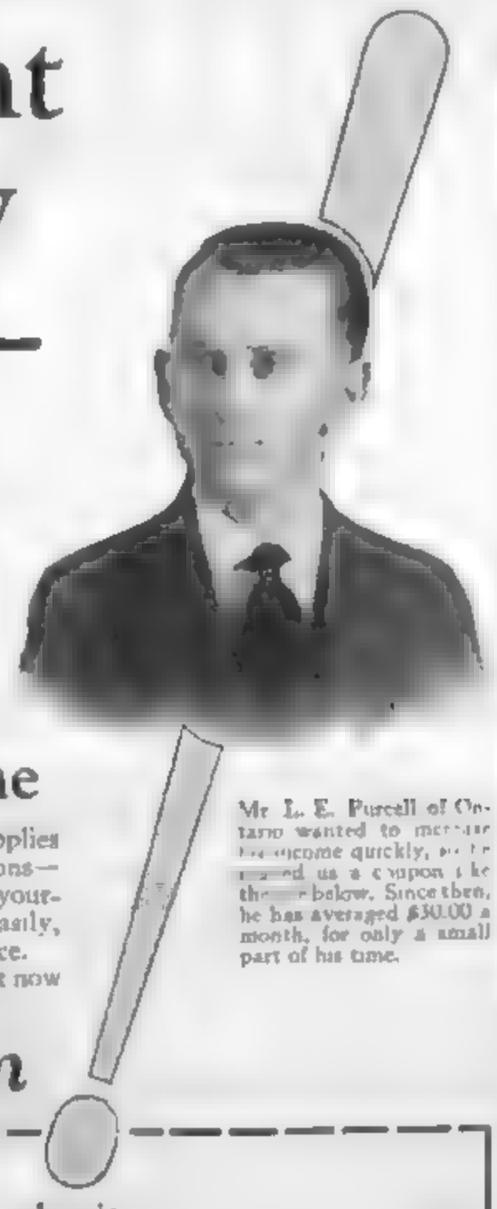

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Of all the common charges made against the French, there is only one which impresses me as holding water. The Frenchman in money matters is indeed trying. Not dishonest, or at least, not more so than any other nation—that part of the allegation is absurd—but shortsighted, penurious and suspicious. And just as the manners of the English produce an international distaste for them quite out of proportion to the failing, so does this financial smallness of the French not only injure French perspective but build up about the French folk tales difficult to combat. Boni de Castellane, in a moment of lucidity, has written: "*Mes compatriotes sont, en general, des gens ordonnés, mais avares et petits, sans reconnaissance pour ce que l'on a fait pour eux,*" or, in other words: "My countrymen are, in general, a well-ordered race, but avaricious and small, without recognition of what one has done for them." On this subject our recent expeditionary force is well supplied with stories. Who has not heard of the keepers of *estaminets* who made a fortune out of our troops and then handed in bills for wear and tear? What billeting or commanding officer is without extraordinary memories?

The Philosophy of Money

Yet all this should not be stressed too much. Stupid peasants and small shopkeepers throughout history have regarded alien visitors, especially a visiting army, as lambs ready for the sacrifice. Gratitude, like most virtues, is largely a matter of intelligence. Most of us who have read history remember the letters Rochambeau's army sent home. Extortion, avarice and a lack of recognition of favors are by no means exclusively French traits.

What the stupid majority of a nation does amounts to comparatively little anyhow; it is what the more released classes do that is impressive, and unfortunately the characteristics just mentioned do not, with the French, diminish as much in proportion to education as they should. That the French are nowadays aware of these vices is, however, a hopeful sign; just as nowadays the French, due partly to a growing vision, partly to an increasing colonial empire, are also aware of their second greatest failing—the failing embraced within the words self-complacency, ignorance of other nationalities, unwillingness to travel and unwillingness to investigate. The French are beginning to travel; they are beginning to expand. Meanwhile no incident is more interesting racially or more a trifle sad than a Frenchman extorting a small sum of money from an American. Here are two nations as far apart as the poles in their conception of monetary values. The American is seldom the easy mark he is supposed by the European to be—the curious contradiction who, personally, is so spendthrift, but nationally such a Jew of Venice. About money the American has a mystic feeling unknown to other peoples and, to them, utterly not to be explained—particularly not to be explained to the French. The American has toward petty avarice a Lincoln-like resignation. He knows so well that this mysterious thing to which he alone of races has any sort of philosophical clew will in the end turn upon and destroy the man who treats it not as a symbol but merely as so many coins.

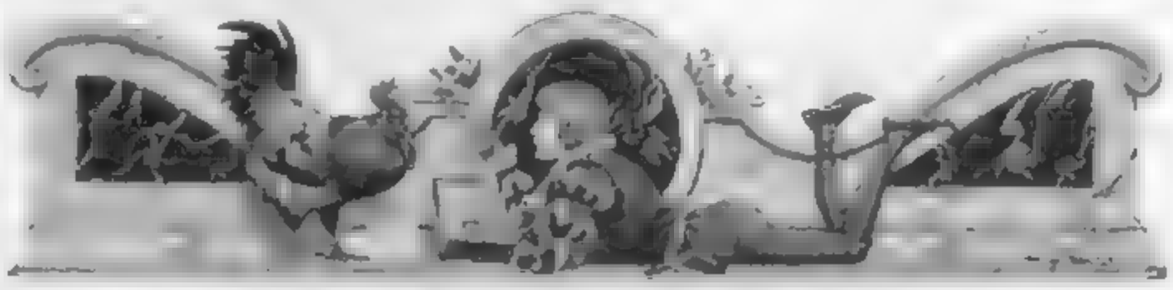
We must not leave these leading characteristics of the French mind on the liability side—characteristics altering, however, as I have said, under the pressure of modern communication—without again calling attention to the fact that they are partly due to France's peculiar and perilous history, and without adding that they also derive to some extent from the reverse side of a virtue. That, of course, is true of most vices as well as most merits. A failing is frequently no more than a virtue overridden; a virtue is frequently no more than a conquered vice.

Although the French are not Latins they have, markedly, one Latin idiosyncrasy. The northerner is a vain man, the Latin a conceited man. Between vanity and conceit lies, as we all know, a world of difference. The vain man is self-conscious, restless and insecure. When he boasts, it is to overcome his uncertainty. The conceited man has no need of self-consciousness; he has his own opinion of himself, and that is all that matters. As a result, for all ordinary purposes the conceited man, provided he is not too conceited, is a much pleasanter companion than the vain man. Nietzsche has pointed out this difference. From this placid self-sufficiency has arisen one of the most beautiful of French traits—that is, when the trait does not result in unfairness to other nations or an unwillingness to learn. The trait I am referring to is French patriotism, that odd, mystic conception of *La Patrie*, which is not the Englishman's passionate love for a small piece of England nor the American's passionate pride in American achievement. This French patriotism is the purest flame of patriotism which exists and, since it is largely philosophical, it can readily be turned—although this sounds paradoxical—toward a benign internationalism as now, so often, it is turned toward a fierce provincialism. Once again, the placidly self-assured man, if approached properly, can be a much fairer man than the vain man. He is not so busy making an impression, believing that the impression—a good one—is already made. The Frenchman above all things loves a *beau geste*, because a *beau geste* is a compliment toward someone whom, in one way or another, you admire and wish to please. The *beau geste* of a Lindbergh means more to him than a hundred pages of argument. And he is, of course, right. Stupid people, malignant people, people who wish you altogether harm are incapable of *beaux gestes*.

A Trait in Common

No thoroughly bad man can have really good manners; no thoroughly good man can be wholly without good manners. We have too long confused ourselves with the medieval conception of manner as opposed to manners. Manner is something imposed upon a man. A very evil man may have it. Manners are a combination of intelligence and sensitiveness. It is folly to say a man has good manners but doesn't mean them. He cannot help but mean them. They are a symbol, if nothing else, of his desire to put other people at their ease. That is a good desire.

In this respect the French and the Americans are utterly in sympathy. Both nations are eager to make everyone who comes into their presence comfortable. They never mistake rudeness for frankness. They do not think honesty consists of showing distaste. Nor is this merely a surface sympathy. Both French and American manners come also from a complete lack of swank—a word I have used once before in reference to the French Army. Lack of swank is perhaps the finest of French traits. This is not a superficial quality. It lies deep in a man's mind. It is a man's admission that, however highly placed he himself may be, he is no more after all than a man. It is his universal *beau geste* to humanity.



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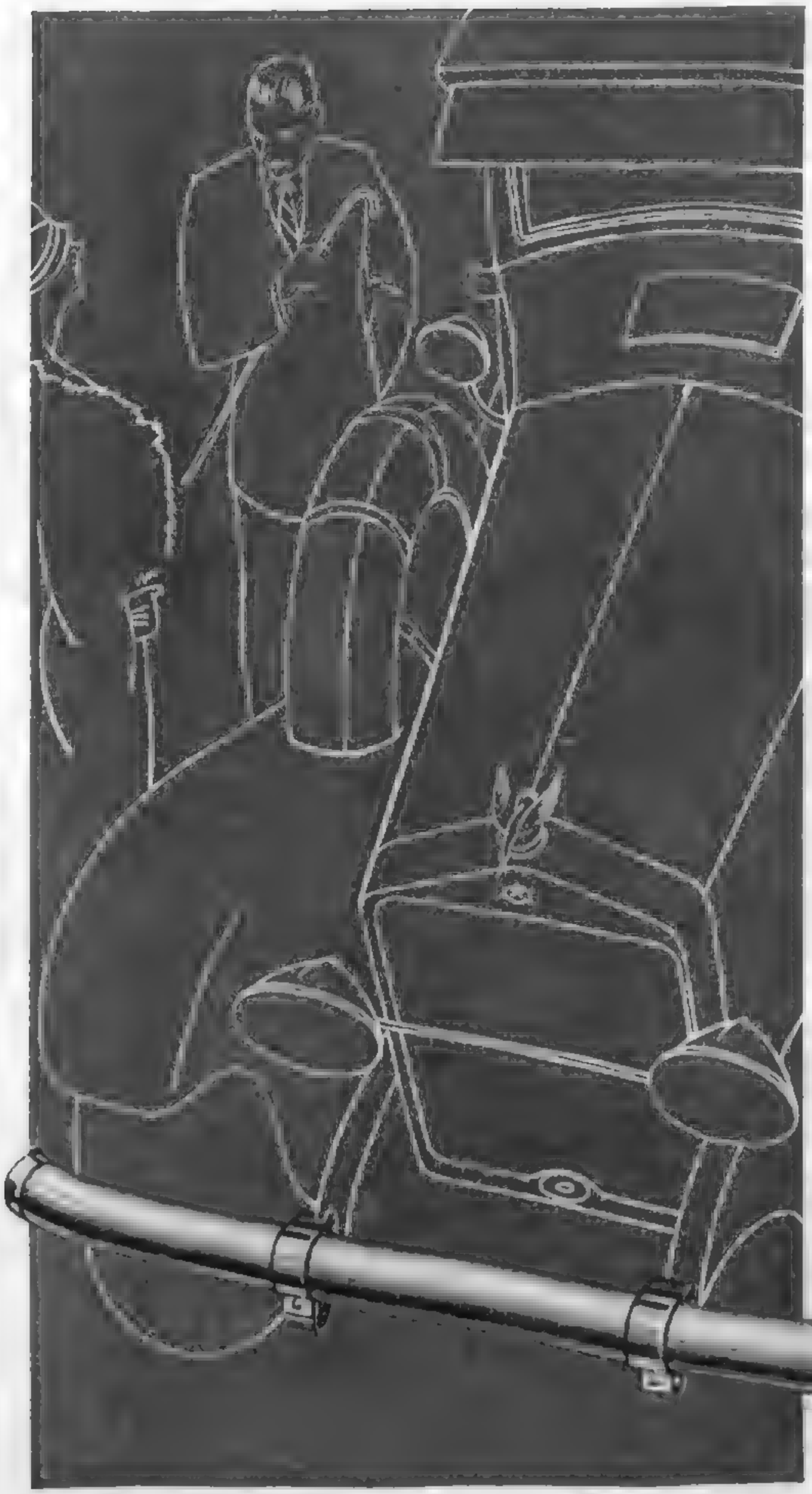

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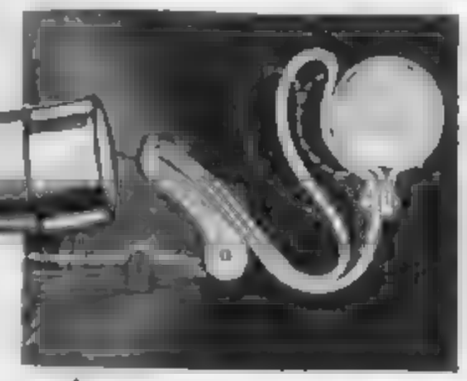

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THE FRONTIER OF ACCORD

(Continued from Page 4)

was the nucleus of the Dominion that now joins the Atlantic with the Pacific. Within a comparatively few years Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia came into the fold. The twentieth century saw the creation of Saskatchewan and Alberta and their admission as provinces. The date of confederation—July first—is to Canada what the glorious Fourth is to us.

Visualize the Canada of today and you see a vast area, once a no-man's land, now pulsating with life and movement. From those Maritime Provinces that sentinel the Eastern seaboard, straight across to British Columbia, stretches a treasure house of resource, much of it still locked within the fastness of Mother Earth. What is known as the Pre-Cambrian Shield, which sprawls over Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and part of Alberta, is an almost unscratched source of mineral wealth, vying with the Rand and Alaska in opportunities for rich development. No less potent in their way are the prairie provinces of the Middle and Far West, well named the granary of the world. They have given Canada first place as wheat exporter and are the bulwark of the national wealth. The field crops last year were worth $1,250,000,000. Montreal has become the greatest of inland ports and Quebec is mistress of pulp and paper supply.

When the Dominion began to function in the late 60's, the land area was 338,224 miles, scattered in four provinces. The domain of the maple leaf—the national emblem of Canada—now comprises nine provinces and three districts—a land territory of over 3,600,000 square miles. It means that Canada not only surpasses the United States in extent but is exceeded in size only by Russia and China. She is broader than the Atlantic and nearly as large as all Europe. The Province of Quebec alone is two and three-quarters times the size of Texas, and is larger than France, Germany, Sweden and Italy combined. Manitoba alone would cover the United Kingdom twice.

Since confederation, Canadian expansion, on the basis of population, has not been equaled by any other country. Our neighbors have something to brag about. With statistics, per capita and otherwise, the live-wire Canadian can go our Kansas rooter one better. Here are a few of the high spots.

Canada's Greatest Asset

In per capita trade Canada is second, and in actual trade volume she ranks fifth, among the nations. Exports last year were worth nearly $1,500,000,000. The coal reserves comprise one-sixth of the world total and the installed horse power is second to that of the United States. Only 10 per cent of her potential 32,000,000 horse power has been harnessed. Within Canadian confines a whole universe of energy waits to be geared to the need of man. From fish to timber, Nature has been prodigal in her gifts.

The mineral belt is 3000 miles in length and produces nearly every known useful metal. Sixty per cent of available farm land awaits the plow and harrow. Nowhere have an equal number of people—the population is still under the 10,000,000 mark—such enormous undeveloped resources at their disposal.

This array of facts and figures is sufficiently impressive, but it does not embrace what is perhaps the greatest of all Canadian assets. It is the priceless gift of the spirit of youth. We never think of Russia and China as young countries, although their possibilities for economic development have been scarcely touched. The sense of age hovers about England, France and Italy. Canada, on the other hand, is associated with the rich promise of tomorrow. There is no atmosphere of maturity in place or people. Strong-sinewed and hardy, the Dominion has yet to feel her full strength. The essential quality of youth is its power of growth. Hence the enormous possibilities of her future.

There can be no adequate measure of Canada, and particularly our relation with her, until we know something about the make-up of her people. It is one thing to speak or write glibly of our Canadian cousins and quite another to comprehend their link with Britain.

Americans cross the border into a country that talks English, where democracy flourishes frank and unafraid, and where there is no visible and outward evidence of the restraint so often and so ignorantly associated with imperial contact. They wonder just how Canada ties up with the old land across the seas. As a matter of fact, the precise status of the Dominion has been a source of bewilderment at times at home as well as abroad. An exposition of it reveals an illuminating insight into the evolution of British rule.

The Political Development

If you were to trace back the history of the nine provinces and the unorganized territory now constituting the Dominion, it would be a tale of development from very humble beginning in the matter of self-governing powers to the achievement of real autonomy. Dating from the period of French occupation and allegiance, down through the latter half of the eighteenth and the whole of the nineteenth century, the colonizing genius of the British people found the scene of its most outstanding experiment in the northern half of North America. The story of those years is the record of one concession following another, at one time to Nova Scotia, at another to Ontario, at still another to Quebec, and a fourth to New Brunswick. Many were the experiences which these provinces endured, not because of a desire on the part of the mother country to act the part of greedy tax collector or oppressor but because of the inability of any single state to govern satisfactorily another state across a distance of 2000 miles. Because of this difficulty Britain lost what is today a part of the United States.

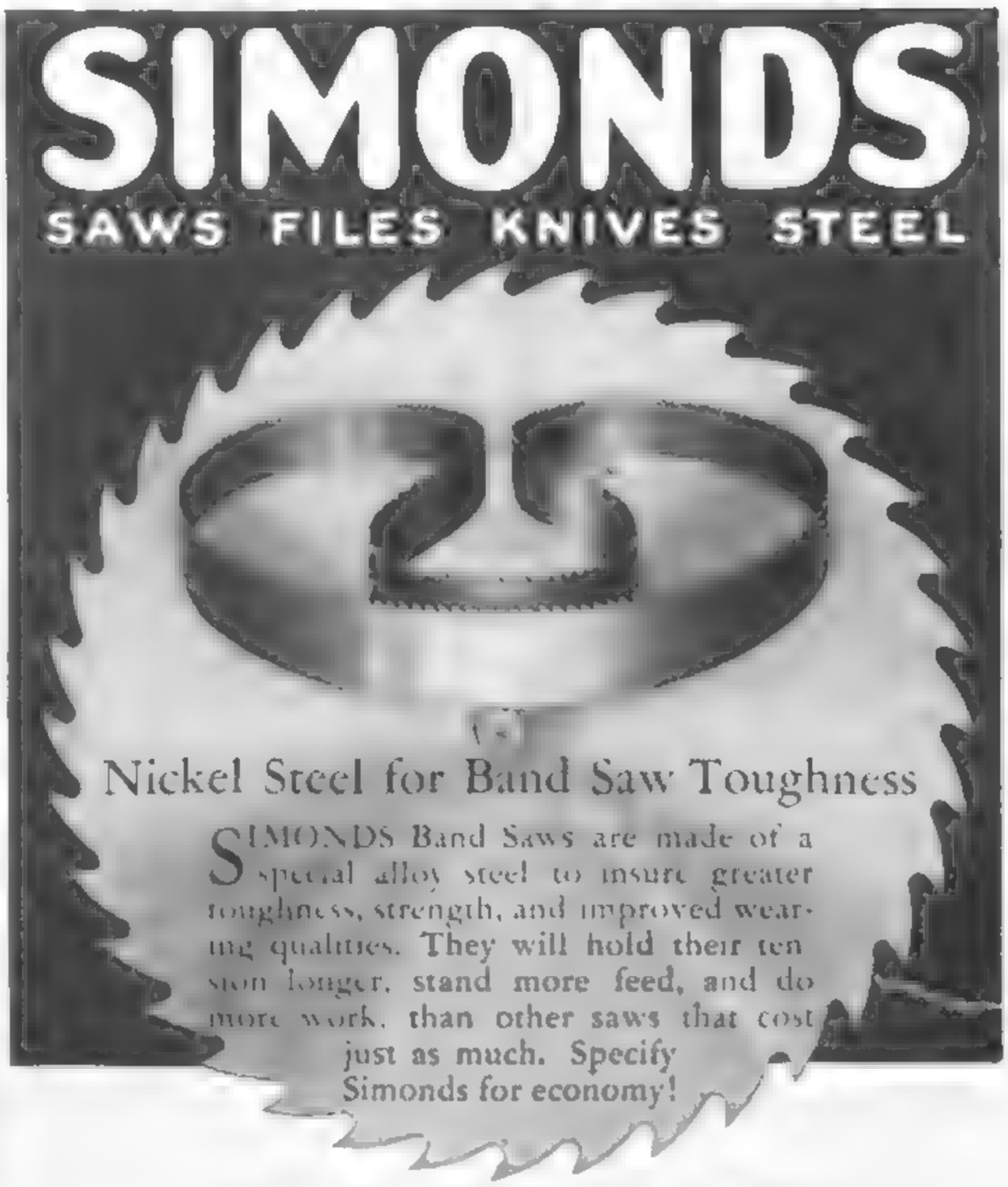
The first venture at responsible government in Canada was a limited autonomy. One by one, as decade succeeded decade, the right of self-government in the provinces was recognized and the powers of the parent nation curtailed. The miracle of it all is that throughout these varied experiences, and amid the long succession of extensions of autonomous rights, the fundamental relations between colony and crown were never seriously disturbed.

There have been times, particularly in periods of drastic commercial depression and irritation at London, when hope centered on annexation with us. The movement never attained serious proportions. It is safe to assume that the idea is not likely to raise its head again.

In England the gradual development of parliamentary institutions generated the idea that all powers formally vested in the crown could be ultimately transferred to the home parliament. Within these powers was included jurisdiction over military dependencies and colonies. The attempt at taxation of the North American dependencies without representation led to the break-up of the first British empire. The biography of autonomous government in Canada reflects the growing power of colonial legislatures in opposition to the British Parliament.

It shows the development of the idea that the oversea dominions hold the same relation to the throne as the British Isles themselves, and that they must also be equally potent in the management of their own affairs.

Notwithstanding the alternating claims of various political parties, the sober people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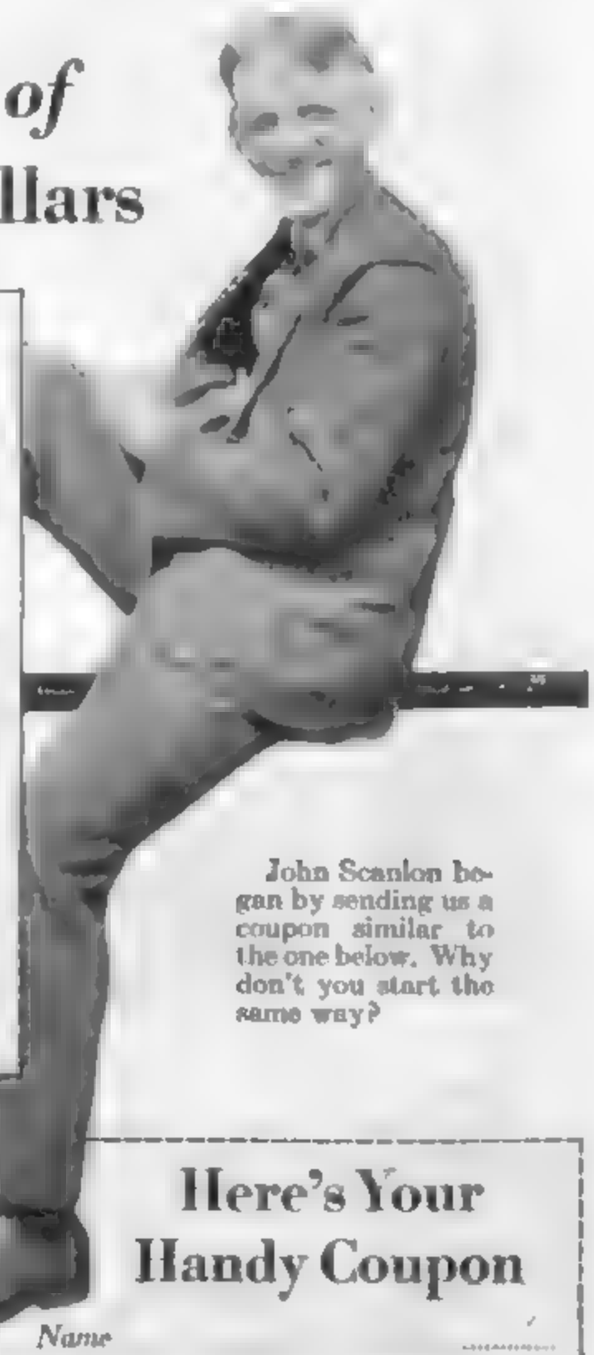

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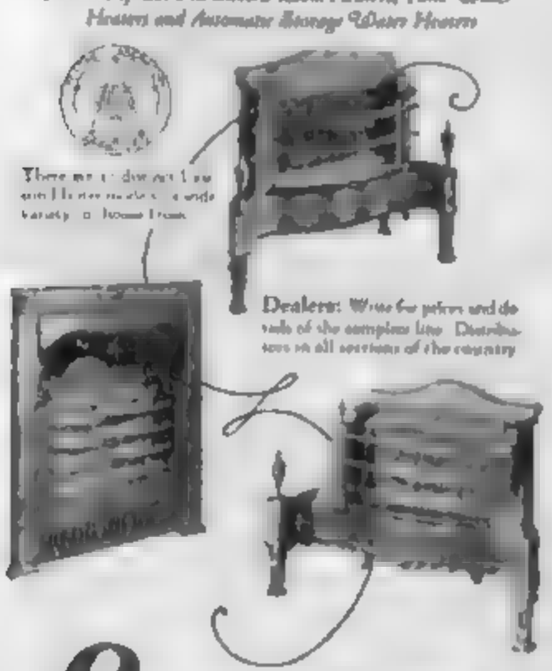

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of the Dominion viewed this contest for complete autonomy as won long ago, with all the objectives reached. For the lifetime of at least one generation, Canadians have looked upon the British tie as a voluntary bond, held in place because there was about it no compulsory factor. They regard their domain as British and are as proud today as ever to remain under the British wing.

Because the imperial tie is voluntary it binds, despite the racial mixture which is the Canadian population. Although owned by the British, Montreal, richest of the cities, is run by the French. I asked a man there to direct me to a certain building, and he responded in French, which was the only language he knew. Every sign and public document in the Province of Quebec is printed in both English and French. The conductors who call the stations on the trains must do so in both tongues. Quebec is more predominantly French than ever before. When the descendants of Champlain and Frontenac stir beyond their native heath, whether to Ontario or farther west, they set up a little France as distinctive in utterance and custom as if it were perched on the Brittany coast.

In Alberta the Bible is printed in forty languages. Between Lake Superior and the Pacific the proportion of the foreign born, who include nearly every European nationality, is growing. Large numbers of the constituencies are now dominated by what is called the alien vote. This development has been an important factor in weakening the strength of the historic Conservative Party, which maintains uncompromising British connection as the cornerstone of its existence. The foreigner, whether Yankee, Slav or Swede, naturally is not so much influenced by this sentiment as those born within the British fold.

With the exception of Quebec, every province is a crisscross of races. New Brunswick is one-third French and Acadian. In the prairie area transplanted Americans comprise an impressive unit. One of them—the leader in the wheat-pool movement—has become a power in politics.

Little wonder that the outside student of North America should marvel how, under these conditions, the grip of empire should still be so unyielding. What, then, is the reason that the integrity of the link with Britain has never been seriously jeopardized?

You have the answer in the mood and attitude of the French, who embrace nearly one-third of the whole population. They believe that the shield and security for all that they deem most precious in their lives is to be found in the toleration which emanates from Britain. The rights of language, which are dear to all minorities, and the practices of church and religious education, which the Catholic holds beyond price, have been freely granted and guaranteed. The French and the Catholics in Canada therefore look to the British throne as the custodian of their sacred liberties.

London in the New World

As a matter of fact, the French in Canada are pretty well weaned of attachment to their motherland—that is, to France. For 300 years they have made their home on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The stream of immigration has dried up. Time has worn fine the tie of sentiment for which in earlier days they bled.

Meantime the Old Land has drifted from its moorings. The link with the church, so strong in Canada, is a diminishing factor in France. This has tended to divorce New France still farther from the Old. The habitant—whose picturesque life was made familiar in the poems of Doctor Drummond—thinks today politically in terms of Canada, and of Canada alone. His belief in the British Empire is founded on gratitude for benefits obtained and on an unshakable confidence that those benefits will continue.

I can best sum up the French Canadian attitude with a comment made to me by L. A. Taschereau, Premier of the Province of Quebec, and the outstanding representative of the French in the Dominion. When I spoke of the curious spectacle of French solidarity linked to British rule, he said:

"If a plebiscite were taken in Quebec tomorrow, less than one-half of one per cent of the population would vote for French sovereignty. The freedom under which we live constitutes the best tribute to the toleration of British-inspired government."

I have explained the peculiarities—I really should say eccentricities—of the position of the French in Canada, because its obvious paradox immediately enlists the interest of the visitor. To understand Canada you must be familiar with this vastly important section of her life.

It is much easier to comprehend why the British Canadian swears by all that savors of John Bull's tight little island. It is blood of his blood and bone of his bone. Fifty per cent of the population are of English or Scotch ancestry. Toronto is as British as London or Liverpool.

The British Canadian is temperamentally different from all the other brethren of empire. Although inclined toward everything British, he is essentially North American in custom, outlook and habit.

The Passing of Colonialism

In the war Canada did not wait to put the acid test to an academic conception of her responsibility in imperial defense. It was a kindling case of "theirs not to reason why." The nation leaped, swift and wholehearted, into the stupendous fray, dramatizing loyalty in a memorable chapter of service overseas. The Dominion mobilized 640,000 men, or one for every twelve inhabitants. Of this number nearly 500,000 were members of the expeditionary force. At Ypres, Cambrai, the Somme, Passchendaele and Vimy the Canadians registered an enduring sacrifice. It was a Canadian army surgeon, Colonel McCrae, who gave the war its most imperishable poem, In Flanders Fields, and with it his life.

But the great conflict did much more than link Canada with the empire's weal and woe. It wove the country into the world fabric as an active unit. The national consciousness, which had been slowly shaping in the expansive years prior to 1914, now became international as well. With it came a new and commanding place in Britain's widespread scheme of things.

Clearly to comprehend what might be called the new imperial deal, you must know that before the World War, Canada, although part of the British Empire, had comparatively little to say regarding its foreign relations. Though she comprised the ranking dependency, her will in alien matters was subordinate to that of London.

A big Canadian ambition stirred, however. Even before the tocsin called a considerable part of the universe to arms, her industrial expansion and exports, to say nothing of an increasing financial prestige, had inspired the hope that the nation would become politically more self-assertive. Meanwhile her form of government had been the pattern for Australia and South Africa. The war and its aftermath served to bring realization of all the high aspirations of freedom in international action. The last vestige of Canadian colonialism was wiped out.

The present position of Canada was clearly defined at the Imperial Conference of 1926. Among other things, the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee recommended that in future the governor-general should be regarded merely as the personal representative of the crown, rather than an official of the Government of Great Britain, and that the Dominion might have its own representatives in foreign countries. The appointment of the Hon. Vincent Massey as first Canadian Minister to the United States followed. William Phillips, former ambassador to Belgium, became our envoy to Ottawa. Canada, it is interesting to add, is the first British

(Continued on Page 132)

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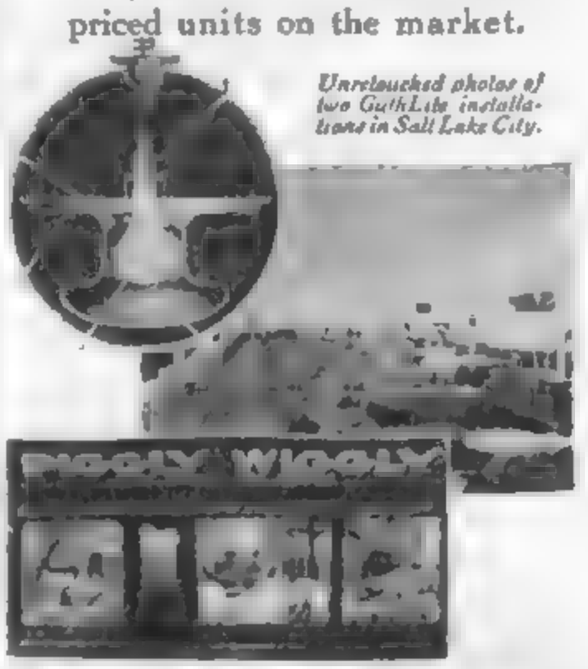

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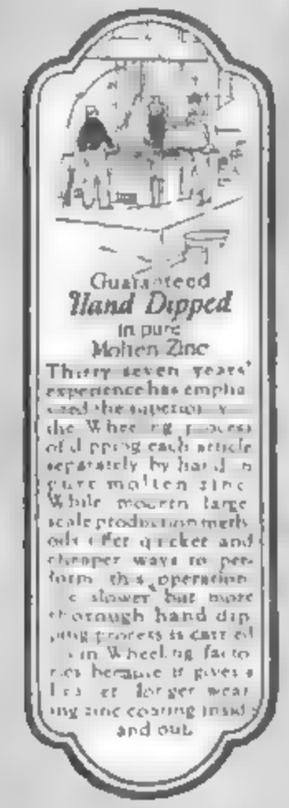
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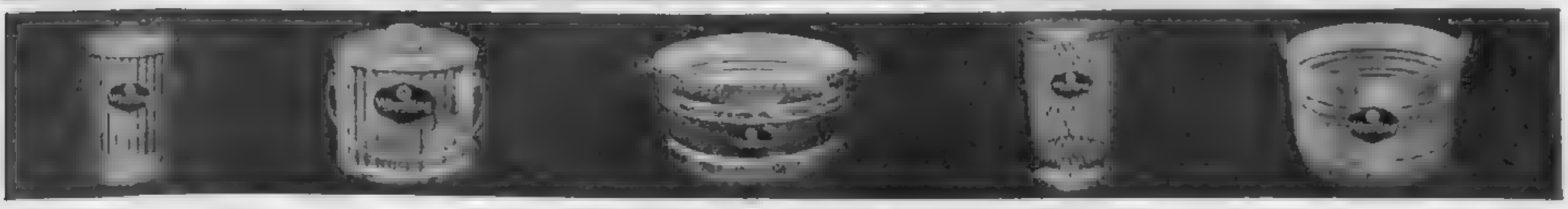

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(Continued from Page 130)

dominion with independent diplomatic connection.

The outstanding feature of that Imperial Conference of two years ago was the surrender by Britain of certain technical imperial prerogatives. No concession could have been more significant. The relative position of the United Kingdom and the self-governing dominions was defined in the following statement, which became part of the proceedings:

> They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations.

This indicates that, in the old strict sense, the word "empire" is scrapped and the less appealing "commonwealth" takes its place. The fact that Canada functions as a voting member of the League of Nations is evidence of her new and politically independent status. Stanley Baldwin's trip to Canada last summer—the first made by a British premier during his term of office—was recognition of it.

An Invisible But Definite Line

Under the revised arrangement the United Kingdom can go as far as it pleases in European entanglements, but Canadian policy abroad is dictated by Canadian interest. The blood tie still holds, however. An unwritten charter of loyalty binds all the dominions. They are linked by sentiment and common sovereignty, of which the crown is the symbol. The old unity of empire upon which the sun never sets remains unimpaired.

The lure and call of all that "imperial" means are therefore still potent. Canada, as member of the commonwealth of British nations, is no less devoted to Britain than when she was a definite and formal link of empire. The letter of the law, so to speak, dictates optional aloofness. Deep-grained adherence to the faith of the fathers, however, would inevitably rally support in dire emergency, whatever the cost. Separation from the mother country is unthinkable.

This historic readjustment is not without its interest for the United States. To explain it is to emphasize the point that I made in the preceding paragraph. Despite all the new emancipation from the technicalities of empire, no Canadian government, whether Liberal or Conservative, and regardless of internal antagonisms and acrimonies, will embark upon a course which involves discrimination against Britain. This consideration animates every issue, whether relating to tariff, trademarks or import restrictions. Canada has sought preferential trading arrangements with other British dominions rather than with foreign nations, although she has maintained a protectionist tariff for nearly fifty years. She was the first of the dominions to extend preferential treatment to British exports.

Hence, while our economic intercourse with Canada becomes increasingly intimate, she must be regarded as a foreign entity from the commercial, as well as the political, standpoint. This is why Canadians object strenuously to the use of the phrase "invisible line" as a designation of the border between the two countries. They also shy at the employment of "economic kinship," because their real trade impulse is toward the British. It follows that the American manufacturers who have made good to the largest degree in Canada are those who regard her as an export, and not as a domestic, market.

Any preliminary analysis of the relationship between the United States and Canada—and such is the purpose of this opening article—must involve two essential factors. One is the American economic influence; the other the real state of Canadian feeling toward us.

I join them because one is necessarily a by-product of the other. They are subjects to be approached with hesitancy and treated with becoming delicacy. The Canadian, as you will presently discover, is extremely sensitive about the advance of the Yankee dollar in his domain. Yet the most reactionary Tory in Ontario will admit that the United States has been a constructive force through all the years of expanding Canadian nationhood.

So deep and far-reaching is the impress of our men and money penetration, that other, and perhaps more subtle, influences have been submerged. There is, for example, the little-known effect of the one and only reciprocity treaty that we had with Canada. It happened so long ago that this jazz generation takes little or no heed of it. It marked an era, not only in the practical intercourse between the two peoples but in the shaping of the Dominion itself. Because reciprocity may become an issue again, the tale is worth telling.

Negotiations for the reciprocity treaty were completed in 1854. The document became effective in 1855 and remained in force eleven years. It was devised primarily to relieve the tense situation which had developed over the use of the Atlantic Coast fisheries, and this end was accomplished. Reciprocity established free trade in natural products between the United States and what were then the British North American provinces. Canadian exports to the United States increased materially. All things considered, we got the best of the bargain. During the life of the treaty the total trade between the two countries expanded approximately 300 per cent.

In 1865 the United States gave the required twelve months' notice of abrogation. The principal reasons were the adoption of protectionism in Canada, resentment over the Canadian attitude during the Civil War, and the urgent need of increased tariff revenue on both sides of the border. The Canadians maintained that while their so-called primitive industries such as agriculture and fisheries were enhanced, the continuous export of raw material to the United States prevented the establishment of manufactures. Their argument was well founded, because Canada was fast becoming a mere producer of raw products.

An Aid to Union

The commercial consequences of treaty termination were less important than most people expected. Our consumers, however, became burdened with various duties, and our railways and merchants were deprived of a considerable business in transporting, handling and reëxporting Canadian materials. Politically, the abrogation was highly effective in Canada. The attitude of the American people, following the end of reciprocity, helped largely to influence the confederation of provinces in 1867. It played into the hands of the union makers.

At this point a striking fact in connection with reciprocity may be related, because it is as effective today as in the more disorganized period prior to the birth of dominion. Summed up, it is this: In Canada reciprocity is widely feared as the prelude to annexation. It has invariably raised the bogy of political coördination under the Stars and Stripes from the Arctic Circle to the Mexican border. For this reason, and despite the obvious economic advantages, it is probably doomed.

The reciprocity idea did not down after the abrogation of the treaty of 1855. In 1874 the Liberal government of Canada favored reciprocity on a long list of manufactured commodities and natural products. The proposed treaty went the first document one better. Under it, products allowed free entry into the United States also had the same freedom of entry into Great Britain. The United States Senate turned it down largely for this reason. Three years later another projected reciprocity treaty went by the board, while in the early 90's still another failure was registered, this time by the Conservative Party. Formerly the Liberals had sponsored the idea. Henceforth both parties

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began to pin their faith increasingly in what came to be known as the national self-sufficiency policy.

The most recent campaign for reciprocity—it made 1911 a memorable year in Canadian-American relations—is worthy of comment for a variety of reasons. First of all its sponsorship by President Taft aroused more American interest in Canada than at any other previous time. In the second place, its failure cost the Grand Old Man of Canada—Sir Wilfrid Laurier—the premiership, because he raised the slogan "Reciprocity or nothing." His successor, R. L.—afterward Sir Robert—Borden, who was Canada's national war leader, led the fight which proved fatal to the measure.

The big point to be emphasized in connection with the defeat is that fear of annexation turned the tide. Because Sir Robert's chief arguments so clearly express a considerable portion of Canadian sentiment on the subject today, I will reproduce them here. They were:

> We oppose this treaty because it encourages the export of agricultural and animal products in the lowest and least finished form, with the result that the finishing process will be performed in the United States and not by Canadian labor. Our cream will be converted into butter and cheese, our wheat into flour, not by Canadian labor but by United States labor.
>
> We are opposed because it destroys the hope of reciprocal trade preferences within the empire, and because its tendency is to disintegrate the Dominion, separate the provinces, and check intercourse and commerce between the provinces and between the East and the West.
>
> We firmly oppose this agreement because we believe that if carried to its logical conclusion it will lead to commercial union, and commercial union will inevitably end in political absorption.

Thus the United States indirectly has contributed to Canadian unity and self-containment. On the more tangible side we have registered to a degree not always recognized by the great mass of our people.

There is a widespread feeling that because of our predominant sugar holdings we have more money in Cuba than in any other foreign area. The truth of the matter is that it is a little less than half the amount of the American capital investment in Canada. Of the total of $5,400,000,000 of foreign funds employed in the Dominion, our stake is $3,100,000,000. The United Kingdom is second with a little more than $2,000,000,000.

Wealth Usefully Employed

In August last year Canada, for the first time, displaced the United Kingdom as the largest foreign customer of the United States. During the eight months ending August thirty-first our shipments to the Dominion were valued at $544,000,000, which was $19,000,000 more than the amount of merchandise that went from our shores to the British Isles. The significant feature is that Canada, with an estimated population of 9,364,000, bought more from us than the United Kingdom did with 45,000,000 persons. Incidentally, our purchases in Canada last year exceeded those elsewhere.

The American billions in Canada comprise no idle wealth. On no other alien soil has the Yankee branch factory and its output become so intimately a part of the national productive life. The similarity of speech and habit is so strong that it is sometimes difficult to know where the American phase ends and the Canadian begins. Water power—that "white thunder harnessed to the mill," as a Canadian poet put it—and ample raw material are the loadstones that attract. In the next article you will see in detail the concrete evidence of our activity, from newsprint and pulp to automobiles.

There remains the diagnosis of the Canadian feeling for us. After running the gantlet of intermittent hostility to the United States all the way from Europe to Latin America these last years, it was refreshing to turn to the one domain where we are less unpopular than anywhere else.

A feeling of friendly neighborliness pervades the Dominion as far as we are concerned. It would be a mistake to describe the state of mind in more enthusiastic terms. Canada has admiration for our industrial development and for the resourcefulness of our people. Like some Continental countries, she thinks more highly of us as individuals than as a nation. She likewise appreciates the regard and esteem in which we hold her citizens.

If we are to be frank, however—and nothing is to be gained by any other attitude—we must take a look at the other side of the picture. Even the most casual observer discovers that Canada is suffering from a fear complex with regard to the United States. Any idea of political union is remote, but there is a distinct dread of economic absorption. The Canadians have watched our millions of money cross the border in increasing battalions. They see pulp, paper and power interests coming one by one under Yankee ownership or association. Deep down they appreciate this contribution to their national welfare, but they wonder where it will end.

The Waterway to the Sea

In some respects they are not altogether to blame for this mistaken conception of our motives. There is a vast amount of loose, loud and unnecessary talk by some Americans about their "capitalistic conquest of Canada." It riles our neighbors on the north in the same way that talk about our prosperity irritated the French during the hours of their fiscal chaos in 1926. The intelligent American regards the employment of his cash across the line merely as part of a growing investment scheme projected in the larger interest of everyone involved. He finds the Dominion a safe repository for capital. Unlike Europe, it is not exposed to the vicissitudes born of periodic upheaval brought on by rumors and threats of war, or a socialistic adventuring that imperils enterprise. Canadians, let me add, are coming more and more to the realization that the dollar is immune from political intrigue.

The one element in Canada that actually fears territorial absorption is the French Canadian. He feels that the precious rights of church and language that he now enjoys would be denied him in the event of annexation. No matter how he is assured to the contrary, he persists in the conviction that the United States awaits the great day when she will gobble up all the area from Hudson Bay to Panama.

This wholly unwarranted apprehension animates the real opposition to the St. Lawrence waterway project—the vast scheme, under joint control, advocated by twenty-two of the American states and beneficial to nearly half of our population, for a water highway from the Great Lakes to the sea. The United States Government, which sponsors this greatest engineering conception of modern times, maintains that its purpose is navigation—first, to restore the competitive parity of the Middle West, now reduced by the operation of the Panama Canal; second, to provide a cheap outlet to the Atlantic; third, to minimize the frequent rehandling of commodities. The Canadian objection is that it is a power proposition and would menace the hydraulic prestige of the Dominion. Canada is dead set against the export of power and looks with alarm at any increase in her already vast potential store of it.

Now for the link with the French Canadian. The Province of Quebec is the chief power reservoir of Canada. As you have already seen, it is dominated by the French. Montreal is therefore the seat of the resistance to the Lakes-to-the-sea scheme. Premier Taschereau, the spokesman of his people, made no bones in saying to me that the construction of the St. Lawrence waterway would give the United States an overwhelming foothold in the Dominion. He sees joint control as the prelude to an eventual complete Yankee control of the valuable power by-product which

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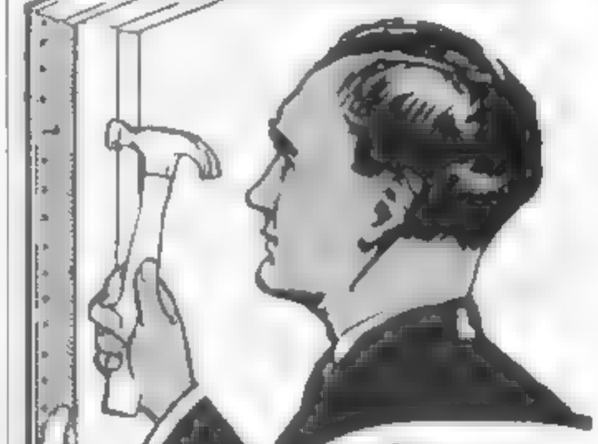

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would naturally result from the construction of dams and canals necessary to the consummation of the scheme.

At the moment I write, three issues combine to bring about some degree of tension between the two countries. The St. Lawrence waterway is one. Second is the Chicago drainage question, which is the source of considerable feeling in the Dominion. It involves the drainage of Great Lakes water and a consequent reduction of lake levels. Instead of being returned to its source, the water goes on to the Gulf of Mexico. Canadians construe this as a defiance of their rights. Third is the Fordney tariff, which has greatly curtailed the export of Canadian wheat, cattle and fish to the United States.

These matters are too important to be discussed within the limitations of space that remain, and will be dealt with in detail in the final article of this series. I must refer to them here because they enter vitally into the chronology of Canadian-American relations.

For this and the kindred complications that are bound to develop with increasing association there is the certainty of sane and intelligent adjudication. Between Canada and the United States no acrimonious dispute is likely to arise. The countries have too much in common to breed the kind of nationalistic bitterness that rends so many European peoples.

We have come to a new appreciation of the potentialities of our northern neighbors. The fact that our first envoy to them was content to go from an ambassadorship to a ministership, technically lower in rank, shows the importance that attaches to the post and its purpose. We sent the best skill and experience that our foreign service could muster, just as Canada, in turn, complimented us with a representative of the highest culture combined with long experience with practical affairs. If reciprocity remains elusive in commercial intercourse, it is an accomplished fact in Canadian-American diplomacy.

An Understanding Mind

Each year witnesses a larger contact with Canada. In 1927 nearly 400,000 Americans crossed the line, spending in the neighborhood of $200,000,000. The tourist industry now ranks as the third largest in the country and contributes to the favorable balance of trade.

Finally, Dominion executive responsibility is bestowed with peculiar fitness with reference to understanding of the American mentality. The premier, Mackenzie King, has more than one link with the United States. His grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, whose name he bears, was leader of the rebellion of 1837 and had to fly from Canada. During his exile to New York, the mother of the present head of Canadian affairs was born. Mackenzie King held a fellowship in political economy at the University of Chicago and a fellowship in political science at Harvard, where he got his Ph.D. in 1909. His original intention was to join the Harvard faculty, but chance led him into public life.

Mackenzie King's long connection with the Rockefeller Foundation as investigator and arbitrator of industrial relations gave him an intimate insight into the character of the American people. These experiences made possible his book, Industry and Humanity, which is an outstanding contribution to the literature of the subject.

The Mackenzie idealism is strong in the premier. One of the little-known stories about him relates to the characteristic circumstance which opened the way to his public career. Before he was out of his teens he discovered that the uniforms worn by the Canadian postmen were made in sweatshops of the worst kind. He wrote an article attacking the system. Before submitting it for publication, he showed it to Sir William Mulock, then Postmaster-General, who was so impressed that he canceled all the uniform contracts and took on the altruistic young reformer as a protégé. From this association Mackenzie King went to his first post—Deputy Minister of Labor. Canada's admirable system of conciliation as the antidote for strikes is largely due to his efforts.

A Goal to Strive For

I talked with the premier in his office, within the shadow of the tower on the magnificent new parliament building at Ottawa that commemorates Canadian participation in the World War and the jubilee of federation, and again in Laurier House, his residence, which was the gift of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose mantle as Liberal leader he inherited. Mackenzie King incarnates the spirit of youth which is Canada's great heritage. He is still in his early fifties. His face is smooth and almost boyish; his manner alert and dynamic. He looks the fighter and the dreamer that he is.

The Canadian premier gives no formal interviews. No man can meet him, however, without sensing his sincere desire for the fullest measure of coöperation between Canada and the United States, not only in relation to the material things but in the interest of larger international amity. He is a worthy keeper of the accord which marks the friendliest of all frontiers. When I asked him to indicate the significance of Canadian-American harmony, he said:

"My best reply is to repeat to you a statement I once made in a commencement-day address at Harvard, commemorating the centenary of peace between our countries. It was this:

"One hundred years of international peace over the greater part of an entire continent! Is not this an achievement of which the world should be made aware? Europe has not known it; Asia has not known it; other continents have not known it. What might it not mean to the future of the world if Europe could utter such a boast? What may it not mean to mankind if we, through time, can hold in unbroken continuity this evidence of international good will?"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson, dealing with the relations between the United States and Canada. The next will be devoted to the American stake in the Dominion.

Deer in Yellowstone National Park

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It is the duty of every American patriot to visit the National Capitol—a duty that, accomplished, will give a new and finer appreciation of citizenship in the United States of America.

And, that you may anticipate and in anticipation know something of the thrill that awaits you, we will send you, free, a "Washington Album," in photogravure, the pages of which graphically picture the scenes that will fill your visit days with unending and never-to-be-forgotten interest.

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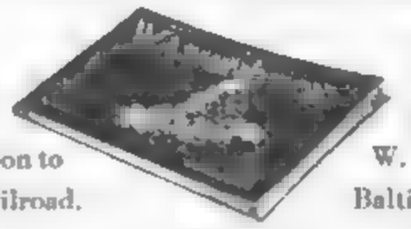
To secure this Album of Washington Views  *write your Name and Address on Lines below*

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"IT LEAFS"

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WHEN a faucet is opened in the kitchen, can you get a full flow of pure clear water on the second floor? If not, in nine cases out of ten, rust is clogging the pipe.

Here are two major facts regarding water pipe which everyone should know. Both facts concern rust, that stealthy enemy of the home, more costly—if less spectacular—than fire!

First, water pipe that rusts soon begins to fill up with rust deposits. The full flow of water diminishes . . . . . eventually clogged pipes or leaks and the annoyance of repairs.

Second, water pipe that rusts is an extravagance as well as an annoyance. According to nationwide estimates, rustable pipe costs the average homeowner $1,000 during the life of the house. . . Think of it, $30 yearly for repairs and replacements!

Both this annoyance and this expense can be avoided simply and economically. How? It is not difficult or costly. Just install Anaconda Brass Pipe. It *cannot* rust. And once it is installed there is no further expense.

Every year Anaconda Brass Pipe saves you money, instead of costing you money for repairs and replacements.

The initial cost of brass pipe is only about $75 additional for a house of eight rooms and one bath. But this extra cost is soon saved.

. . . . No rust-clogged pipes. No sudden leaks. No ripped-out walls. No muss. No unexpected expense to upset your budget.

These advantages have won thousands of homeowners to Anaconda Brass Pipe—guaranteed by the Anaconda organization.

Additional economies effected by rust-proofing the house

Gutters and rain-pipes of rustable metal are extravagant, no matter how much care you give them. Paint them on the outside and rust attacks from within. Likewise flashings of rustable metal offer but a temporary saving.

Anaconda Copper can't rust. Rain-pipes, gutters and flashings made of this durable metal save an average of $24 a year.

With iron screens the story of rust is the same. Iron screens rust. Painting them is an annual expense. All too soon rustable screens develop holes for insects.

Screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire—Bronze is strengthened Copper—can't rust. No holes. No sag. No frequent replacements. You save $7 a year if your house is average size.

Learn all the facts about rust-proofing with Anaconda Brass Pipe, sheet metal work of Anaconda Copper and screens of Anaconda Bronze—by mailing the coupon now for the free informative booklet, "Rust-Proofed."

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Williams is unique. There is no other quite like it. Perhaps because into every tube of it have gone 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—best to keep Faces Fit!

The drug clerk knows. Just ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . .

. . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.—Montreal, Can.

Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream

please!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24

For no one ever questioned the decisions of the chair.

Fat bears, lean bears,
Muddy bears and clean bears,
Tawny bears and brawny bears and bears in heavy coats,
Bears of perspicacity,
Bears of much loquacity,
Rumbling ghostly noises in their tummies and their throats.

They argued that their greatest need was more and better honey,
That berries ought to propagate in every vacant space;
They voted that the Teddy Bear was anything but funny,
Demanding his suppression as a libel on the race.

Dark bears, light bears,
Stupid bears and bright bears,
Gabby bears and flabby bears and bears of force and will,
Bears of deep humility,
Bears of marked ability,
Dealing with conditions with extraordinary skill.

Their orators orated on the laxity of morals
Contrasted with the beauty of the early forest den;
They favored arbitration for the settlement of quarrels
And instant abolition of the armaments of men.

Weak bears, strong bears,
Proper bears and wrong bears,
Eager bears and meager bears and bears morose and glum,
Locally admired bears,
Splendidly inspired bears,
Working for the future and the bear that is to come.

They settled mighty matters with miraculous discernment,
They voted a Committee on the Stinginess of Bees,
They voted for a banquet and immediate adjournment,
And rolled away like shadows through the vistas of the trees.

Red bears, gray bears,
Merry bears and gay bears,
Ambling off in bevies down the bowlder-bordered run,
Bears in sweet amenity,
Bears in calm serenity,
Sure that what is voted for is just as good as done. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

A Penny for Your Thoughts

THE men from many nations dropped a penny in the slot, but the machine was out of order. The American made a mental note of the machine and decided never to patronize it again, the Scotchman turned pale and rattled the machine a long time, the Irishman wanted to fight the proprietor, the Frenchman asked politely for assistance, the Englishman colored and went hastily away, the Russian bared his teeth and growled, the German muttered gutturally, the Italian clenched his fists, the Japanese bowed and smiled, the Chinese went calmly on as if nothing had happened, the Mexican let his ten children all try it until the proprietor came and stopped them.

—*Katherine Negley.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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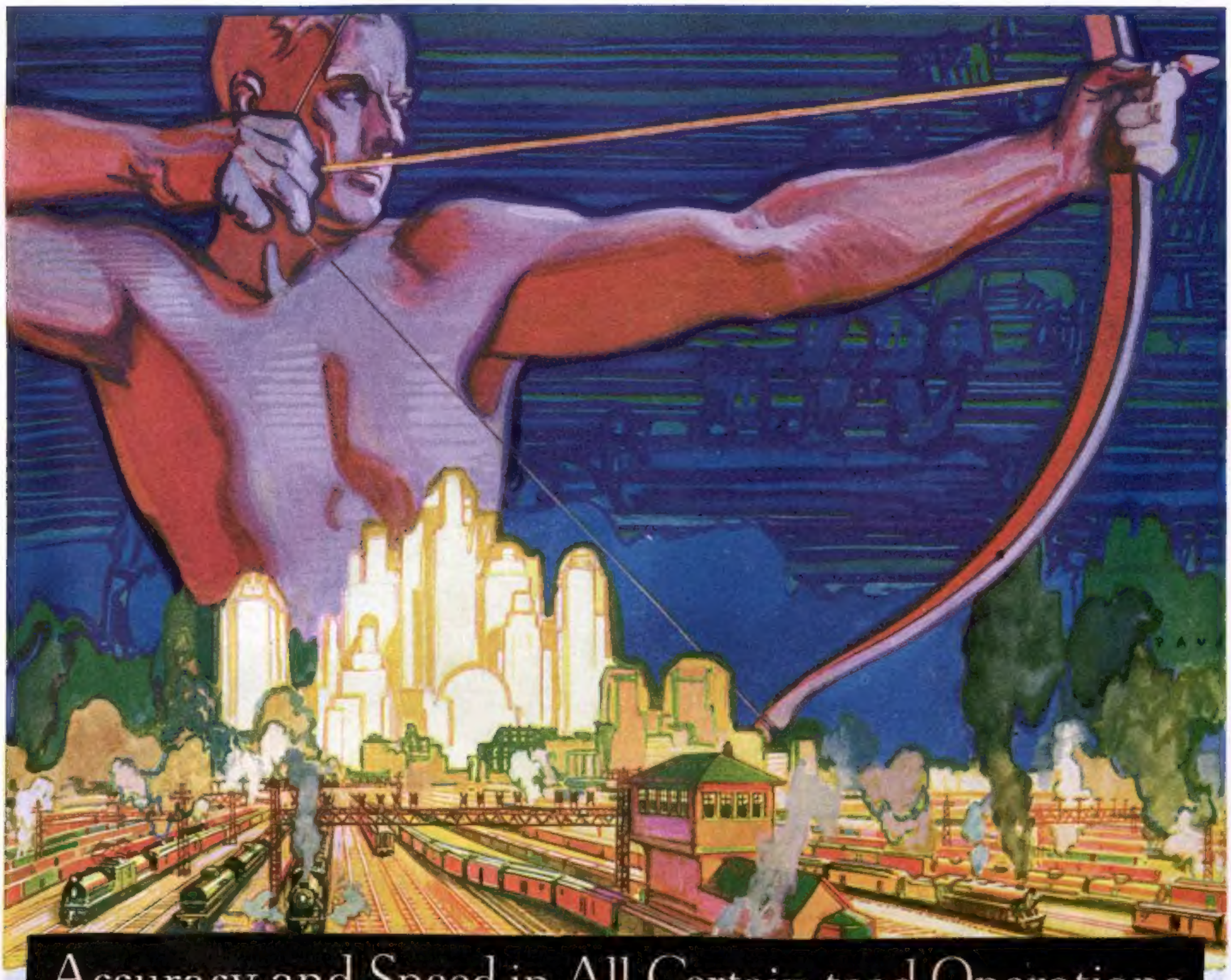

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A staff of engineers constantly devises new ways to co-ordinate the units of Certain-teed's manufacturing system. Products are processed on the most efficient types of equipment. Roofing and shingles, linoleum and felt-base, paints and varnishes, plaster and gypsum products—each line has a high standard of quality that is rigidly upheld. Raw materials are carefully sorted and graded; finished products are given severe practical tests—everything is done to insure the high quality of Certain-teed products.

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Additional knives for unexpected guests may be taken from the drawer at a moment's notice without the slightest fear that they need a hurried last-minute polish.

Heirloom cutlery may be restored by replacing worn out blades with blades of Stainless Steel.

All of the best known and finest makes of cutlery may be obtained in Stainless Steel in a great variety of styles and prices. Remember this when selecting knives, forks or carving sets.

Gleaming Blades *on the* Table

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CUTLERY

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Perfect combinations

For winter days, oyster stews and fish chowders, creamed lobster and creamed salmon—all the soups and creamed fish dishes—provide just the kind of food we need.

But you'll never know how good these combinations really are till you make them with Pet Milk. The uniform freshness and creamy richness of every drop of the milk makes the best dishes even better.

for instance, Salmon Souffle

- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup Pet Milk
- 1 cup flaked salmon
- 3 eggs
- 1 tablespoon butter

Mix the flour, salt and cayenne with a little of the water to a smooth paste. Add it to the combined milk and water, and bring slowly to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add the salmon, beaten egg yolks and butter. When cool, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking dish and set in a pan of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve immediately.

Pet Milk is *always* pure and fresh and sweet. It is *always* more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. The sealed can keeps it as fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf as it was when it left the farm. It can be diluted to suit any cooking use. No matter how diluted it is never skimmed milk—the cream is always in the milk. It costs no more than ordinary milk—less than half as much as cream.

Because the cream is always in the milk—because it is so rich—Pet Milk gives to all your cooking the "cream and butter flavor" that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used.

We will be glad to send you our free booklets which will tell you more about the many advantages of using Pet Milk.

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A flour that is "Kitchen-tested" now eliminates 50% of the cause of baking failures

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Hammond, Ind.

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MRS. M. C. KLINE,
Randolph, Minn.

Better "Luck"! "I have much better 'luck' with Gold Medal 'Kitchen-tested' Flour. I did not realize different makes of flour could make such a difference. Will always use Gold Medal now."

MRS. A. A. JACKSON,
South Range, Wisc.

COOKING experts now urge the use of a "Kitchen-tested" Flour in all baking—to relieve the embarrassment and worry of baking uncertainties.

Already 2,000,000 women acclaim this new development in the art of baking of inestimable help to them. Last year, alone, over 300,000 women wrote of their wonderful new baking successes. You will find it worth while to try this new flour.

For recently chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* was 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely differently in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, bread—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer "Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer is only good if you live in the United States.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Gold Medal Ice Box Rolls—FREE. *Check* and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 334, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free*.)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

ONE view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is "Kitchen-tested" before it goes to you

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.

Kitchen-tested

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